

# COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success  
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND HOME CIRCLE.

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# COMFORT

The Key to  
Happiness and Success in over  
A Million and a Quarter Homes.

In which are combined and consolidated  
SUNSHINE, PEOPLE'S LITERARY COMPANION, and THE NATIONAL  
FARMER & HOME MAGAZINE.

Devoted to  
Art, Literature, Science, and the Home Circle.

Its Motto Is "Onward and Upward."

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## Crumbs of Comfort

An old man is not always the wisest man.  
Agriculture is twin sister to independence.  
Life is a short day, but it is a working day.  
Sanctified afflictions are spiritual promotions.  
It is well to think well; it is divine to act well.

Next to excellence is the proper appreciation of it.

True nobility is derived from virtue, not from birth.

Success is believed to consecrate the worst of crimes.

To be over-zealous in religion is to be irreligiously religious.

The secret of happiness is never to allow your energies to stagnate.

An able man shows his spirit by gentle words and resolute actions.

The only true method of action in this world is to be in it, but not of it.

The more a man gives of himself the more the Lord will return to him.

All flowers will droop in the absence of the sun that waked their sweets.

Nothing is more simple than greatness; indeed, to be simple is to be great.

The world is but a large prison out of which some are daily selected for execution.

We always love those who admire us, but we do not always love those we admire.

Man is an animal which cannot long be left to himself in safety without occupation.

We enjoy ourselves only in our work, our doing; and our best doing is our best enjoying.

It is from the remembrance of joys that we have lost that the arrows of affliction are pointed.

It is well to be energetic in seeking, but it is not well to forget that the object sought is not all there is in seeking.

If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels would be churches and cabins would be palaces.

It is very good for us that we cannot see from the cradle to the death-bed as we can see from the death-bed to the cradle.

Music is the only sensual gratification which mankind may indulge in to excess without injury to their moral or religious feelings.

There is the same difference between some people's tongues as between the minute and the hour hand of a clock—one goes ten times as fast and the other means ten times as much.

# PEARLS IN PAWN

By Augusta Graham

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THE seriousness of his problem weighed much on Ben Thurston's mind. He cursed his luck at not being rich, and he cursed the obtuseness of Alice's father who could not acquiesce to the multifarious needs of the younger generation. He forgot to curse his moral lassitude which kept him an unpromising young lawyer, and the extravagance of Alice which had led her to spend more than her allowance.

How he hated that necklace—a beautiful string of pearls which lay in a satin-lined velvet case on the table at his side. Ben hated to pawn things, especially anything of a girl's, and more particularly when that girl was his fiancée. Yet there seemed nothing else to do. Alice insisted that she must have the money, that she could not tell papa she owned one thousand dollars at the milliner's and dressmaker's, that it was her necklace and so it couldn't be any harm, and that papa was so unobscuring he would never notice its absence, and anyway after the wedding her allowance would be doubled and they could easily get it back. He remembered her saying all this in her quick decided little way which offered no possibility of contradiction.

Yet Ben hesitated. The whole transaction seemed to him shady. Why couldn't Alice explain to her father? Surely on the eve of her wedding he would forgive so small a transgression. But Alice had wept at the suggestion. "I can't," she had said vehemently, "I simply can't. You don't know Ben how hard he can be. He gives me a wide field, as he calls it, but if I step one little bit beyond, he is angry. Please, please do it for me."

It was already late in the afternoon. Ben had an engagement for dinner and he had promised to take Alice the money as soon as it was over. He got up wearily, snapped shut the jewel case and went out into the snow which was falling in a lazy, indolent way. He made for C street, a narrow sort of lane that branched off from the main boulevard. "Isaac Cohen" was the first name of the sort he was looking for. Isaac was a thin-faced man with a lowering eye. He handled the pearls lovingly.

"How much you want on them?" he asked.

"One thousand if you please."

Isaac's eyes fixed themselves for a moment on Ben's pink-and-white complexion.

"Ye can leave them," he said suggestively.

"They're not worth a thousand I swear to you," the Jew leaned far over the counter till his nose almost touched Ben's chin, "but ye look broken up and I'll let ye have it."

Darkness had taken almost complete possession of the shop. Isaac turned sharply away and lit a gas jet, opened a drawer, and without waiting for more, thrust some bills and a slip into Ben's hands.

"We don't take names and addresses," he snickered. "Good night."

A moment later Ben was in the street again, a thousand dollars crushed in his hand.

The dinner which Ben attended was stag and none too quiet. The thousand dollars which lay next his heart seemed to lose in weight as the wine was passed, and as at length he smoked a good cigar and sipped an apricot brandy, it seemed to him he was on the ladder which would lead him up to heaven.

"How's business?" drawled the man next to him.

"Fine," Ben mumbled, "better than usual, much better."

"That's good. Seen the paper this evening?"

"No, why?"

"Long column about yer fiancée."

"What?" he asked, tensely.

"Greatest theft in years, one hundred thousand dollar pearl necklace stolen right out of Miss Houghton's top bureau drawer. Mr. Houghton nearly wild. Here the man stopped suddenly and Ben without ceremony took his leave with a curt "excuse me," as he departed.

The snow had stopped falling. In the street Ben hesitated as though waiting for a car. Should he go straight to the Houghtons or to Isaac Cohen? He felt for the thousand dollars. It was still there. Perhaps he had better redeem the necklace. Houghton evidently knew the necklace was gone. Alice had probably not had the courage to confess, and had led her father on to thinking it was stolen. Good heavens! To think the thing was worth one hundred thousand dollars. It was best to get hold of it again. Anything would be better than Houghton's finding out it had been pawned.

Ben started for C street. He found it almost deserted. Cohen's shop was shut up, the door was locked and there was no light. He was about to leave in despair, when he noticed the dim light of a single gas jet in the window of a tobacco shop near-by. He tried the door then knocked loudly. He thought he heard a scuffling within. An old woman stuck her head out through a broken pane.

"What d'ye want?"

"Can you tell me where I will find Isaac Cohen?"

"I doubt that ye could find him at all. He's gone away."

"Where to?"

"I don't know. He's sick. He'll be back in about a week, I expect."

"Where could I reach him by letter?"

"Couldn't tell you. He never leaves addresses, good night," and the head was withdrawn.

Ben's heart sank within him, but even yet he didn't suspect foul play. He thought of the slip the Jew had given him, and fumbled in his pockets. Yes, it was there, a yellow bit of paper with some words in Jewish. Ben bit his lips with rage. He hailed a cab and gave Houghton's address.

Alice was in the drawing-room, reading, her chair pulled up in front of the fire. She was a little pale, but her manner was as buoyant as ever.

"Well, did you get the money, Ben?"

"Yes, Alice." He looked at her a little savagely. To him that hardly seemed the vital point just now.

"Oh, good, papa thinks the pearls are stolen," and she lowered her voice, "he's hired detectives and is doing lots of queer things."

"How did he find out they were stolen?"

"Oh, some fool connoisseur wanted to see them after lunch today. Papa came up to my room and I had to pretend I thought they were in my drawer. It was awful. I felt so mean, but I couldn't tell him they were pawned, and if I'd said I left them somewhere he'd have sent me right after them. What shall we do, Ben, could the detectives find them in the pawn-shop?"

"I don't see what we can do. It's worse than you think. When I heard about the stuff in the papers I went back to the shop and the man had gone. It looks like a real genuine theft to me."

Alice's brows puckered. "Haven't you a pawn-ticket?" she asked practically.

"Yes, but it's in Jewish."

"Let me see it."

He handed her the slip.

"That's not Jewish," she said with scorn. "It's mere scribble. It's not a bit of use. Why Ben, I'd have had more sense than to take a thing like that."

"I never looked at it at the time."

The girl laughed. "It doesn't matter. I've got the thousand dollars and I don't care much about the pearls anyway. We'll just let matters go and see what happens."

"But it seems so dishonorable Alice, why not tell your father?"

She looked at him pityingly. "Tell him, I suppose, that I owe one thousand dollars, that I pawned my necklace and that I lied to him about it. No, thank you, Ben. I'm awfully sorry we've gotten into such a mess, but don't let's worry. They've asked me all the questions they're going to, and we need have no more to do with it."

"Suppose they accuse somebody?"

"They can't, there's nobody to suspect, but of course if anything like that should happen, I'll confess. As it is, papa is enjoying himself immensely, he's just like a bloodhound on the trail."

Ben went home far from comforted. It was easy enough for Alice perhaps to let matters go, but he felt sure the end was not yet. As he turned on the electric light in his apartment he noticed a square wooden box on the table and beside it lay a note, which read—"I return the necklace, no money wanted. Have left city for good. Secrecy is the only reward I ask." The scrawl was unsigned. Ben tore open the box—there on some tissue paper gleamed the necklace of pearls. He could scarcely believe it. How beautiful they were. What a fool he had been not to recognize their value and what a nice old man Cohen was after all. His heart pounded with joy and snatching his hat he retraced his steps to the Houghtons. It was only eleven and Alice was still sitting before the fire reading. Once sure that they were alone he dangled the pearls before her eyes.

"Oh, Ben, how divine!" she exclaimed. She clasped them with both hands. "How did you get them without the money?"

He told her. "How wonderful!" she said, slowly, it seems too good to be true. We'll tell papa we found them under the piano, that you let some money or something roll under and so happened to see them."

"Fix it anyway you please, Alice, I must be going, good night."

About one o'clock Alice was awakened by voices. She got up and opening her door crept to the balustrade and peeped between the railings.

Detective Johnson stood with his hat in one hand and the pearls in the other. Her father she thought looked ill.

"I am sorry Mr. Houghton," the detective said slowly, "but these pearls are imitations, and cheap imitations at that. There is something queer somewhere. I shall go and call on Mr. Ben Thurston tonight, an unpleasant but necessary formality."

"As you think best," Houghton answered quietly, "only don't let the boy think I accuse him."

In one second Alice was back to her room. She slipped on a skirt and fur coat over her night-dress and a moment later had left the house by the back way. She ran down the alley and around the corner almost into the arms of detective Johnson.

"Miss Houghton!" he gasped.

"Hush!" she whispered as though the shadows had ears and grasping his arm she poured out the tale of the pearl necklace. The detective frowned. "What a foolish, childish affair," he remarked.

Alice winced, but it was no time to get angry. "I want you to go with me to Isaac Cohen's," she said breathlessly. "I feel sure he is still there, he has not had time to go. We'll get in the front quietly, I see you have your tools," (she shot a rapid glance at his leather satchel), "and we'll surprise him. Oh, please do it, please, for my sake!"

He looked at her pale entreating face. "It's a goose chase," he said sullenly, "but I'll do it. Come on."

Johnson corralled two policemen on the way. Their orders were to stand outside until whistled for. There was only one lamp on all C street and every house was dark. With some difficulty they discovered Isaac Cohen's sign, then Johnson worked quickly and silently at the lock. Finally he opened the door.

Alice held her breath as she followed him in. The room was in complete darkness, but underneath a door on the opposite side glimmered a light.

"I wasn't wrong," she muttered to herself. Very carefully they made their way behind the counter and across the room. Johnson peered through the keyhole, then motioned Alice to do the same. An old Jew was sitting in the midst of bags and boxes evidently carefully-packed for removal. His eyes were fastened on the door. They were full of terror.

"He has heard us," Johnson whispered, then blew his whistle. Alice saw Isaac Cohen bound to his feet and seize a knife. A moment later the police had crashed in the door. After a brief tussle the Jew was handcuffed and at a word from Johnson taken away.

Alice felt weak. "Poor Isaac Cohen," she said aloud. "What will they do with him? He was pretty clever to make that imitation necklace."

"Help look for the real one," Johnson commanded, who knew the value of action.

They ransacked boxes and bags full of old clothing and doubtful valuables. Johnson found it in the midst of a sack of wool.

"Very different from the fake one," he observed holding the two strings up to the light. "Now, I am going to take you home and present both of these to your father. I guess that old Jew's game is up. If he had taken more time he might have fooled me."

"But you won't tell papa," Alice pleaded, as they proceeded along the deserted streets.

"About the pawning and all?"

"Johnson gave a low whistle and was silent for a moment."

"No," he said slowly, "You've been a clever and game little sport tonight and I'll stand by you. I'll tell your father that I made a mistake, that those weren't fake pearls after all. I'll acknowledge that I'm getting old and a trifle dotty."

Alice looked fixedly at the fearless man before her.

"Thank you very much," she said gravely. "I think you have taught me the shame of cowardice, and I shall tell pap myself—some day."

## Current Events

INTERESTING ITEM.—Said to be the largest tree-trunk in the world is that of a tulip tree at Hita, Mexico, which measures 145 feet in girth.

HAS UNIQUE PLATFORM.—A unique and terse political platform is that of C. H. B. Floyd, state representative from Apalachicola, candidate for Congress from the third district of Florida. He has announced that he "enters the race as an attorney, representing a special interest, namely the Ten Commandments."

WHAT IS TO BE DONE WITH THE FIRST BALE OF COTTON.—The first bale of cotton of the 1911 crop, raised around San Bonito, Tex., is to be shipped to Manchester, Eng., to be there woven into duck, and suits made from the cloth are to be presented to President Taft, the King of England, and the Governor-general of Canada. It is presumed that none will refuse the gift.

FRACTURED HIS JAW YAWNING.—When Henry Brown awoke he yawned; then tried to close his mouth and could not. He had dislocated his jaw. With his mouth wide open, he walked more than a mile to a physician's office and had the dislocation reduced. As Brown was leaving the office his jaws unlocked again. Finally he was placed under ether and the jaw was permanently fixed. This occurred in Brockton, Mass. Henry has now to be careful about his yawning.

TO PROTECT IMMIGRANT GIRLS.—Quite a number of prominent Chicago women are members and officers of the Immigrants' Protective League, which aims to take care of the poor immigrant girl who comes to that city. A law is also being drafted which will safeguard the money of the immigrants, and it will be presented at Springfield at their present session. Mrs. Grace Abbott says that the position of the immigrant girl in Chicago is hazardous.

## PERHAPS

this number of COMFORT may be a few days late in reaching some of our more distant subscribers.

If so, it will be because the Post Office Department has begun transporting the magazines by fast freight instead of by regular mail trains in certain parts of the country, as explained in our article on that subject on the second page of July COMFORT.

According to the notice which we have received from the Second Assistant Postmaster General this change in the Government's method of transporting the magazines should not cause a delay of more than three to five days in delivery at distant Post Offices.

SO DON'T BE SURPRISED, and don't get worried, if this month or any other month you have to wait three to five days past the usual time for COMFORT to reach you.

Don't trouble to write us about it unless COMFORT is a week or more late.

# SECRET OF THE GREAT CABAL

OR

## Mysterious Madam of the White Shoulders

A great detective story in which the hero became entangled in an international anarchistic plot directed by a mysterious, fascinating and talented woman in high society against the rulers of the nations, and which resulted in the assassination of the President of France and an attempt to kill a distinguished American statesman at a brilliant social function at Tuxedo, N. Y. Full of thrilling adventure and startling situations in the detective's pursuit of a tantalizing and elusive mystery. Illustrates the dangers from which our President is guarded by the sleepless vigilance of the secret service detectives. The first part of this intensely interesting story

## Will Appear Next Month

## In Harvest COMFORT

our big October number, which will also contain a new poem by Uncle Charlie, a pretty Halloween Story and other fine stories, besides the illustrated Apple Paring Rec.

SOME WILL MISS IT and regret it, if they don't renew their subscriptions at once.

Quite a lot of subscriptions run out this month.

## IS YOURS AMONG THE NUMBER?

You ought to know. Look it up and find out for sure. We are not sending out any folder renewal blank notices of expirations this month. So don't think that your subscription must be all right just because you don't receive a folder renewal blank. Take no chance of missing October COMFORT.

We can't supply back numbers to those who miss them by being late in renewing.

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September, 1911.







# A Few Words by the Editor

**T**HE well-ordered home is the bulwark of the nation. That is a truism that needs no proof. There are, however, homes and homes. There is the home that is well built, sanitary, well kept, in which order and cleanliness prevail, and where love, happiness, contentment and righteousness are enthroned.

There are, on the other hand, tens of thousands of unsanitary homes, badly planned, wretchedly constructed, devoid of all modern improvements, ice chambers in winter, ovens in summer, lacking both light and ventilation, foul, depressing and unhealthy; the abiding place of poverty, disease, misery, suffering and wretchedness. The latter are mere apologies for homes and instead of being a bulwark, are a menace to the nation, for the miserable souls who are compelled to live in such hovels, are naturally crushed by their environment, and become, alas, in too many cases, not helpful citizens, but society's foes.

It is environment that largely makes the man, and if that environment is sordid, mean, foul, depressing, the victim of such surroundings will invariably show in his character, vicious and criminal tendencies. The good is crushed out of him, he is incapable of coping with conditions, he absorbs the atmosphere of his environment, and instead of fighting to better himself, sinks lower and lower, and with every downward step, his bitterness and resentment against society increases, and his determination to get even with a world that he feels has not given him a square deal becomes intensified.

It is the foul, unsanitary home that fills our prisons and our cemeteries, and keeps jailer and undertaker working overtime. In Europe the housing problem has been taken up with the usual thoroughness that characterizes governmental regulation abroad. In America we have been slow to recognize the vital importance of this matter. A few cities have experimented in a half-hearted way with the problem, but none has grappled in a thorough and comprehensive manner with this great problem.

To the wretched and unsanitary home and bad housing can be traced a great majority of the ills and evils from which the nation suffers. Bad housing is an evil that is not confined only to the big cities. Small cities and the countryside, too, suffer, though to a less degree, from this evil which could be easily overcome.

Too many farmhouses all over the country are unsanitary. Remember these farmhouses are not confined to the mountains or to southern regions, but are to be found in every section of our glorious land.

The country-born children, however, have an advantage over the little ones of the city, inasmuch as they usually live in detached houses and can get an abundance of fresh air; but in spite of fresh air, the foul and unsanitary country home gathers in its harvest of death, as does the city tenement, and its general sordidness, foulness and squalor is reflected and indelibly stamped upon those unfortunates who are forced by conditions and circumstances to inhabit it.

In New York City in the early part of last June, a housing conference met. The report of that meeting is not before the writer, but the fact that such a conference took place is a hopeful sign that this great question is at last to be taken up by those in authority all over the land.

Bad housing in the cities is largely due to the terrible congestion that prevails in these seething wildernesses of brick and mortar. In New York there are tens of thousands of absolutely dark windowless rooms, rooms in which not a particle of sunlight ever penetrates. Every one of these dismal dens is inhabited by one or more, and sometimes by half a dozen people. Here tuberculosis reaps its richest harvest. Many thousands of these luckless souls would be out on the land if they had capital or knew aught of agriculture, but, alas! they are without means, and their environment has sapped them of physical energy and moral stamina, and so with a vision of green fields before their eyes they eke out a wretched existence until disease and death claim them.

It will be of profound interest to our readers to see how Great Britain has grappled with the housing and land questions in Ireland.

Richard Crocker late boss of Tammany Hall in speaking of the marvelous transformation that has been wrought in Ireland says: "Ireland has taken on a new life and has started all over again to develop into the richest, most prosperous and contented part of Europe."

"I don't believe the annals of the human race show such an awakening among a whole people as is now going on in Ireland, as a direct result primarily of the restoration of sanity to the Irish themselves. There is no comparison at all between the Ireland of my boyhood days and the Ireland of the present."

"It is with the era of the last twenty years only that a comparison can be made. In that time I have seen with my own eyes, and enjoyed with my own heart a development that rivals any tale in fiction."

"In that time social order has taken the place of anarchy, prosperity has succeeded poverty and happiness has driven out misery."

"Under the new land law no poor man need be without a home of his own in Ireland—a home that belongs to him and that he can bequeath to his heirs."

"Dismissing the harrowing recollections of the misery and poverty of the Ireland of my boyhood, let us come down to so short a time as twenty years ago. Two or three families used to live in a single hut with a mud floor—and this they had to share with their pigs and goats."

"Now every family in rural Ireland lives in a modern house of its own, bought by the Government and paid for by the owner in rent so low that no able-bodied man can complain of the cost as a hardship."

"All of this marvellous change has been brought about by the new land law passed by the British Parliament. Under

that law, if you are a poor man in Ireland, and I have more land than I actually need, you can apply to the local board that constitutes a part of the Irish Land Commission and have a part of my surplus acres set aside for your use and ownership. The Government will buy the land from me at a value appraised by the board, and turn it over to you after putting up a one story house for you at a cost of about \$2,000.

"You owe me nothing. Your entire indebtedness is to the Government. You pay out of your crops or other earnings to the Government every year what amounts to a minimum of about 2 1-2 per cent. interest on the total investment."

"In other words you pay about fifty dollars a year rent for your house and the same proportion on your land. You can pay more every year if you care to. As soon as the Government gets back what it paid out for you the property is yours."

"Why in the last two or three years the Government has put eight of these kind of tenants on my own land five miles out of Dublin. Mark you, the Government did not ask me if I wanted to sell these eight different pieces of about an acre each, to the tenants who now occupy them. Each of them let the local board of the land Commission know that he wanted an acre of my land with a house on it. There was no argument about it. The board simply appraised each parcel in turn and dispossessed me in favor of the poor men who needed it."

"And didn't you kick about this?" Mr. Crocker was asked.

"Bless me, no!" his voice boomed out in merry laughter. "It would have done me no good had I kicked, and besides I didn't want to kick. There was no kick coming to me. I own five hundred acres minus the eight or so that have been taken from me, and that is more land than I actually need. The tenants on it now are hard-working men, and they are rearing respectable and happy families."

"This class of tenants you must understand are not farmers. They are day laborers. But if one acre can thus be taken by the Government and turned over to poor tenants, larger tracts can be taken by the same process. These larger tracts from twenty-five acres up, are cutting up the great estates in Ireland, and converting them rapidly into small farms. It is this that is making Ireland happy and prosperous."

What has been done in Ireland, does actually read like a fairy tale. It is almost too good to be true, and it is, thank God, actually true. There is no romance about it. The writer has seen pictures of the houses erected by the Government. They are substantial buildings, sanitary, healthful and convenient in every way. What the British Government has done in Ireland, our state and federal government could do in the United States. If the masses of the people would only elect men to office who have their interests at heart, the housing problem and scores of other problems that now press for solution, would be quickly solved.

Comfort's Editor.

## HAND AND EYE

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### CHAPTER I.

**S**EEMINGLY endless are the Nebraska prairies, they contain at least one large tract where the underlying "blue limestone" indicates, occasionally, its natural right to crop out a little roughly. Here, too, there is more of scattered forest, and, somehow, it was one of the places which the red man haunted and clung to even after they had solemnly and smokily "treated" it away. Nevertheless, this tract of debatable and grove-dotted land received some of the earliest settlers, not the least important of whom was old Dan McKay, with his thriving family. Broad were the acres which the "forehanded" Pennsylvanian had made his own, and they rapidly began to take on a look of cultivation, while his buxom wife and her two fair daughters made their hospitable homestead a perfect lodestone of attraction. The result was that the neighborhood began to fill up marvelously fast, so as to arouse all the more the jealous hate and greed of the Osages who still roamed the open prairies beyond. Blow after blow had been struck, back and forth, as years went by, and if the red man had invariably been hurled back into the wilderness, the settlers themselves had also suffered, and poor mother McKay would never quite get over her mourning for her brave elder son, pierced by an Osage arrow, in the very prime of his strong, young manhood.

Sallie and Belle, however, were girls to comfort any mother's heart; and young Bob had shot up, of late years, to almost his lost brother's height and likeness, and the McKay homestead was likely to continue a bright one if no more red marauders came to trouble it. Rumors of such things came, indeed, with every returning season, and this winter, the winter of this story, they had begun early, and were fast getting worse and worse.

Nor the rumors of bad blood among the Osages the only things which were stirring up the bile and puzzling the brain of old Dan McKay. A few months before, and if Dan had been called on to pick out his favorite on all that border, he would unquestionably have said, "Brook Lewis."

Without stopping to think, and all his family would have joined him, while now, things had managed to get themselves into such a snarl that Brook Lewis had been forbidden to put so much as the length of his foot in that clearing, and not only old Dan, but all his family, had to say "Amen."

Could it be that all this was Joe Hopper's fault? Perhaps so, and yet Joe and Brook had been thick enough at one time. "I can see into that clear enough," said Dan to himself. "Sallie would naturally take to Joe, being he was her cousin and into the house all the time with her, and Joe would naturally get jealous of a good-looking fellow like Brook, and Brook ain't the sort to put up with much from anybody. What beats me is, how all the rest of us got down onto him about the same time. He never made love to me that I know of, and yet I was high as bad as Joe. He was a trifle rough with his tongue, but I reckon he had provocation for all that, and fellers with eyes like Brook Lewis's catch fire easy."

The queerest of it all, to Dan McKay, was that such a youth as Brook Lewis did not seem to have a friend or advocate among the "women folks." The same thing had been noticed by Joe Hopper, but he had simply dismissed it as a puzzle, with only a shrug or so of his broad, herculean shoulders. Joe had been in the settlement a little more than a year, attracted by the accounts which his relatives had sent him, but, while all these had been more than verified, Joe had made up his mind before long that Sallie McKay's face had something in it that was worth

all the land in Nebraska, rough or smooth.

That was the way, as old Dan knew very well, that the trouble with Brook Lewis grew up, so far as Joe was concerned, and yet, if the old man had seen Joe and Sallie at that very moment, he would hardly have imagined the former could have any good cause for jealousy.

"Now, Joe, you must bring me the turkey," Sallie was saying, with a good deal more in her face than in her words. "You mustn't let yourself get beaten by anybody. You won't, will you?"

"Not if I can help it," laughed Joe; "but there'll be as good eyes as mine at the turkey-shoot today."

"As good eyes," replied Sallie, "but not so strong a hand."

"Well, no, I reckon not," was the complacent reply, as Joe swept a snowy arm round the merry speaker.

"Oh, Joe, there's Belle!"

It was too late to save that ringing kiss, however, and Joe strode away, shaking joyously at Sallie the muscular fist of which he, and she, too, to tell the truth, were so justifiably proud. No other hand in all that settlement had yet been found to excel it in feats of manly strength, in sport or labor.

It was true enough that the huge "common room" of the log-built farmhouse contained Belle McKay also at the time of Joe's departure, but what had happened had seemingly been of too commonplace, matter-of-course and every-day a nature to disturb the placid equanimity with which Belle had kept on at her sewing. Just one quick flush there had been, one slight inexplicable tremor of eye and lip, but the cause of it would have been by no means easy to trace.

And yet Belle was fair, with a sweeter, although a prouder and more decided face than even her admired elder sister, and she was every bit as much an acknowledged "belle of the frontier." No other girl of her age in all the settlement could make a squad of young pioneers look more sheepish and awkward than could Belle McKay, and it sometimes seemed as if, especially of late, she took a half-malicious pleasure in her power. At all events, there was no one hunter or farmer of all her acquaintance whose name had been specially connected with her own in the free gossip of the woods and prairies.

The day was by no means a cold one, and there was just snow enough on the ground to make good sleighing, but Joe Hopper was a man who disdained either sleigh or saddle for a five miles' tramp to the "turkey-shoot." He had not been gone many minutes, however, before old Dan McKay growled to himself:

"I reckon as how I'd better be thar myself. They ain't had fellers, either one on 'em, but it ain't no time for any quarreling among ourselves."

And so saying, he strode to the stable and saddled his favorite roan, for, hale and vigorous as he was, old Dan had all a prairie-man's prejudices in favor of using other legs than his own. Nevertheless—for he made no attempt at speed—the horseman was not likely to reach their common destination much ahead of the footman.

Meantime nobody had been "waited for" by the unceremonious crowd which had gathered for the accustomed trial of skill, and more than one fat

bird had already paid the penalty of being compelled to face the unerring riflemen of the frontiers. The Osages had learned, to their cost, that the men of the "Limestone Streak" could "throw lead" with a most uncomfortable degree of accuracy.

Still, as a round dozen of birds had been provided, the sport was yet at its height, and newcomers were arriving almost every minute.

"Hallo, Brook Lewis, why wasn't ye on the ground earlier?" was the hearty greeting that welcomed one of these latter from several voices at once, and this was accompanied by dry pleasantries about "not daring to shoot again chances," "waiting for easy birds," and the like, such as could be freely bandied with a man whose skill as a marksman was beyond all doubt or question.

A tall, fine-looking fellow was Brook Lewis, as tall as Joe Hopper, but not of so broad and massive a frame, and seeming to be built more for agility and endurance than mere dead-weight strength. And yet, fellows of that build are oftentimes "wonderful deceivins'" as to the extent of their muscular force.

A bronzed, manly face was his, with dark beard and mustache, wearing an expression of more than ordinary intelligence, but what might otherwise have almost seemed easy good-nature was redeemed by a pair of marvelously penetrating, restless, fiery dark eyes.

No other man at the turkey-shoot, or, for that matter, on the whole border, could boast of eyes like Brook's, and it was not hard to guess that they could look keenly enough along a rifle-barrel. At all events, it seemed as if nothing could or would escape them, and most men who knew their owner believed that few things ever had.

Now it happened, a few minutes later, that, just as it came Brook Lewis's turn to try his luck at the tossing head of an unusually uneasy gobbler, somebody exclaimed:

"Thar comes Joe Hopper, on foot, and thar's old Dan McKay a-riding close behind him."

The speaker was not the owner of the turkey, but he might as well have been, for Brook's bullet buzzed harmlessly past its mark, at least three inches to the left, while the baffled marksman flushed a deep red up to his very eyes, which were snapping with indignation over his failure.

The unexpected result of the shot called forth a chorus of shouts, with not a few rough but good-natured jeers; but Joe Hopper had the bad taste to let his own voice be heard, adding: "My turn next, boys. I'll show ye what a steady hand kin do;" and striding forward without more ado till he toed the mark at the set distance.

Brook Lewis's eyes were fairly dancing now, but he proceeded rapidly to reload his rifle, an unusually heavy and well-made piece for those days, and calculated for much longer ranges than were called for by the present sport.

Joe Hopper's piece may have been as heavy, but hardly looked so in his herculean grasp, nor could any tree around him have seemed more firmly rooted than Joe himself as he brought the dark barrel to its level.

"Crack!" out rang the sharp report, and Joe had kept his promise to Sallie McKay, for the poor turkey's mottled head was fairly split.

"It takes a hand as well as an eye to do good work with a rifle," half-sneeringly remarked the successful shot, as he brought down the butt of

his piece and proceeded to wipe it carefully out. "You can't do much unless yer nerves are steady."

"Put up another bird," shouted Brook Lewis to the fellow who had charge of the poultry. "And put him fifty yards further back. Eyes may be as good as Pennsylvania beef for a long shot."

It was evident that there was a good deal more than a mere trial of skill on hand, nor was the bitterness between the two any secret to their neighbors. Both, too, had their partisans, for both of them possessed in abundance the qualities which are apt to attract the respect and admiration of such a community.

The "turkey-holder" had taken a fresh one out of the pen close by, and started off with him on his shoulder, the head of the bird, with its red wattles and awkward neck, being lifted even above the coon-skin cap of his owner; and Brad Lewis was already at the "mark," apparently paying no attention to the ominous and angry growls with which Joe Hopper was replying to his last remark.

Already the turkey holder had passed the former distance and was packing off the new one, when suddenly Brook's rifle arose to his shoulder.

"Hold on, Brook!"

"You won't shoot while Ben's a-carrying of him?"

"Fair play, now!"

A dozen sharp exclamations blended with the sharp report of Brook's rifle, and Ben dropped his turkey in utter astonishment. But the "gobble-gobble" of the escaped victim was answered from the bit of woods beyond, by an awful gurgling, choking sort of cry that died quickly away into silence.

All eyes were turned toward the marksman himself, in breathless amazement; but Brook Lewis dropped his own rifle, caught another from the hand of a bystander, shouting, as he sprang toward the trees:

"That's a mark I never missed yet, and I'm going to see if there are any more of the same sort in the brush!"

"Cover, boys! to cover!" cried old Dan McKay. "Thar were an Osage death-yell. Brook's right this time. Cover and feller him!"

Brook had bounded forward in the direction of his own shot, but the only man who had kept close at his heels was Joe Hopper himself, his half-loaded rifle in his hand, and his heavy-lumbering gait, fast as it was, forming an awkward contrast to the more graceful movements of the young hunter.

At the very edge of the woods, on that side of the "open" chosen for the turkey-shoot, there was a tangled growth of young maples, mingled with hazel-bushes and sumach, excellent cover for man or beast, and at quite too long a range for most of the weapons then in use on the border. Nevertheless, right into the middle of this copse did Brook Lewis break his way, as if reckless of what it might conceal of foes or danger, and in a moment more he was bending over an object which not only certified to the correctness of his aim, but gave even more important testimony, for it was the corpse of an Osage warrior, in his war-paint, with a gaping wound in his neck, where the ragged lead had torn its fatal way.

"It's a bigger mark than the turkey's head," exclaimed Brook. "But it was better worth going for."

As he spoke, he arose and glanced keenly around him, and, just as Joe was remarking, "Eyes are good for something," he sprang behind the nearest tree, shouting:

"Load up, Joe! Cover and load; thar's more on 'em coming!"

Joe Hopper's own eyes were quite good enough to discern this latter fact, now it had been

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)





This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, assistance, encouragement or sympathy.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to print letters requesting patterns, quilt pieces, etc., for the purpose of, or with the expectation of receiving the equivalent in return, for this is not an exchange column.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting donations of money. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitles you to such a notice. See postal request notice in another column.

We cordially invite mothers and daughters of all ages to write to COMFORT Sisters' Corner. Every letter will be carefully read and considered, and then the most helpful ones chosen for publication, whether the writer be an old or new subscriber.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address all letters for this department to Mrs. WHELEEN WILKINSON, Care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

THE shortening of the days reminds us that we must set to thinking of how we may provide the young folk with home amusement during the long fall and winter evenings.

I wish every sister who knows of some pleasing form of entertainment would write us about it. Tell us how you amuse the children between supper and bedtime. Of course when such amusement can be made instructive it serves a double purpose.

It is quite frequently that a sister will write our corner requesting suggestions for entertainments whereby a sum of money may be realized. So while we are gathering material for home amusements, cannot you describe something suitable for church or other societies which are endeavoring to promote a worthy cause.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

In the June number of COMFORT the editor asks us to tell our opinions about the "Chilton Club" of Boston. I, for one, think no name is too hard, and no punishment too severe, except personal cruelty. A good horsewhipping might be just the thing for them, and might do them good. It is too bad that they should disgrace the name of wife and mother, and our sex in general. But what a pity it is that the women are not the only ones who act that way! Doubtless, where there is one such "dive" among the women there are many of a still lower order among the men.

Now, dear sisters, why shouldn't a man be a man, and an honor instead of a disgrace to his family, just as well as a woman?

Mothers cannot train their children into right habits of living so long as the "head of the family," who ought to set a noble example, is all wrong and literally steeped in intemperance and vice.

"What is to be done to bring about a reform?" says the editor. Perhaps I may be mistaken, but it seems to me that we might have law enough, and have it enforced, to close all such dens of vice whether they were kept by the men or women.

Judge Lindsay of Colorado was not popular with the vicious element of Denver and the women reelected him by their ballots; and, by that one act, showed plainly that they deserved the right of suffrage.

Women have their failings and their weak points, but on the whole, we all know that they, as a class, are far more moral than the men.

If women had it in their power we have no doubt that they would soon "clean out" such places as the Chilton Club and the many low dives of the cities.

What do you say, sisters? What do you think dear Mrs. Wilkinson? Please tell us. Is there any reason why the men with their hands full of ballots could not do it?

Probably the men don't want to stop such places, for they might have to stay at home some evenings with their heart-broken wives and sweet, prattling children.

If our children were in danger of being devoured by wild beasts every time they went out upon the streets how carefully we would guard them; but it seems to me that the dangers to which they are now exposed are worse than wild beasts, which could only harm the body, but could not touch the soul. What true mother is there who would not sooner follow her innocent child to an honorable grave, than to see it live a life of debauchery, sin and crime?

Let us all wake up in good "house-a-fire" style and see if something can't be done to save the boys and girls of today, from going on the downhill road to perdition. I guess we are too careless, or too thoughtless, and let these warnings pass unheeded until it is too late, then we go down to our graves sorrowing over what cannot be helped.

Sisters, when the rum jugs or whiskey bottles come into your homes, try to keep them from your children if you can't do anything else. It always seemed to me that if they ever came into my home, they would leave or I should, for I never felt as if I had affinity enough for alcoholic liquors to stay in their company, to say nothing of the man who drank them.

Mr. Editor, turn the "line light" on to all such places as you speak of, and be assured we sisters will stand by you while you are doing it. If we can't do anything else, perhaps we can shame them a little, if they are not too far gone to lose their shame.

Mrs. E. P. Lowe, Palmyra, R. R. 1, Maine.

Mrs. Lowe.—I am heartily in accord with the sentiments expressed in your letter regarding the Chilton Club of Boston. All that you say is logically and ethically true, still we have to deal with things as we find them. Ever since the world began we have looked to the wife and mother as the maintainer of morality in the home, even though the husband and father proved faithless to his obligations.

Intemperance is a vice to which men are much more addicted than women, and although we do not excuse it in the men, we must look to the women, wives and mothers as the great influence to bring about a reform of this evil.

Ask nine tenths of the women who want suffrage to give their reason, and I believe it would be to check intemperance.

Look about you whenever you may and you will see instances when women are enduring cruelty and neglect unflinchingly for the sake of the home. Reverse conditions and what would be the result? Could the man fill the same place in the home? If not, then surely we must admit that a woman's responsibilities are greater and that her influence is farther reaching for good or evil.

The particularly shocking feature of the Chilton Club is that the aristocratic women of Boston whose influence should be upon the right side are setting such an immoral example. If the practices of these Chilton Club women prevailed among the wives and mothers of America what possible hope would there be for the nation?—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been wanting to write to you for quite a while, but kept putting it off and after reading the July number, I decided to call on you for help. I wish to adopt a little boy or girl between two months and one year of age. I would prefer an orphan from a respectable family. I dearly love children, but have never been blessed with any.

Edith Whittle. I think as you do about the little prayer you wrote. It certainly is the greatest I ever read.

Sisters, always wrap a cloth around the top of a jar when you are opening or sealing it, as the neck might break off and cut your hand. I received a very bad cut across the back of my hand that way and was not able to use my hand for three weeks.

Cold rain water and soap will remove machine grease from washable fabrics.

Charcoal is a good absorber of gases in the milk-room. It should be freshly powdered and kept there continually, especially in hot weather, when unwholesome odors are most liable to infect milk.

Love and best wishes for all, and as many others say, "long live COMFORT."

Mrs. FLORENCE HOLLEY, Terra Clara, Box 42, Fla.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I want to adopt a little boy about one year old, not over two, to take the place of my dear baby which I lost. I would treat him as my own, and I think I could love him as such. Can some sister tell me where I can find one?

I should not desire that the child has neither father nor mother, so there would be no danger of his being taken from me.

I read all the sisters' letters and enjoy them much.

I should like to exchange some books with sisters interested.

Mrs. RHODA CARTER, Captiva, Lee Co., Fla.

DEAR COMFORT FRIENDS:

I must ask for admittance again to your charming circle as so many have written asking about the Black Hills country. I will describe it briefly as there is so much else I wish to talk about and I don't wish to take up the whole paper.

The mountains are wondrously beautiful and the foothills with the carpets of brown plush set them off splendidly. Between the mountains and the Bad Lands, a distance of about one hundred miles, there is a stretch of cattle country known as the "Brakes." It is all hills and valleys and narrow draws. The grass is short and stiff and brown, and the rocks are plenty. There is no timber until the foothills are reached. We have good water districts and alkali districts. On wet years we can raise all small grain, vegetables, and some kinds of fruit. On dry years we are lucky to raise a little small grain, and there is no feed for stock to mention. Population consists of white men, cowboys, Indians, Dagones, bear, lynx, bob cats, deer, elk, antelope, Jack Rabbits, coyotes, timber wolves, prairie dogs, cattle, horses, pigs, sheep, goats, hens, turkeys, geese, ducks, grouse, prairie chicken, hawks, eagles, canaries, meadow larks and a few other birds. Rattlesnakes and garter snakes, and some say, the towns through small are pushing and full of business; full of nice buildings. The prairie is dotted with small shacks and log houses. We get our wood and posts free up in the hills. Climate is mild—altitude high and weather rather windy.

If the sister who is troubled with nervous children will try feeding her babies on a bottle, I think she will find it a big help. You are run down and nervous yourself and your children nurse it from you. I know by experience. Anyone who is nervous certainly has my sympathy.

I wish to thank all those who sent me reading matter. I am very fond of reading and the religious reading I found extremely interesting. How many of you read Pastor Russell's sermons and how do you like them? I think they are very sensible, though some say the Bible does tell us of everlasting punishment. I should like to know some of the sisters' ideas on this subject.

I think the North Dakota sister is very brave to stay alone with three little children. Our children have been sick so much since we came here; and some of them were so very, very ill last spring, that I can't bear to think of staying alone for one night even. One of our little ones, not quite three is subject to indigestion, fevers and sudden colds and once was taken suddenly with convulsions. Such things are frequent in this high altitude.

This is a dry year here and the cattle men are running their cattle down into Nebraska for feed. Another thing of importance to all mothers is amusements. I really think all mothers and fathers should be church members and church workers and I also think that the minister ought to do more than preach sermons, call on his parishioners and draw his salary. A minister who can't draw and hold the men folks and the young people, is not worthy of a salary. Churches should make themselves the social centers and not be content to preach damnation to the soul that seeks pleasure, but should furnish social pleasures for them. A sociable or donation now and then is not enough. Pastor McNutt of Illinois is one grand man. Others might do well to follow his example.

The boy with his pocket full of green apples hates to give them up even if mother does tell him they would make him sick; but if mother buys him a sackful of ripe peaches he will throw away the green apples gladly; and so it is with getting the young people into the church. If sufficient social pleasures of a proper kind and with proper associations are set before them they will gladly give up going to public dances, Sunday ball games and numerous other very doubtful amusements. A week-day ball game is all right and a quiet country dance is generally and there are just hundreds of ways of amusing young folks without demoralizing their characters in the least. It would be best to have them click together and not join in pleasures with the young folks who decline to go to church.

Anyone wishing to learn anything about homesteading should write General Land Office, Washington, D. C., for book of information. Homesteading is not a picnic by any means.

Wishing COMFORT and all its editors success, I remain a friend to COMFORT always,

Mrs. J. H. DIBBLE, Fairburn, Custer Co., S. Dak.

Mrs. Diehl. Your expression "I really think all mothers and fathers should be church members and church workers," is golden, and I heartily endorse it. I say without hesitancy that I believe there is nothing which takes the place of church interests, both socially and otherwise, in strengthening home ties. Where the church fills the wants of the young, it controls and leads them to a higher life.—Ed.

DEAR SISTERS AND MRS. WILKINSON:

Will you admit a cheesemaker's wife to your cozy corner? I have been a reader of COMFORT for the last two years and have enjoyed it very much.

I am twenty-seven years old and have three little children, two boys and one girl. My husband is a cheese-and-butter maker and no doubt you have all seen some of the cheese and butter he has made. This is a profitable business, but as he doesn't own a factory it means frequent changes in location. I like it very much.

I wish you could all see my roses for they are beautiful, red, yellow, white and pink varieties, and so many of them that people passing by stop to admire the lovely sight.

Will some of the sisters write to me?

Mrs. O. KARNOPP, Larsen, R. E. 13, Wis.

Mrs. Karnopp. On several occasions some of our sisters have written to the corner asking how to make cheese. I wonder if you could send us a recipe for making a good plain milk cheese, the kind that is commonly made at home. I am sure that it would be gratefully received.

Your roses must indeed be beautiful. I have a large red Rambler that will soon be in full bloom, and against my white house, it is most attractive.—Ed.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Please let me sit down near Mrs. Laura Sanborn, as she is a brave, good lady from the state of Maine. May God bless and give her strength to the end.

Now dear sisters, I need your prayers to help me accomplish the work I have just commenced. I have taken into my care a sweet little orphan boy, three months old, from the orphan home at Stillwater, Okla., although I have mothered nine children of my own, five boys and four girls, all grown and married and have families of their own, except the baby boy, and he has flown from the nest and gone to battle with little alone. Oh, how I have yearned for some poor little orphan to take and call my own! So I finally found this dear little fellow, who has dark hair and blue eyes, and oh, how we do love him. If I can only rear him as I did my own, to be a good Christian, I will feel that I have done something for the Lord. I am fifty-seven years old, have dark hair and dark hazel eyes, weigh one hundred and seventy-five pounds.

I have a kind husband, who loves this sweet baby as I do. I have the care of my aged father, who will be eighty-eight his next birthday. He is so kind

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and good to us and loves this dear little babe.

COMFORT is next to my life and has come to my home for many years. I could not be without it for it has helped me to rear my family.

Good by to you all, and I would be pleased to hear from you.

Mrs. C. C. COCHRAN, Keystone, Box 103, Okla.

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

I have been a silent reader of COMFORT for a long time, and enjoy it more than any other magazine. It furnishes such a variety of thoughts for the mind to feast upon. In reading its pages you cannot help but rejoice with those that rejoice and weep with those who weep. I do so much enjoy all the different departments and more especially this corner with our very instructive and sympathetic editor. She truly seems to take a common interest in all.

When I read a sister's letter I form a mental picture of her, which makes me enjoy the letters more. That you may do the same, I will tell you how I look. I have a good share of dark brown wavy hair, blue eyes and fair skin, with dim freckles. Am five feet six inches tall, weigh one hundred and fifteen pounds. I am thirty years old and have been married four years. I have a good husband which I consider a great blessing. We have no children, but took the brightest little girl three years old as we thought to keep her father had deserted her. Her mother was dead and she was alone in the world. We kept her three months, and five weeks ago her father came for her and said he had left her in order to seek employment and could not give her up. It was worse than death to give her up and to hear her screaming to stay with me. Her name is Zippie Blankenship. I know not where she is now but if any of you sisters ever chance to meet her, kiss her for me. It's my prayer that God returns her to me some day.

Our town would be a bustling little place if times were good, it is situated on the Rock Island R. R.

Sisters if you have a good home you should be contented. Contentment is worth a fortune to us. Good health is a great blessing and can be assisted to a great extent in any place by cleanliness in and around the home, plenty of fresh air, well ventilated houses and as much outdoor life as possible, plenty of fresh water between meals, plenty but not too much exercise daily, and just as little clothing as you can be comfortable in at all times.

Will close by asking you all to write to COMFORT that I may read your letters a long time to come.

Mrs. JESSIE ARMSTRONG, Waurika, Jefferson Co., Okla.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

As I have never seen a letter to our valuable paper from here I thought I would write a few lines for our corner. I certainly do enjoy the letters and the comments by Mrs. Wilkinson.

Well, first I will introduce myself to you all as best I can. I imagine a tall, slender, fair complexioned, blue-eyed, white-haired woman, with a face much younger than her hair would indicate, and that will give you an idea how I look.

Like many of the sisters I have many near and dear ones in the "Beautiful Beyond," with the blessed assurance that we shall meet again. I am a widow with an only child, a son sixteen years old. His father died when he was not three years old. I then had a dear little girl of eight years, but seven years later the dear Saviour called her home to that "Beautiful city of Gold." While it almost broke my heart to give her up, yet I feel that it was best as God is too wise to make a mistake. Jack and I live on the farm. I raise poultry and as he is very small of his age and not strong enough to plow very much, he works for wages part of his time and helps me some.

I have gotten so many good ideas from dear COMFORT that I want to try and help someone if I can with some ideas that have helped me across many bad places in the financial road.

Take the good parts of men's trousers, wash nicely and press with a hot iron under a thick wet cloth. Get nice-fitting patterns and see what good-looking serviceable trousers you will have for a small boy.

Take the good parts of dress skirts and made my little girl pretty little school dresses. I have made her many a pair of stockings from my old ones. Then I would take hers and make the little boy's stockings. By shifting along that way I kept myself and children together and stayed at home with them and kept them off the street. As I lived in town all the time I could keep them in school, also Sabbath school and church, and reared them right instead of letting them grow up as so many mothers do. My heart bleeds for poor children whose mother has to leave them at home to run wild. While I was left almost destitute of this world's goods I was blessed with knowing how to make a little go a long way.

I have done almost all kinds of work. I never refused any kind of work, no matter how humble, so long as it was honorable.

Would enjoy a postal and letter shower as I am all alone a great deal of my time. Was forty-six years

old August 14th. What noble work Uncle Charlie and Mr. Gannett are doing. I often wonder how Uncle Charlie can be so ready to forget his own self, shut up in the house fourteen long years as he has been and give us so much pleasure by his witty sayings.

With love and best wishes.

Mrs. E. C. EVANS, Sadieville, Ky.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT for a good many years and expect to continue for a good many more. If God spares my life, for what would I do without such a helper. I learn new ways of cooking, sewing, economizing, doctoring, doing little deeds of kindnesses and so many more too numerous to mention. You should see the scrap books in a little home-made cupboard in the corner of my pantry, made of a cracker box with shelves put in and painted on the outside and in front is a curtain made of a flour sack, starched and ironed nicely and it looks so neat. You can imagine I got all my scraps and useful helps from the page of the woman's best friend which is COMFORT, and a great comfort it is to me in the hour of need.

Antler is a busy little town of twelve years' growth. Farmers hold their land for twenty-five dollars and up. They took up claims twelve years ago, and now have nice homes and are planting trees, which make the farms appear homelike.

Last year the crops were nearly a complete failure, but this year we have had more rain now than we did all last year together. The wheat, oats and barley look fine and fax is being sown now. The prairies are beautiful in their blossoms of wild flowers but no fruit grows here, and what is shipped in is too high priced to can, so one has to buy canned fruit.

Wages are good in the busy season, but everything is so high it takes much of it to pay out again. At this time of year, June, one cannot get work unless they hire early in the spring through the summer months. I do anything I can for a living as we do not own a foot of land and all depends on work.

Here are some of my helps: Soak muslin underclothes that have become yellow in buttermilk for two days, wash out, dry and repeat until it is bleached a pretty white.

To take out iron rust I put the cloth on the grass, apply salt to the rusty spot and squeeze the juice of a lemon on it, until thoroughly wet, and let sun shine on it. Keep salt wet with the lemon juice till all of the rust disappears.

To pickle cucumbers for winter, I pour boiling water over them and pour off, then again cover with hot water, adding a coffee cup of salt to a gallon and let stand over night. Next morning wash in cold water and dry and drop into a granite pan of vinegar to which has been added a tablespoonful of mixed spices, a tablespoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of sugar and a lump of alum the size of a large hazel nut and let heat slowly, when the vinegar is too hot to bear finger in they are ready to put in glass jars. Use all of the vinegar to cover pickles. The alum keeps them crisp. I always can small pickles.

Wishing you a prosperous year is one thing I hope for all of you sisters.

If one can live one minute without committing a sin, then two, then an hour, why can't we go on for a day, then a year and always?

The vegetables in our garden here is just large enough to eat. There are lots of chickens raised in this part of the country and they grow fast.

Would some kind one please send me calico or worsted pieces for a quilt, or anything that would sew up nice. We are too poor to buy only what we must get. I have two boys to work for and set a good example before. Oh, our ways of living at home each second is more of a lesson than anything we say, for actions speak louder than words. When your temper comes up, mothers, run out away from everyone until it has quieted, then go back smiling. God writes down all our bad acts. Live Godly.

Mrs. HAROLD J. DENNIS, Antler, N. Dak.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have written once before but guess my letter hadn't much to it, so not being discouraged I am going to try again.

I have taken COMFORT a good many years and think my collection of reading matter would be much in the background were it not for COMFORT.

I think the sisters' corner most excellent. So many good things we never knew until we saw it in COMFORT.

I am twenty-one years old, been married two years and have a baby boy six months old. I was put to keeping house and cooking at the age of twelve, so you see I have had a lot of experience. I used to think mother did me wrong in making me do so much, but when I married and had to take the sole responsibility of a home and baby, I could only be thankful that I was made to do so much. I was made to make my own clothes at the age of fourteen and of course at first they were hardly fit to wear, but now I can cut and make any garment as nicely as any country

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 7.)



# RUBY'S REWARD

By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon

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## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Ralph Carpenter, a man of wealth, knowing his days are numbered, reveals to Walter Richardson, the son of Saddle Walcott, his early love, the story of his young life, his love for Walter's dead mother, their betrothal, separation, her marriage, his finding her in poverty and the promise to care for Walter as if he were his son and to tell him something when he becomes of age, also his anxiety for him to complete his education, provision for which he makes. In the midst of his talk Mr. Carpenter becomes suddenly ill, and while the nurse and Walter keep watch Edmund in the library finds his father's private papers and one, bearing the words "Last Will," slips through a crack in a quaint desk and is lost to sight. With a sigh of relief Edmund closes the desk. The father dies without making more known of his wishes for Walter and revealing his ancestry. A search is made for the will. Walter is anxious to complete his education and Edmund offers him the position of bookkeeper at nine dollars a week with board for one year, and Edmund regards it as a matter of disrespect that the son of another woman is installed on an equal footing with him. Walter realizes his hard position. He goes to the city, meeting a young girl, who, through his assistance, escapes injury. He applies to Albert Conant, Architect and Builder, who advises a practical knowledge of the construction of buildings only acquired by learning the carpenter's trade. After three months of close application Walter asks for evening office work. Making rapid strides, Mr. Conant allows Walter to share with him the preparation of plans for an elegant residence on the banks of the Schuylkill. He requests Walter to deliver them to a certain street and number. Walter gives Mr. Gordon valuable information regarding the plans and as he leaves encounters Edmund Carpenter, who is to accompany Ruby to a party. He is surprised to meet Walter and is rude to him. Robert Gordon carries out Edmund Carpenter's attentions to his sister. Ruby's estimate of Edmund Carpenter's character surprises her brother and awakens a new bond between them.

Mr. Robert Gordon and his wife give a reception to a noted poet, Mr. Whitfield. Owen Ruggles, an unbidden guest, comes three hundred miles to see the man that's walked into his heart with his sweet way of saying things. Ruby Gordon makes the man feel at ease and arranges for Mr. Whitfield to meet him. Standing near the library door Ruby hears Edmund Carpenter, in an angry voice, expostulating with Owen Ruggles for his presence there. The conversation reveals his relationship. Edmund ignores it and Ruby learns that Walter Richardson was a protégé of Edmund's father and of Edmund's refusal to help him to an education. Owen Ruggles invites Ruby to visit at his home another summer.

Ruby Gordon, in company with her brother pays a visit to Owen Ruggles and his wife. That night Walter Richardson and Ruby learn from Walter's lips that Mr. Ralph Carpenter was Mr. Ruggles' half brother, also the story of his young life. A delightful week follows. Walter saves Ruby from possible death and next to God she owes Walter most grateful thanks. Ruby and her brother return to the city. Mr. Gordon cordially invites him to his home, and Walter availing himself of the invitation calls. His pleasure is interrupted by Edmund, who is attentive to Ruby. He is displeased to meet Walter and warns him if he fails in his intentions it will be the sorriest day he ever knew. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon plan a grand housewarming and at Ruby's solicitation they send for Mr. Ruggles. Ruby is invited. Ruby promises the first quadrille to him. Edmund Carpenter begs to open the ball with Ruby. She detects his rage as he reads Walter's name at the head of the list. Ruby dances an old-fashioned dance with Mr. Ruggles. Robert Gordon follows with Mrs. Ruggles. Christmas comes, and Ruby's gift, an engraved likeness of Anne Ruggles, touches the father and mother and Owen Ruggles promises Ruby if she ever needs a friend he is the man to stand by her. Reverses come to Robert Gordon and he loses, not only his own, but Ruby's money. His wife is crushed. Ruby is brave and comforts her brother. The house and all that is in it is to be sold. Ruby is to have all that belongs to her, and what her mother leaves her. Ruby, with the help of a servant puts the new house in order. She secures a position as a teacher. The home is sold and the purchaser's name withheld. Edmund Carpenter calls. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon greet him cordially. He finds Ruby mending. He makes a proposal of marriage. Ruby says she knows a shadow. It cannot be; she does not love him.

Robert Gordon is taken suddenly ill and dies in a few days. Walter takes all care from Ruby who is heartbroken. Leaving her he knows that when he meets her again she will tell him that some day she will be his wife. Mrs. Gordon is left a comparatively rich woman. Mr. Gordon's insurance policy takes out insurance policies for fifty thousand dollars. Ruby prefers to remain in the little home, but Mrs. Gordon insists upon a handsome suite of rooms in a fashionable street. She is resolved that Ruby shall marry Edmund Carpenter, who is a constant visitor. Coming home from school one day, she finds the house empty and her belongings away. She drops her books and hat upon the table and throwing herself upon the sofa gives way to tears. There is a knock. Ruby thinking it is a servant says, "Come in." Looking up she finds Edmund Carpenter. He renews his offer of marriage and with Ruby's firm refusal he reminds her it will be a dangerous thing for any other man to win her.

Mrs. Gordon secures board for herself and Ruby in an attractive home four miles out of the city, and Ruby, unsuspecting the deep intrigue goes with her. Walter calls to see Ruby, and Mrs. Gordon informs him she is not at home. He seeks the housekeeper, for it is at his old home Ruby is boarding, and she finds Ruby. Walter tells of Edmund Carpenter's and her sister's duplicity. It is Edmund Carpenter's home. Ruby will leave as soon as possible. She is to tell her sister of the engagement, and Walter is to bring the visible seal to their compact.

## CHAPTER XXIX. (CONTINUED.)

AND then the young man bade her a fond good night, and went away with a light heart, in spite of his repugnance to her remaining an inmate of Edmund Carpenter's home, and a recipient of his bounty, for it amounted to that.

Ruby went thoughtfully up-stairs, after his departure, but just as she reached her own door, Mrs. Gordon put her head out of hers, and asked: "Is that you, Ruby?"

"Yes, Estelle. Are you still up?"

"Yes, it has been so warm that I have not felt like going to bed. But where have you been? I thought you retired long ago."

"May I come in, Estelle, if you are not ready to go to bed just yet?" Ruby asked, unheeding her question, and resolving to settle matters then and there.

Something in the grave decision of the young voice arrested Mrs. Gordon's attention, even startling her, and opening her door wider, she said:

"Yes, come in if you like. But you did not tell me where you have been."

"I have been down in Mrs. Coxon's sitting-room," Ruby stated, as she entered the room and seated herself in a rocker, where she could look her sister full in the face.

"Pray, what have you been doing there?"

"I had a caller."

"A caller! And in Mrs. Coxon's room at this time of night! Who?" Mrs. Gordon questioned, growing a trifle pale, as she began to suspect the truth.

"Walter."

"Walter!" echoed the woman, her ire rising as she realized that she had been outwitted, and was about to be called to account for her deception. "Walter who, pray?"

"Estelle, you know; Walter Richardson."

"Indeed! But I did not know that you were upon such familiar terms with him that you addressed him by his Christian name."

"Why did you treat him so, Estelle?" demanded Ruby, ignoring her sister's sneering remark. "You know where I was, and you should have called me."

"I do not approve of his visiting here."

"And why?"

"Because he is no fit associate for you."

"Why?" Ruby repeated.

"He is as poor as poverty—a nobody—and I do not wish your name to be coupled with his."

"But it will be, Estelle, henceforth as long as I live, for—I have promised to marry him!"

"Good heavens! Ruby Gordon, are you crazy?"

"Not at all. I have been engaged to him nearly ever since—Robert died."

The sweet voice faltered a trifle here. "Ah! he took advantage of your weakness, did he, and wrung a promise from you at such a time as that?"

"He had gained my respect and admiration—yes, and love—long before that," Ruby said, calmly.

"You are a little fool, Ruby, and do not know what you are talking about," retorted her sister, angrily. "Isn't it enough that you are almost a beggar yourself, without lowering yourself by marrying another?"

"Don't you think you are using rather strong language to me, Estelle?" Ruby asked, quietly, though her eyes glittered with a dangerous light.

"No one is a beggar who is able to take care of one's self. Edmund Carpenter tried to make Walter one by turning him out of the home that had been his for years, and which he believed he still had a right to share, even after the death of Mr. Ralph Carpenter; but by his own efforts he has risen to an honorable position, and one which promises to pay him well in the future. I do not consider that the obnoxious term which you have used applies to me either, since I have shown that I am able to provide for my own wants for nearly a year, consequently can do so in the future."

"You have earned your own clothing and pin-money, I know; but if you had been obliged to pay for your board and lodging besides, I imagine you would not speak quite so independently. You know that Robert provided for you as long as he lived, and since his death you have been my special care, and I shall consider you very ungrateful if you thwart all my plans for you," Mrs. Gordon returned, with an injured air.

"What plans, Estelle?"

"Why, you must know that I desire to see you nicely settled in life—to have you occupy a position becoming your birth and education."

"In other words, your heart is still set upon my marrying Mr. Carpenter?"

"He is very rich; he would make you an excellent husband. You would never want for anything."

"I should not want for anything but happiness, which I should never have. Estelle, you and I had better understand each other, once for all. I shall never marry Edmund Carpenter. I have told you so once before; but if I knew I should have to live single all my life otherwise, and work for every morsel I ate, I would never be his wife. And now I want to tell you that I know you have not been dealing fairly with me—that you have lent yourself to an ignoble scheme to entrap me in some way, so as to bring this about."

"What do you mean?" interrupted Mrs. Gordon, with an angry flush.

"You need not feign ignorance, Estelle, and I intend to tell you all that I know, for I have made up my mind to settle this matter tonight, and for all time," replied Ruby, with a resolution that astonished her sister. "I know that you have deceived me about coming here to spend the summer; it is all a plot between you and Mr. Carpenter to compromise me. I do not know just how, nor how far you would have carried your schemes, but even the matter of obligation that I have unconsciously incurred is more than I can tamely submit to. I know Mr. Edmund Carpenter owns this place, and what we pay is not a tithe in return for what we are receiving; that the horses and carriages which we have been using so freely, instead of belonging to a 'gentleman who is anxious to have them properly exercised,' have been placed at our disposal by him to help on an unworthy cause. I have thought from the first that it was rather strange you were able to secure all these luxuries upon such easy terms, but I never suspected the truth until tonight."

"Pray, who enlightened you to such a wonderful extent?" demanded Mrs. Gordon, with angry sarcasm.

"My own common sense, as soon as I knew that we were living in Mr. Carpenter's house. Now Estelle, I utterly refuse to remain here; I will not be under such obligations to a man whom I despise."

"I do not know what right you have to despise him," interrupted Mrs. Gordon, spiritedly.

"What I have learned tonight would be sufficient of itself to make me do that," Ruby returned, composedly; "but there are other things. I believe he is a thoroughly unprincipled man; if he had not been, he never would have threatened a young girl, simply because she did not choose to marry him or a young man because he saw fit to bestow certain attentions upon me. More than all this, Estelle, if the truth were known, I believe he has been withholding property which rightly belongs to another."

"You might find it rather difficult to prove that statement," said Mrs. Gordon.

"I suppose it cannot be proved," Ruby returned, with a sigh. "But that is neither here nor there; you have heard what I said, and I want you to understand that I shall live up to it."

"Do you mean to tell me that you will give up all these comforts and go back to the hot city?" cried her sister, angrily.

"I mean that I shall stay here; I will go with you, Estelle, anywhere else that you may choose, but if you persist in remaining here, I shall leave you by yourself."

## CHAPTER XXX.

### AN EAVESDROPER.

After a long pause, during which Mrs. Gordon had been considering the young girl's last decisive sentence, she pursued, in an injured tone: "It is very selfish of you, Ruby, to wish to deprive me of all these pleasant things. I cannot go to a fashionable resort this year, as you know, and we are settled so comfortably in this delightful spot, it will be a shame to have to leave."

Ruby made no reply; she had announced her decision, and meant to abide by it. But Mrs. Gordon would not give up yet.

"And then, too, to think that you wish to go away and leave me alone in my sorrow! I surely thought you were more considerate than that, when you are all I have left to love." And the artful widow buried her face in her black-bordered handkerchief, with a sob.

This touched Ruby, for she believed that her emotion was genuine; she could not believe her wholly depraved.

"I do not wish to leave you, Estelle," she said; "I told you that I would go anywhere else with you. Let us go to Redville," she added, with animation.

"I know that Mr. and Mrs. Ruggles would be delighted to have us, and it is beautiful there among the mountains."

"I never could bury myself in that out-of-the-way place. I should die of loneliness and ennui," murmured Mrs. Gordon, hysterically, and still entrenched behind her mourning handkerchief.

"Indeed you would not," Ruby hastened to say. "There are plenty of visitors in that region to make it lively, and besides, Mr. Ruggles has a fine span of horses and an easy carriage, and we could drive as much as we liked, while the expense would be far less than at almost any resort."

"And could you be persuaded to place yourself under such obligations for a 'merely nominal price'?" queried Mrs. Gordon, sarcastically, and with an angry intonation, which betrayed that her grief had not been so very overwhelming.

Ruby flushed at having her own words hurled back at her in this fashion, but she replied quietly:

"Mr. and Mrs. Ruggles are dear friends. They have proved themselves true friends, and I can trust them. I do not feel that I should be incurring an obligation to go to them."

"Well, I can never go to Redville," Mrs. Gordon asserted, decidedly.

"Where will you go then, Estelle?"

"Nowhere. I shall remain where I am," the woman returned, in a sullen tone. "Everything has been arranged for the summer, and it would not be honorable to change now."

"Do you consider that you made an honorable arrangement when you planned to come here, or that Mr. Carpenter had honorable intentions when he opened his house to us?" Ruby questioned.

Mrs. Gordon flushed crimson at this shaft, but she made no reply, and Ruby continued:

"I do not wish to appear unkind and inconsiderate, Estelle, but I feel that you have been dealing very unfairly by me. You say that you have only my interest at heart, but you surely do not believe that it would be for my interest to ruin my future happiness?"

Nonsense! Nobody can be happy who is poor; and, Ruby, you shall never marry that pauper, Walter Richardson!" Mrs. Gordon burst out excitedly. "You shall never disgrace yourself nor me by committing such a rash act."

"I am trying to be patient with you, Estelle," Ruby responded, with an effort at self-control at this outburst; "but I find it very hard to listen to such unjust and uncourteous epithets. I am pledged to Mr. Richardson, and I shall marry him when the proper time comes. I am nearly twenty years of age, and old enough to judge for myself in so important a matter, and I shall not tamely submit to any attempt at compulsion or interference on the part of anyone. And now, once for all, I tell you that I shall not remain in this house after this week. While I do stay, I will not see Edmund Carpenter; if he calls by your invitation, I shall avoid him; and from this hour I will avail myself of nothing save what is absolutely necessary for health and comfort. I shall go to Redville the first of next week, or as soon as I can hear from Mr. Ruggles, with you if you will go, without you if you persist in remaining here. This is my ultimatum; and, as it is getting late, I will not keep you up longer. Good night, Estelle."

"Good night," responded Mrs. Gordon, in an offended tone, as her young sister turned to leave the room; but she sat up for another hour trying to plan some way by which she could still achieve her own ends. She was determined that Ruby should never marry Walter Richardson, if she could prevent it.

She was aware that Edmund Carpenter intended to call the next morning to invite Ruby and herself to visit a point of interest several miles distant; but she knew well enough, too, that Ruby would refuse to go, while she feared that she might betray something of the spirit of the previous night to him; so she persuaded her to go in town to do a little shopping for her, in order to gain an uninterrupted interview with the obnoxious lover.

When he came, she related what had occurred the previous evening, and the man's face grew dark and fierce with anger.

"That boy will cross my path once too often yet," he muttered, threateningly. "But," he added, "I did not believe that Ruby Gordon would really stoop to marry anyone so far beneath her."

"Ruby has some peculiar ideas regarding caste," Mrs. Gordon returned. "Money and position appear to have very little value in her estimation—a stainless name and a noble character are more to her than unlimited possessions would be."

Edmund Carpenter started and flushed.

"Suppose she should suddenly discover a flaw in her idol—if he should be found guilty of some crime or wrong doing?" he asked, with a peculiar look.

"If anything of the kind should be proved against him, I am sure that her dream of love would be over—or, at least, that she would refuse to marry him."

"Do you suppose my prospects would be any better in that event?"

"There would surely be quite a formidable obstacle from your path," Mrs. Gordon replied, evasively.

"It shall be removed then," her companion responded, with compressed lips, "whether I succeed or not, that proud spirited beggar shall be removed from my path."

"How will you manage it?"

"I do not know yet; there must be some way to accomplish it."

"It will amount to nothing, I am afraid, unless we can persuade Ruby to give up the notion of going to Redville," said Mrs. Gordon, musingly. "I will not go there, and I cannot remain here alone. I confess, she added, with a laugh, 'I am altogether too comfortably situated to wish to make any change.'"

"Coax her to stay," said Mr. Carpenter.

"Coax her!" repeated her companion, with an expressive shrug of her shapely shoulders. "Miss Gordon is not easily coaxed when there is a principle at stake, as I have recently learned to my mortification."

"Play the invalid, then, and keep her with you. She surely would not leave you if you were ill; it would be a question of 'duty,' you know."

During the next day or two Edmund Carpenter set himself diligently to work to ascertain what Walter's plans were. He found what he already knew; that he was only in the city temporarily; that he was engaged upon contract at Chester, and would leave Philadelphia the first of the coming week, and this explained why Ruby had also decided to leave on Monday for Redville.

He did not present himself once during the interval at Forestvale, but he watched and played the spy upon the lovers, and waited his opportunity to spring some trap upon them that should ruin their happiness forever.

The last night of Walter's stay he followed him as he went to pay his final visit to his betrothed.

Reaching his estate he hitched his horse to a tree in a secluded spot outside the grounds, and then stole softly up to the house, like a thief, hoping to overhear something that would help him in his scheme.

He was not disappointed; for, as he drew near, he heard voices upon the veranda.

He knew instinctively to whom they belonged, and creeping softly nearer upon the velvet turf he stationed himself behind some vines which grew over one end of the piazza, and where he could easily overhear all that passed between Walter and Ruby.

The night was sultry; the sky was heavy with clouds, making it very dark, while low and frequent mutterings in the west told of an approaching thunder-storm.

"Estelle has not been well today," Ruby was saying, just as the eavesdropper settled himself in his position. "I hope she is not going to be ill, for just as soon as I receive a reply to my letter, I shall go to Redville."

"Haven't you heard from Mr. Ruggles yet?" Walter asked.

"No; and I cannot understand it, for there has been ample time."

"Then you have not been able to persuade Mrs. Gordon to go with you?"

"No! she does not appear to want to, though I am going to make one last attempt to induce her to accompany me."

"I wish you were going tomorrow," Walter said, gravely. "I shall feel far safer about you when I know you are with our good friend, though it will take you so far from me; but I

shall try to be patient until the time arrives for my vacation, when I shall come to you."

The listener behind the vines ground his teeth as he overheard this plan, and mentally vowed that Walter at least should not spend any portion of that summer at Redville.

"Have you renewed your engagement with Mr. Sampson, Ruby?" Walter asked, after quite a pause.

"Yes, virtually; he told me I could have the position if I wished it, and I told him I thought I should. But, Walter, I do not believe I can stay with Estelle after what has happened."

"What will you do, dear?"

"I do not know; I have been thinking very seriously about it. I presume she will want me and will feel very much disturbed if I go elsewhere; but aside from other considerations I would far rather be entirely independent."

"You will find it hard to go among strangers,"

"I presume it would be a little hard at first; but I will not stay with Estelle if she persists in bringing me in contact with Mr. Carpenter as often as she has done," Ruby said, with a decision that made that gentleman's ears tingle.

"Ruby, how much do you suppose it would cost for you and me to live comfortably in a little house of our own?" Walter asked, in an eager tone.

"I do not know much about such things," the young girl answered, hiding her face upon his shoulder, with a sudden thrill. "though, during the little while that we lived in—street after Robert's failure, I managed the household expenses, and he was surprised to find how small they were. Of course he attended to the rent, coal bills, and such things and I kept account of the groceries, provisions, and so forth."

"Let us reckon it a little, dear," Walter proceeded. "Rent for us would not probably amount to more than three hundred dollars a year—that is, unless we are ambitious for style. Call that fifty. Now, how much for groceries and provisions?"

"I believe that my accounts used to foot up about forty to forty-five dollars a month—including the servant's wages; but, of course, there were four of us to feed."

"And you think it would not cost two of us nearly so much," said Walter, smiling. "Oh, my darling, you understand that I long to make you my wife and shield you from all unpleasantness, such as you have been experiencing of late; and yet I hesitate because of my limited means. I should never forgive myself if misfortune should overtake you and you should be a sufferer thereby. Could we live comfortably on a thousand a year, dear?"

"Yes, indeed, I should think so," Ruby answered.

"I am to have a thousand dollars next year, and an interest—small, of course—in the business besides, and if so, Ruby, dare I ask you to trust yourself to me? It will be very different, I know, from the kind of life to which you have been accustomed, but if you were quite sure it would not be unwise, I believe we could be very happy."

"I know we could, Walter, and I am willing to try and help you manage the thousand to the best advantage, if you wish," Ruby answered, cheerfully and resolutely.

"Darling, you are very brave, and we will think it over carefully before we decide. I should insist upon keeping a little maid, for I could not bear the thought of these dear hands doing rough, hard work."

The young man gathered them in his arms, bending his head, touched them softly with his lips.

"But the little maid must eat, and drink, and have some place to sleep, not to speak of what she would waste," said Ruby, with an eye for economy.

"We must have her all the same," persisted her lover. "I should not dare to claim you otherwise. I hope I am not very selfish in proposing this; but something seems to tell me that there is no other way to relieve you of the persecutions to which you have been subjected. But, hark! hear that crash! And it is beginning to rain. We are going to have a heavy shower, and I must get back to the city forthwith," and the young man arose as he spoke.

"You cannot go out in the rain, Walter," Ruby said, anxiously.

"I am afraid I ought. If the shower should be a long one, I might not get home until very late, and I have to leave on the early train tomorrow morning."

"I cannot let you go in the rain," Ruby persisted. "I am sure that Mrs. Coxon can get you a bed, and then you can go in town as early as you choose in the morning. Come, I will ask her, and if she is agreeable, we will chat a while longer in her room," and the young girl gently drew him along the veranda toward the housekeeper's sitting-room.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### AN ACCIDENT.

A window opened from Mrs. Coxon's room upon the veranda, and Ruby unfastening a blind and putting her head inside saw the woman seated at her table, darning stockings.

"Mrs. Coxon, have you a spare bed tonight?" she asked, as the housekeeper looked up at the intrusion.

"Yes, half a dozen. Who wants one?" she replied, suspending her darning operations, and glancing up over the rim of her spectacles.

"A benighted and weather-bound traveler, who is also a favorite of yours, I believe."

"I have but one favorite, and that is Mr. Walter; if he wants a bed he's welcome to the best in the house," Mrs. Coxon returned. "Ah, I see," she added, as Walter bent his tall form and looked in upon her, "you've been caught in the shower. Come in, you reckless young folk, out of the rain, or you'll catch your death of cold."

She arose, and unfastened the door for them, and her face was aglow with pleasure and hospitality, as she shook hands with Walter.

"I am afraid it will make you trouble, if I stay," he said.

"Not a bit of it; it does my old eyes good to see you, and I'd be glad to be troubled in the same way oftener."

"You were always kind to me, Mrs. Coxon," returned the young man, "and I hope some time I shall be able to make it up to you."

"I'll tell you how," retorted the housekeeper, with a twinkle in her eye, as she glanced from one to the other, with a wise look. "When you two get married, let me come and keep house for you."

Walter laughed heartily, while Ruby blushed to the hue of her name.

"I should like nothing better, I'm sure," said the young man, "but you know we are both as poor as church mice, and can't afford such a luxury as that."

"Poor as church mice, indeed," sniffed the woman, indignantly, "you've no business to be poor. Let me tell you. If the truth was known, I believe you'd have plenty; folk may say what they've a mind to, but if I didn't sign a will for Mr. Ralph Carpenter, I should like to know what kind of a document it was."

"Well, Mrs. Coxon," returned Walter, good naturedly, seeing that she was getting excited over the topic, "it doesn't do any good to keep agitating that question; since there was no will forthcoming, we must take it for granted there was none."

"It's granting too much altogether, and, mark my words, the time will come, when the cat will get out of the bag. But sit down, young folks, and make yourselves at home, while I go and air the sheets and get your room ready."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)



## Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

woman and I would not be afraid to undertake to cook a picnic dinner for Mrs. Wilkinson and all you Comfort sisters. I have learned all I know by experience. I make all my clothes and baby's and also my husband's shirts and find time to do quite a lot of sewing for my neighbors.

I think all mothers should teach their daughters to be helpful, teach them to cook, sew, wash and iron and care for babies, too. Are not our girls of today the mothers of tomorrow? What greater accomplishments are there than to be able to cook a dainty and palatable meal and make our own clothes with the knack of a seamstress? And mothers, your girls can do it if you will put them at it and show them how. If you let a girl grow up in idleness she soon becomes restless and home is soon too small for her, so she seeks a broader field in the town or city. Often from these very homes where the daughters are petted and pampered to every wish, comes some of our ruined girls.

Daughters when you read this, take my advice and turn over a new leaf in your lives: take hold of the work and cook while mother sits by and rests and go to the machine and make the children's clothes while mother goes calling on her neighbors; learn to be a model housewife and mother, for surely some good man is going to want you, so try to be competent to fill the place. The crowning glory of a woman's life is to be a wife and mother. How true are these words: "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world."

Well, sisters I want to give a little bit of baby talk. My little one weighed only three pounds, but was healthy until he had the hives. I fed him from a bottle, too. I got the neighbors to give me all the four ounce bottles they had, which gave me about fifteen. I boiled them to keep from breaking. I use "anti-colic" nipples. I wash and scald the nipples and bottle every morning and every Saturday I boil them hard for half an hour in strong soda water. I feed cow's milk and boil that milk and water. It will agree with baby when raw milk won't. He now weighs twelve pounds at six months and just as fat as a Guinea pig. Give weakened essence of peppermint for colic. If a baby has fever, put onion poultice on feet and bowels. For diarrhoea, give an abundance of hot sweet milk made strong with lime water. There is nothing better for a baby than Castor oil. It will check bowel trouble when all else fails. Don't load a baby down with useless clothes just to make them look pretty; above all give them comfort, which means health. Have plenty of every-day dresses to keep them clean and cool; keep baby sleeping all you can and I am sure you won't have very much trouble with one.

I noticed one of the sisters asked for suggestions how to make pin money so will pass mine along.

Try making nice candies and go to town on busy days and peddle them out. People will much more readily buy home-made candy than at stores, and try engaging so much for a certain day next week and you will soon have a line of customers. A five dollar sack of sugar will net twenty dollars' profit.

If you embroider well try making centerpieces on fifteen cent Indian head cotton with five cent crochet cotton. Make them about eighteen to twenty inches in diameter and see how readily you can sell them at seventy-five cents and a dollar to your richer neighbors and to the poor people. I make quite a lot by taking in sewing. I find either of these or all will bring in pin money with scarcely any expense.

Sisters will you all send me a white muslin block, twelve by twelve with your name and address written in big, plain letters. I want to work them in Turkey red and make me a Comfort sisters' quilt. I think it would be a lovely souvenir.

Best wishes to Mrs. Wilkinson and Comfort sisters, I am,

Mrs. M. D. HAYES, Perkins, Okla.

Mrs. Hayes.—Neither would we be afraid to eat your picnic dinner which I am quite certain would be toothsome indeed, and for one I should like to try it. You are very competent for only twenty-one years of age, and may good health be given you so that you may continue to fill this large place in your home. I fully agree with you about training the daughters to be competent women. It takes a good deal of thought, and study of each child's temperament to know what will train them for the best results. Work as well as play brings content, and whatever walk of life a daughter may enter, a little knowledge will never come amiss.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Will you allow an Oklahoma girl to come in for a few minutes' chat? I have been a silent reader for six or seven years, and certainly enjoy reading good old Comfort, which rightly deserves its name.

I am five feet three inches tall, light brown hair, fair complexion, blue eyes, and am nineteen years old. There, I have given you a good description of myself.

I am a farmer's daughter and proud of it. I live in town in the winter and go to school. We have a fine agricultural college, including a large barn, boys' dormitory, a power house, chicken house, a blacksmith shop, where the boys learn blacksmith and carpentry. In this school the girls are taught all kinds of practical work such as cooking, sewing, dressmaking, millinery, butter making and fancy work. Besides the regular high school studies, it is a state school, two years old. Some people in the East think Oklahoma an uncivilized state. If they would only stop and think that we are people from all over the United States, or would visit our state, they would think differently, for they would find it a great, civilized and intellectual state.

I live on a farm of one hundred and sixty acres, five miles northwest of Helena. Papa also owns three other farms of one hundred and sixty acres each.

I do so enjoy reading the sisters' letters. Also Uncle Charlie's page.

There are six children of us, five girls and one boy, besides my parents and my dear old grandmother, who lives with us. We children are all single, and have some good times together. The eldest child is twenty-two, and the youngest seven years.

I have a nice organ and guitar which I take much pleasure in. I have taken music lessons ever since I was thirteen, and I dearly love to play. My sister and brother also play both instruments. We certainly make the house ring with music sometimes, with both instruments. Even my baby sister plays by ear.

I would be greatly pleased to hear from some of the sisters. Sincerely yours,

ELLA M. SMITH, Helena, R. R. 2, Okla.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a silent reader of Comfort for a long time as my mother is a subscriber, but I did not have time to write for I have been a nurse and they are kept busy if successful and well liked. This year am at home, having been a sufferer from tuberculosis for a year.

I will send in a few hints on how to care for the sick.

First of all should prevail at all times in the sick room, cleanliness, regularity, cheerfulness, light and ventilation. In ordinary cases the temperature of the room should be from sixty-eight to seventy-two degrees Fahrenheit.

Be quick in all your duties about the sick, but always do them with gentleness. If the patient is very sick, absolute quiet is essential. Never allow whispering in the sick room, speak always in a mild but perfectly distinct tone. If there are any secrets to be kept from the patient, no hint of them or whispering about them should ever occur in his or her hearing. If it is believed the patient cannot live, I would most certainly inform him of this belief—it is cruel and unjust to withhold it.

Be firm but kind, in all your relations with the sick. Let them understand you know best what their needs are, and that you shall act accordingly. If on any occasion the patient resists your efforts and wishes to be extremely kind and firm and their acquiescence may soon be expected.

Beef tea if rightly made may be received by a stomach which would reject other nourishment. Skill in its preparation is not universal among nurses. I find the following to be one of the best that can be devised:

One pound of the best beef cut in slices and scraped fine. Put one quarter of a teaspoonful of salt in one pint of cold water, add beef, let stand in an earthen bowl for two or three hours, stirring frequently; keep in the same vessel covered on the back of the stove and let it come very gradually to no more than a blood heat, which is ninety-eight degrees. Any higher temperature would injure the nourishing properties. Strain through a fine muslin bag and it's ready for use. It is used quite extensively for weak stomachs.

MISS RUBY SHARP, Van Couver, R. R. 5, Wash.

Miss Sharp.—Thanks for your helpful letter regarding the care of the sick. I note with great satisfaction that you give an important place to the care of the room and the protection of your patient against outside annoyances—con-

ditions that all too frequently retard their recovery.

All this shows you to be skilled and tactful in your work, and that it should be interrupted by illness is a pity. I sincerely hope that a year of rest will restore you to health and strength.

We should be interested to know what treatment, if any, you are taking.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have often thought of joining your happy band of helpers but lacked courage until Mrs. Emma Whipple's questions, "What is the matter with Oregon? Has she no writers to Comfort?" prompted me to write at once to let you all know that we are taking in all the good things if we are not often heard from.

At this time of the year we Tillamookers are mostly too busy making money or having good times to write, except occasionally when duty demands it. The people here, that is most of them, think this a garden spot of Eden. Our climate is delightful. Winters mild and summers usually just right, but this summer so far has been just a little more windy than usual. Grass is green the year round and some people begin planting their garden in February and have fresh vegetables until November or December, and cabbage, beets, parsnips and such like in the ground all winter. This is one of the best dairy countries in the world. Most everything will grow here, but as our summers are hot only for a short time we do not get melons and tomatoes to ripen.

Some people object to so much rain in winter, but if we did not have the rain we could not have the crops, and consequently would have to do other and harder labor to get the same amount of money.

I doubt if there are more healthy people anywhere than in Tillamook county. We live near the bank of Trask river, about five miles from Tillamook City and about eleven miles from the Netarts Bay and the Pacific Ocean. We can drive there and back in one day and every summer we go there and camp for one or two weeks and get clams, crabs, fish, mussels and huckleberries.

I must find something else to talk of other than praising our country or you will think me a land shark or rather a real estate agent, when in fact I am only a happy farmer's wife and the mother of six dear, healthy children; four boys and two girls ranging in ages from five to twelve years. My eldest boy is unusually large for his age, being nearly as large as his father and my nearest neighbor, who is within calling distance says she cannot tell one from the other from her house, and my other children are as large for their age as he is. The eldest boy helps his papa milk and the two next oldest boys will begin milking this fall when the cows give less milk.

At present we have eight cows giving about twenty-eight pounds of milk each at a milking, and four that give about twenty pounds each. We have twenty acres of land, and as it is some of the best in Tillamook we do pretty well on it. We have twelve cows and most of the time three heifers, two calves, two horses, eight hogs and about one hundred chickens, a nice orchard of small fruits and raise about sixteen tons of hay. How is that for a twenty-acre Oregon farm?

My husband is away through the day at present (in sight of home) helping his uncle to build a large new barn, and my boys and I are almost running the ranch, you might say, for we have hoed the garden, the potatoes and a large beet patch. We also feed the hogs and wash the milk cans and now are going to begin hoeing thistles from the pasture. The pasture I am twenty-nine years old, have been married thirteen years and my husband is one of the good "Johns."

I will finish up by wishing COMFORT and its editors and readers all continued success. An Oregon sister, Mrs. Ed EARL, Tillamook, Oregon.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Your letters are just like good company and leave tears of joy in my eyes when I read of the COMFORT going into so many beautiful homes of love. My time is well spent when I read COMFORT and get the spirit that comes through its pages. Here alone it is much to me. I have missed many a paper by not being at home more as I cannot possibly do. When I was a seamstress I could be at home steady, but I had to get out in the air more and had to give up sewing. I now go out nursing and then for two or three weeks I am at home to rest up again. I find nursing very hard as sometimes I have light housework to do. It is not always in the well-to-do homes that consideration or the best of people is found. In some homes where the people do not pretend to be Christians you find more of a Christian spirit and surroundings—more feeling and kinder thoughts. To believe in one's love for Christ, I must see it in their works.

In some ways I dearly love nursing. I love children and flowers—I love everyone as my own of those dear little babies that are placed in my hands, and always wondered when I left to go home "would they be neglected or cared for properly?" Some had close calls, but God was merciful and parents became more careful. Children often die from ignorance, rather than disease.

My last little one is almost a year old now. I have been a helping hand to our loved one that lives far from here, and then in coming home en route stopped off to be a few months with another one. So at home again I am trying to follow in His footsteps doing good and helping others. I trust all to Him who cares for all.

Well, I must tell you sisters about my home that I monthly pay a little on so to call it "home" and all mine to raise flowers and whatever I wish. I do so love to work in my garden and raise plants and see them grow and bear beautiful flowers or fruit. With what I had left from the great earthquake I have started a home and alone. My lot is forty feet by one hundred and thirty-two and on the corner. I have black Logan raspberries and strawberries and all doing fairly well. Two apple trees, one cherry, one plum, six peaches and lots of flowers and plants. My home consists of one large room twelve by twenty-four feet. This was the best I could do until I get my lot paid for and it is like camping. Some will say "how can you live in so old and inconvenient a place?" I can make the best of any conditions if necessary or right. I know what it is to have better and plenty, but I have schooled myself to do the best I possibly can with a little, if a little is all I have. I can take pleasure in building this home. I can use a saw and hammer. I built nearly all my fence and made gates and out houses. I also made a lamp rack, a stool, a sofa and wardrobe. Now what do you think of one so young doing this? (Only fifty-three.) I would not dare to tell all. I am not ashamed of my work either. When one cannot buy—"Where there's a will there's a way."

I am so thankful I can help myself and when I get to doing better and get all paid for, I can raise chickens, or find something to do at home and will not need to seek work, as it is very hard when one has not lived here long, and at my age.

I would love to hear from any sisters that are struggling along alone, for I know how to sympathize with them, and sometimes I do get very lonely and sad. I love company but not the gossiping kind. I love to talk about the wonderful works of God, the word of God and His loving kindness.

Will the sisters give me a shower of blessings October 17? I was born in W. Va., near Ripley. Wishing everyone joy and peace in our Lord and success to COMFORT in its great mission, I am your COMFORT sister.

Mrs. IDA HUTCHISON, 84th St., Elmhurst, Cal.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have taken COMFORT for some time and think there is no paper like it. I love to read the sisters' letters.

I am eighteen years old, black hair, dark eyes and dark complexion. My husband is a butcher and works in town, but we live in the country. He is gone most all the time, but it only makes it better to see him when he does come. He is so good to me and I am certainly happily married. If there ever was a heaven on earth it is right here in our home. If all the sisters have tried as hard as I to make a home that they could honestly call "Home, Sweet Home?" I find that I am not wasting my time. I am always bright and cheery, no matter what happens and we always meet with a kiss and part with "God keep you and bring you safely home again."

I made a garden, but the hail killed it all, so I will get nothing this year. I have raised lots of chickens. I do fancy work to pass away my spare time as I am not able to go to town because of rheumatism in my feet.

I have had to learn to cook since I was married, never having cooked any before. I hope to be an expert some day.

I wonder how many of the sisters write daily of what they do, and read it over at the end of the week? In this way you can tell just what you are doing. I find it very handy.

With lots of sympathy to the shut-ins, for I have been a shut-in most of my life until since I have been married, I will close.

Best wishes and success to COMFORT, your sister, Mrs. GEORGE GRUNKE, Elgin, Nebr.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT for a long time (CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)

## Which Do You Serve, Madam?

These are home-baked beans—a vertical section from a baking dish pictured by actual photograph.

The top beans are ruined by crisping. They get too much dry heat.

The next beans get too little heat—not even half enough. They are the beans that ferment and form gas, because stomachs can't digest them.

The lower beans simmer during the baking. Thus this mushy mass.

## Does It Pay?

Behind every dish of home-baked beans there are sixteen hours of soaking, boiling and baking.

Here's exactly what you get:

Some crisped, some soggy, some hard and whole. None anywhere near digestible. Dry heat ovens can't break up the granules so that beans digest.

They are good to the taste—we admit that. Baked beans can't be made distasteful.

But beans are food—Nature's choicest food—84 per cent nutriment. And what does food amount to if it can't digest?

Don't you think it a pity, for lack of facilities, to spoil a food which ought to be more nourishing than meat?

**VanCamp's**  
BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE  
**PORK AND BEANS**

"The National Dish"

Here is part of a can of Van Camp's Beans, pictured by actual photograph.

These beans are baked five times as well as any baked at home. They are baked in small parcels—baked for hours at 245 degrees.

But they are baked in steam ovens. So not a bean is crisped, not one is broken up. They come to you nut-like, mealy and whole.

The tomato sauce is baked with the beans, so the zest goes through and through.

These beans are digestible. They do not ferment. You get the whole wealth of their food value.

They are served cold in a minute, or hot in ten minutes. You can keep a dozen meals on hand. They never lose their freshly-baked flavor.

We refer to Van Camp's Beans—not the usual ready-baked. We refer to white, plump Michigan beans selected by hand. We refer to sauce made of whole, vine-ripened tomatoes. We refer to steam-oven baking.

When you once compare these beans with others you will always get Van Camp's. And you won't go back to home baking when you find them out.

If you'll try them tell your grocer. Telephone him now.

Three sizes: 10, 15 and 20c per can.

Van Camp Packing Company (Est. 1851) Indianapolis, Ind.

(170)



# DAVID HARUM

## A Story of American Life

By Edward Noyes Westcott

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### SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

David Harum, the shrewd country banker and horse trader of Homerville, N. Y., began life friendless, poor and despised. With the scantiest rudiments of education, by industry, energy and natural ability he made his way in the world unaided and when past middle age, as the story opens, had accumulated a handsome property. He is a widower and his widowed sister Mrs. Bixbee, known as "Aunt Polly," makes her home with him. His unique wit and cunning are displayed in the famous horse trade, so humorously told in the first two chapters, in which he worsts the deacon and even up an old score.

John Lenox, a young New Yorker, reared in luxury, while his father lived was liberally supplied with money to indulge his somewhat erratic inclinations. After two years in college followed by a year and a half in business he had spent two years in Europe; on his way home he finds as passengers on the steamer Julius Carling, Mrs. Carling and her sister, Miss Mary Blake, his boyhood sweetheart, and renews his acquaintance. Mr. Carling, a sufferer from nervous prostration, is a great care to the ladies, and Lenox wins their affection by his entertaining and patient and giving them an opportunity to rest.

The following winter John makes his home with his father and divides his time between studying law and courting Miss Blake at the Carling home where he is heartily welcomed by all the family. By springtime Mr. Carling's health requires more travel, and his wife and Miss Blake are to accompany him. Lenox determines to propose to Miss Blake before her departure, but is prevented from calling by the suicide of his father; so he writes her a note and she writes him in reply, but he never receives her note because Jackie Carling puts it in her pocket and forgets to mail it. Thus their correspondence ends, each supposing the other does not care to continue it.

John discovers that his father's suicide was caused by the loss of almost all his property. Thus compelled to earn his living John goes to work as clerk for David Harum on recommendation of Gen. Woolsey. To add to the depression caused by his recent misfortune John finds his new surroundings in the little village of Homerville anything but prepossessing; he has no acquaintance in the town and the people whom he first meets are ungenial; at the Eagle Hotel his room is uncomfortable and the board is execrable; Timson, who has been discharged for incompetency from the position which Lenox is to fill, tries to give him a bad impression of his employer and magnifies the labor and difficulty of the duties required of him; but John meets the disheartening situation manfully and does his level best to make good. By diligent application he soon masters the details of the business which he finds less difficult than he had anticipated. Meantime he learns that in some quarters, Mr. Harum has the reputation of being hard and unscrupulous in business and some transactions which look suspicious and others which indicate a kind heart, come under his personal observation. Lenox and Harum are watching and studying each other attentively.

To test Lenox's honesty Harum offers to help him pass a couple counterfeited bills which the young man had unsuspectingly taken as good money; Harum is pleased at John's indignation refusal, but the latter, taking the proposition seriously, forms a poor opinion of his employer. The day but one before Christmas Harum instructs Lenox to notify the Widow Cullom to call at his office Christmas morning and make a final settlement of the overdue mortgage which he holds on her home; he requests Lenox to be present to witness the papers, giving him time to understand that he intends to take the property as the poor widow, who has seen better days, has no means of paying this debt which she has incurred to help her only son out in Kansas.

Lenox finds on his desk a Christmas present of fifty dollars from Harum. A new story is rising and the widow Cullom arrives trembling with cold and dread of losing her home. Before transacting the business for which he had summoned her, Harum tells the widow of the hardships of his youth; how, being the youngest of nine children, the only child by his father's second wife, his mother having died when he was two years old, he was made the darling of the family, overworked, half starved, half-clothed, beaten, cuffed and abused by his father, stepmother, half-brothers and sisters, except Polly, until he was nearly fourteen years of age; how he ran away from work to see the circus parade, and of the kindness of the widow Cullom's deceased husband in taking him in, showing him the circus and giving him money to spend.

That afternoon at the circus was his first holiday, the first pleasure in his dreary life, and that money was the first he had ever had; Mr. Cullom treated him as a friend and companion, and his kindness was the first that the abused and broken spirited boy had received from anyone except his half sister Polly. When he reached home that night his father beat him until he fainted, and the next night the boy David ran away from home never to return. In return for this kindness on the part of her dead husband David Harum cancels the mortgage as a Christmas present to the widow Cullom, and informs her that he has sent money to bring her son home from Kansas to fill a good position which he has obtained for the young man. To round out the day's happiness he takes the widow and John Lenox home with him to share the bounteous Christmas dinner which his good sister, Polly Bixbee, has prepared for the occasion. To John's surprise and delight he finds that all his belongings have been transferred from the wretched hotel to Harum's pleasant guest chamber and that he is to become one of the family. Through Harum's generosity to the one and kindness to the other this Christmas is the dawn of a new era of hope to the widow and the clerk.

Young Lenox proves a most congenial member of the family and fits in perfectly into the somewhat lonely lives of his benefactors that they soon came to regard and treat him with parental affection. Mrs. Bixbee, the elderly, childless widow, actually mothers him, while Harum considers him the perfection of young manhood and thinks he is what his only son, who died in childhood, would be like if he had lived to grow up. Their joy and confidence is fully reciprocated by Lenox, who learns that behind Harum's eccentric ways and beneath his rough exterior there is a kind and generous heart and a strict conscience.

Lenox is inclined to brood over his sorrow and during his first year in Homerville lives a recluse, but his musical talent displayed as leader of the church choir attracts attention and he becomes very popular in the best social circles of the town, and a great favorite with the young ladies although he pays them no marked attention, for his love of Mary Blake has not cooled in the two years since he last heard from her, though her apparent neglect of him has left a sore spot in his heart.

### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

DAVID and John had been driving for some time in silence. The elder man was apparently musing upon something which had been suggested to his mind. The horses slackened their gait to a walk as they began the ascent of a long hill. Presently the silence was broken by a sound which caused John to turn his head with a look of surprised amusement. Mr. Harum was singing. The tune, if it could be so called, was scaleless, and these were the words:

"Monday mornin' I married me a wife,  
Thinkin' to lead a more contented life;  
Fiddlin' to dance the waltz was played,  
To see how unhappy poor I was made."

"Tuesday mornin', 'bout break o' day,  
While my head on the pillow did lay,  
She tuned up her clock, an' scolded more  
Than I ever heard before."

"Never heard me sing before, did ye?" he said, looking with a grin at his companion, who laughed and said that he had never had that pleasure. "Wa'al, that's all 't I remember on't," said David, "an' I dunno 's I've thought about it in thirty year. Thee was a number o' verses which carried 'em through the rest o' the week, an' ended up in a case of 'sault an' battery. I rec'lect, but I don't remember jest how. Some-thin' we ben sayin' put the thing into my head, I guess."

"I should like to hear the rest of it," said John smiling.

David made no reply to this, and seemed to be turning something over in his mind. At last he said:

"Mebbe Polly's told ye that I'm a wid'wer." John admitted that Mrs. Bixbee had said as much as that.

"Yes, sir," said David, "I'm a wid'wer of long standin'."

No appropriate comment suggesting itself to his listener, none was made.

"I ha'n't never cared to say much about it to Polly," he remarked, "though fer that matter Jim Bixbee, f'm all accounts was about as pooter a shuck as ever was turned out. I guess, an'—"

John took advantage of the slight hesitation to interpose against what he apprehended might be a lengthy digression on the subject of the deceased Bixbee by saying:

"You were quite a young fellow when you were married, I infer."

"Two or three years younger'n you be, I guess," said David, looking at him, "an' a putty green colt too in some ways, he added, handing over the reins and whip while he got out his silver tobacco-box and helped himself to a liberal portion of its contents. It was plain that he was in the mood for personal reminiscences.

"As I look back on't now," he began, "it kind o' seems as if it must 'a' ben some other feller, an' yet I remember it all putty dum' well too—all but one thing, an' that the biggest part on't, an' that is how I ever come to get married at all. She was a widdo' at the time, an' kep' the boardin'-house where I was livin'. It was up to Syracuse. I was better-lookin' them days'n I be now—had more hair, at any rate—though," he remarked with a grin, "I was always a better goer than I was a looker. I was doin' fairly well," he continued, "but mebbe not so well as was thought by some."

"Wa'al, she was a good-lookin' woman, some older 'n I was. She seemed to take some shine to me. I'd roughed it putty much alwus, an' she was putty clever to me. She was a good talker, liked a joke an' a laugh, an' had some education, an' it come about that I got to beaun'in' her round quite a consid'able, an' used to go an' set in her room or the parlor with her sometimes evenin's an' all that, an' I wouldn't deny that I liked it putty well."

It was some minutes before Mr. Harum resumed his narrative. The reins were sagging over the dashboard, held loosely between the first two fingers and thumb of his left hand, while with his right he had been making abstracted cuts at the thistles and other eligible marks along the roadside.

"Wa'al," he said at last, "we was married, an' our wheels tracked putty well fer quite a consid'able spell. I got to thinkin' more of her all the time, an' she me, seemin'ly. We took a few days off together two three times that summer, to Niagara, an' Saratoga, an' round, an' had real good times. I got to thinkin' that the state of matrimony was a putty good institution. When it come along fall, I was doin' well enough so't she could give up bus'nis, an' I hired a house an' we set up housekeepin'. It was really more on my account than hers, fer I got to kind o' feelin' that when the meat was tough or the pie wa'n't done on the bottom that I was isolated with it, an' gen'ally I wanted a place of my own. But," he added, "I guess it was a mistake, fer 's she was concerned."

"Why?" said John, feeling that some show of interest was incumbent.

"I reckon," said David, "t' she kind o' missed the comp'ny an' the talk at table, an' the goin's on gen'ally, an' mebbe the work of runnin' the place—she was a great worker—an' it got to be some different, I s'pose, after a spell, settin' down to three meals a day with jest only me 'stid of a tableful, to say nothin' of the evenin's. I was glad enough to have a place of my own, but at the same time I hadn't ben used to settin' round with nothin' petic'ler to do or say, with some-body else that hadn't neither, an' I wa'n't then nor ain't now, fer that matter, any great hand fer readin'." Then, too, we'd moved into a different part o' the town where my wife wa'n't acquainted. Wa'al, anyway, fust things begun to drag some—she begun to have spells of not speakin', an' then she begun to git notions about me. Once in a while I'd hev to go down-town o' some bus'nis in the evenin'. She didn't seem to mind it at fust, but bony-bey she got it f'r her head that the wa'n't so much bus'nis goin' on as I made out, an' though along that time she'd set sometimes mebbe the hull evenin' without sayin' anythin' more'n yes or no, an' putty often not that, yet if I went out there'd be a flare-up, an' as things went on the'd be spells fer a fortnit together when I couldn't any time of day git a word out of her hardly, unless it was to go fer me 'bout some-thin' that mebbe I'd done an' mebbe I hadn't—it didn't make no difference. An' when them spells was on, what she didn't take out o' me she did out o' the house—diggin' an' scrubbin', takin' up carpets, layin' down carpets, shiffin' the furniture, eatin' one day in the kitchen an' another in the settin'-room, an' sleepin' 'most anywhere. She wa'n't real well after a while, an' the wuss she seemed to feel, the fiercer she was fer scrubbin' an' diggin' an' upsettin' things in gen'ral; an' bony-bey she got so she couldn't keep a hired girl in the house more'n a day or two at a time. She either wouldn't have 'em, or they wouldn't stay, an' more'n half the time we was without one. This can't int'rict you much, can it?" said Mr. Harum, turning to his companion.

"On the contrary," replied John, "it interests me very much. I was thinking," he added, "that probably the state of your wife's health had a good deal to do with her actions and views of things, but it must have been pretty hard on you all the same."

"Wa'al, yes," said David, "I guess that's so. Her health wa'n't jes' right, an' she showed it in ' looks. I noticed that she pined an' pindled some, but I thought thet was some natural criss-crossedness mixed up into it too. But I tried to make allowances an' the best o' things, an' git along 's well 's I could; but things kind o' got wuss an' wuss. I told ye that she begun to have notions about me, an' 't ain't hardly necessary to say what shape they took, an' after a while, mebbe a year 'n a half, she got so't she wa'n't satisfied to know where I was nights—she wanted to know where I was daytimes. Kind o' makes me laugh now," he observed, "it seems so ridiculous; but it wa'n't no laughin' matter then. If I looked out o' winder she'd hint it up to me that I was watchin' some woman. She gruged me even to look at a picture paper; an' one day when we happened to be walkin' together she showed feelin' about one o' them wooden Injun women outside a cigar store."

"Oh, come now, Mr. Harum," said John, laughing.

"Wa'al," said David, with a short laugh, "mebbe I did stretch that a little; but 's I told ye, she wanted to know where I was daytimes well 's nights, an' ev'ry once 'n a while she'd turn up at my bus'nis place, an' if I wa'n't there she'd set an' wait fer me, an' I'd either have to go home with her or have it out in the office. I don't mean to say that all the sort of thing I'm tellin' ye of kep' up all the time. It kind o' run in streaks; but the streaks kep' comin' oftener an' oftener, an' you couldn't never tell when they'd be up to appear. Matters'd go along putty well fer a while, an' then, all of a sudden, an' fer nothin' 't I could see, the'd come on a thunder-shower fore you c'd git in out o' the wet."

"Singular," said John thoughtfully.

"Yes, sir," said David, "it come along to the second spring, 'bout the first of May. She'd ben more like folks fer about a week mebbe 'n

she had fer a long spell, an' I begun to chirk up some. I don't remember jest how I got the idee, but f'm somethin' she let drop I gathered that she was thinkin' of havin' a new bunnit. I will say this for her," remarked David, "that she was an economical woman, an' never spent no money jes' for the sake o' spendin' it. Wa'al, we'd go along so nice fer a while that I felt more'n usual like pleasin' her, an' I allowed to myself that if she wanted a new bunnit, money shouldn't stand in the way, an' I set out to give her a surprise."

They had reached the level at the top of the long hill and the horses had broken into a trot, when Mr. Harum's narrative was interrupted and his equanimity upset by the onslaught of an excessively shrill, active and conscientious dog of the "yellow" variety, which barked and sprang about in front of the mares with such frantic assiduity as at last to communicate enough of its excitement to them to cause them to bolt forward on a run, passing the yellow nuisance, which with the facility of long practice, dodged the cut which David made at it in passing. It was with some little trouble that the horses were brought back to a sober pace.

"Dum that dum'd dog!" exclaimed David, with fervor, looking back to where the object of his execrations was still discharging convulsive yelps at the retreating vehicle. "I'd give a five-dollar note to git one good lick at him. I'd make him holler 'pen-an'-ink' once! Why anybody's willin' to have such a dum'd, wuthless, pestiferous varmint as that round 's more'n I c'n understand. I'll bet that the days they churn, that critter, unless they ketch him an' tie him up the night before, 'll be under the barn all day, an' he's jes' blowed off steam enough to run a dog churn a hull forenoon."

Whether or not the episode of the dog had diverted Mr. Harum's mind from his previous topic, he did not resume it until John ventured to remind him of it, with: "You were saying something about the surprise for your wife."

"That's so," said David. "Yes, wa'al, when I went home that night I stopped into a mill-nery store, an' after I'd stood round a minute, a girl come up an' ast me if she c'd show me anythin'."

"I want to buy a bunnit," I says, an' she kind o' laughed. 'No,' I says, 'it ain't fer me, it's fer a lady,' I says; an' then we both laughed. 'What sort of a bunnit do you want?' she says."

"Wa'al, I dunno," I says, 'this is the fust time I ever done anythin' in the bunnit line.' So she went over to a glass case an' took one out an' held it up, turnin' it round on her hand. 'Wa'al,' I says, 'I guess it's putty enough fur 's it goes, but the don't seem to be much of anythin' to it. Hain't ye got somethin' a little bit bigger an'—'

"Show'er?" she says. 'How is this?' she says, doin' the same trick with another.

"Wa'al," I says, 'that looks more like it, but I had an idee that the A. I. tribble-extry fine article had more traps on't an' most anyone might have on either one o' them you've showed me a' not attract no attention at all. You needn't mind expense,' I says.

"Oh, very well," she says, 'I guess I know what you want,' an' goes over to another case an' fetches out another bunnit twice as big as either the others, an' with more notions on't than you c'd shake a stick at—flowers, an' gard'n stuff, an' fruit, an' glass beads, an' feathers, an' all that, till ye couldn't see what they was fixed on to. She took hold on't with both hands, the girl d.d., an' put it onto her head, an' kind o' smiled an' turned round slow so't I c'd git a gen'ral view on't."

"Style all right?" I says.

"'T's the best of its kind," she says.

"How 'bout the kind?" I says.

"The very best of its style," she says.

John laughed outright. David looked at him for a moment with a doubtful grin.

"She was a slick one, wa'n't she?" he said. "I didn't ketch on at the time, but I rec'lected afterward. 'Wa'al,' he resumed, after this brief digression, 'how much is it?' I says."

"Fifteen dollars," she says.

"What?" I says. 'Scat my—I c'd buy head riggin' enough to last me ten years fer that.'

"We couldn't sell it fer less," she says.

"S'posin' the lady 't I'm buyin' it fer don't jest like it," I says, 'can you alter it or swap some-thin' else fer it?'

"Cert'nly, within a reasonable time," she says.

"Wa'al, all right," I says, 'do her up.' An' so she wrapped the thing round with soft paper an' put it in a box, an' I paid fer't an' moseyed along up home, feelin' that ev'ry map, woman, an' child had their eyes on my parcel, but thinkin' how tickled my wife would be."

### CHAPTER XXXIX.

The road they were on was a favorite drive with the two men, and at the point where they had now arrived David always halted for a look back and down upon the scene below them—to the south, beyond the intervening fields, bright with maturing crops, lay the village; to the west the blue lake, winding its length like a broad river, and the river itself a silver ribbon, till it was lost beneath the southern hills.

Neither spoke. For a few minutes John took in the scene with the pleasure it always afforded him, and then glanced at his companion, who usually had some comment to make upon anything which stirred his admiration or interest. He was gazing, not at the landscape, but apparently at the top of the dashboard. "Ho, hum," he said, straightening the reins, with a "Cik," to the horses, and they drove along for a while in silence—so long, in fact, that our friend, while aware that the elder man did not usually abandon a topic until he had "had his say out," was moved to suggest a continuance of the narrative in which he had become considerably interested.

"Was your wife pleased?" he asked at last.

"Where was I?" asked the other in return.

"You were on your way home with your purchase," was the reply.

"Oh, yes," Mr. Harum resumed. "It was a little after tea-time when I got to the house, an' I thought prob'ly I'd find her in the settin'-room waitin' fer me; but she wa'n't, an' I went up to the bedroom to find her, feelin' a little less sure o' things. She was settin' lookin' out o' winder when I come in, an' when I spoke to her she didn't give me no answer except to say, lookin' up at the clock, 'What's kept ye like this?'

"Little matter o' bus'nis," I says, lookin' as smilin' 's I knew how, an' holdin' the box behind me."

"What you got there?" she says, sluin' her head round to git sight at it.

"Little matter o' bus'nis," I says agin, bringin' the box to the front an' feelin' my face straighten out 's if you'd run a flatiron over it. She seen the name on the paper."

"You ben spendin' your time there, have ye?" she says, settin' up in her chair an' pointin' with her finger at the box. "That's where you ben the last half-hour, hangin' round with them mixins in Mis' Shoobred's. What's in that box?"

"Now, Lizy," I says, "I wa'n't there ten

minutes if I was that, an' I ben buyin' you a bunnit."

"You ben buyin' me—a bunnit?" she says, stiffin' up stiffer 'n a stake.

"Yes," I says, 'I heard you say somethin' 'bout a spring bunnit, an' I thought, seein' how economical you was, that I'd buy you a nicer one 'n mebbe you'd feel like yourself. I thought it would please ye,' I says, tryin' to rub her the right way."

"Let me see it," she says, in a voice dryer 'n a limeburner's hat, pressin' her lips together an' reachin' out fer the box. Wa'al, sir, she snapped the string with a jerk an' sent the cover skimm'in' across the room, an' then, as she hauled the parcel out of the box, she got up onto her feet. Then she tore the paper off on't an' looked at it a minute, an' then took it 'tween her thumb an' finger, like you hold up a dead rat by the tail, an' held it off at the end of her reach, an' looked it all over, with her face gettin' even redder if it could. Finely she says, in a voice 'tween a whisper 'n a choke:

"What'd you pay fer the thing?"

"Fifteen dollars," I says.

"Fifteen dollars?" she says.

"Yes," I says, 'don't ye like it?'

"Wa'al," said David, "she never said a word. She drew in her arm an' took hold of the bunnit with her left hand, an' fust she pulled off one thing an' dropped it on the floor, fur off as she c'd reach, an' then another, an' then another, other, an' then, by gum! she went at it with both hands jest as fast as she could work 'em, an' in less time 'n I'm tellin' it to ye she picked the thing cleaner 'n 'n any chicken you ever see, an' when she got down to the carkis she squeezed it up between her two hands, give it a wring an' a twist like it was a wet distowel, an' dung it slap in my face. Then she made a half-turn, throwin' back her head an' grabbin' into her hair, an' give the awfullest screechin' laugh—one screech after another that ye c'd 'a' heard a mile—an' then she threw herself face down on the bed, screamin' an' kickin'. Wa'al, sir, if I wa'n't at my wits' end, you c'n have my watch an' chain."

"She wouldn't let me touch her no way, but, as luck had it, it was one o' the times when we had a hired girl, an' hearin' the noise she come gallopin' up the stairs. She wa'n't a young girl, an' she had a face bumbly 'nough to keep her awake nights, but she had some sense, an'—'You'd better run fer the docther,' she says, when she see the state my wife was in. You better believe I done the heat of my life," said David, "an' more luck, the doctor was home an' jes' finishin' his tea. His house an' office wa'n't but two three blocks off, an' in about a few minutes me an' him an' his bag was leggin' it fer my house, though I noticed he didn't seem to be 'n as much of a twitter 's I was. He ast me more or less questions, an' jest as we got to the house he says:

"Has your wife had anythin' to 'larm or shock her, this evenin'?"

"Nothin' 't I know on," I says, 'cept I bought her a new bunnit that didn't seem to come quite up to her idee's. At that," remarked Mr. Harum, "he give me a funny look, an' we went in an' up-stairs."

"The hired girl," he proceeded, "had got her quieted down some, but when we went in she looked up, an' seemin' me, set up another screech, an' he told me to go down-stairs an' he'd come down putty soon, an' after a while he did."

"Wa'al?" I says.

"She's quiet fer the present," he says, takin' a pad o' paper out o' his pocket, an' writin' on it.

"Do you know Mis' Jones, your next-door neighbor?" he says. "I allowed 't I had a speakin' acquaintance with her."

"Wa'al," he says, "fust, you step in an' tell her I'm here an' want to see her, and ast her if she won't come right along; an' then you go down to my office an' have these things sent up, an' then," he says, "you go down-town an' send this—handin' me a note that he'd wrote an' put in an envelope—up to the hospital—better send it up with a hack, or, better yet, go yourself," he says, an' hurry. You can't be no use here, he says. 'I'll stay, but I want a nurse here in an hour, an' less if possible.' I was putty well scared," said David, "by all that, an' I says, 'Lord,' I says, 'is she as bad off as that? What is it ails her?'

"Don't you know?" says the doc, givin' me a queer look."

"No," I says, 'she hain't ben fust-rate fer a spell back, but I couldn't git nothin' out of her what was the matter, an' don't know what petic'ler thing ails her now, unless it's that dum'd bunnit,' I says."

"At that the doctor laughed a little, kind as if he couldn't help it."

"I don't think that was hully to blame," he says; 'may have hurried matters up a little—some-thin' that was liable to happen any time in the next two months.'

"You don't mean it?" I says.

"Yes," he says. 'Now you git out as fast as you can. Wait a minute, he says. 'How old is your wife?'

"F'm what she told me fore we was married," I says, 'she's thirty-one.'

"Oh, he says, raisin' his eyebrows. 'All right; hurry up, now.'

"I dusted around putty lively, an' inside of an hour was back with the nurse, an' jest after we got inside the door—David paused thoughtfully for a moment and then, lowering his tone a little, "jest as we got inside the front door, a door up-stairs opened an' I heard a little 'Waa! waa!' like it was the leetlest kind of a new lamb—an' I tell you," said David, with a little quaver in his voice, and looking straight over the off horse's ears, "nothin' 't I ever heard before nor since ever fetched me, right where I lived, as that did. The nurse she made a dive fer the stairs, wavin' me back with her hand, an' I—wa'al—I went into the settin'-room, an'—wa'al—no mind."

"I dunno how long I set there list'nin' to 'em movin' round overhead, an' wonderin' what was goin' on; but finely I heard a step on the stair an' I went out into the entry, an' it was Mis' Jones. 'How be they?' I says."

"We don't quite know yet," she says. "The little boy is a nice formed little feller," she says, "an' them children very often grow up, but he is very little," she says."

"An' how 'bout my wife?" I says.

"Wa'al," she says, "we don't know jes' yet, but she is quiet now, an' we'll hope fer the best. If you want me," she says, "I'll come any time, night or day, but I must go now. The doctor will stay all night, an' the nurse will stay till you c'n git someone to take her place, an' she went home, an'—"

declared David, "you've heard tell of the 'salt of the earth,' an' if that woman wa'n't more on't than a hoss c'd draw down-hill, the ain't no such thing."

"Did they live?" asked John after a brief silence, conscious of the bluntness of his question, but curious as to the sequel.

"The child did," replied David; "not to grow up, but till he was 'twixt six an' seven; but my wife never left her bed, though she lived three four weeks. She never seemed to take much; but one day—it was Sunday, long to the last—she seemed a little more chipper 'n usual. I was settin' with her, an' I said to her how much better she seemed to be, tryin' to chirk her up."

"No," she says, 'I ain't goin' to live.'

"Don't ye say that," I says.

"No," she says, 'I ain't, I don't care.'

"I didn't know jest what to say, an' she spoke agin: 'I want to tell you, Dave,' she says, 'that you've ben good an' kind to me.'

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)





## LEAGUE RULES:

To be a comfort to one's parents.  
To protect the weak and aged.

To be kind to dumb animals.  
To love our country and protect its flag.

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**H**OP up in my lap once more and snuggle down close, while Billy the Goat passes the cake and coffee. It is getting almost too chilly for ice cream up in this region.

In my note book I find there are nearly thirty dozen different things I would like to chit in to you about this month. I suppose you have read in the papers about the dastardly looting of big banks and trust companies in New York City. I live in a section of America's big metropolis, and we had a bank bust in this borough that knocked twenty-three thousand people out of some five millions of dollars, nearly all they possessed. The revelations regarding a certain big New York trust company that closed its doors recently, have been something weird and terrifying. One New York newspaper referred to this concern as a perfect "robber's roost."

I suppose you know that every time a bank goes up at least half-a-dozen people commit suicide, scores go insane, and hundreds more are forced into the poorhouse. The men who deliberately go to work and loot banks, and speculate wildly and madly with the money left in their charge by thousands of poor souls, who have toiled, pinched and deprived themselves of almost everything that makes life worth while, to accumulate the little hoards they have turned over to the despicable scoundrels that loot financial institutions in their frenzied and disgusting desire to enrich themselves without effort at the expense of other people, are murderers, pure and simple; wholesale murderers who make Jack the Ripper, Blue Beard, Captain Kidd and other bloodthirsty wretches, look like a common bunch of four bushers. We send the man who murders one person to the electric chair or the gallows, we let the bank looter who murders scores, and ruins thousands, either go scot free, or give him a soft snap in the pen for ten years, and as soon as he has served a third of his time, and the people have forgotten the incident, an obliging governor pardons him and lets him go free. To my way of thinking, and I believe all COMFORT's readers are with me, the electric chair and the noose are too good for these bank wreckers, and even if they were boiled in oil, the punishment would not begin to fit the diabolical crimes of which they are guilty. What we want to do is to adopt China's methods of dealing with bank wreckers. A few centuries ago bank wrecking was as frequent in China as it is here today. Then China's government made a law that when a bank broke, the directors of that bank should have their heads cut off. That was a very excellent law, and if anyone doubts it here is the proof: Since that law was inaugurated, not a single bank has ever failed in China! Why not make bank wrecking a capital offense in this country? Banks are admirable and very necessary institutions without them we could not conduct business. The majority of bankers are honest men, but in a great number of institutions you will find some Napoleon of finance, some unscrupulous, reckless, dare-devil speculator, who pulls the wool over the eyes of his brother directors, impresses them with his superior ability, leads them into all sorts of wild-cat schemes, and finding himself and the institution he represents involved, gets hold of all the bank's available resources, and gambles madly in Wall St., in a vain effort to recoup himself, and save the institution he has jeopardized from plunging to ruin. The wooly-headed directors never seem to know what is going on. Mr. Napoleon of finance has them all hypnotized, and when the crash comes, the venerable owls who sit on the boards of financial institutions are jolted with astonishment that anything so horrible could have occurred in any concern with which they were connected. I know little of banking, for I never have had much to bank. I know little of finance, for finance usually means the dishonest juggling of millions, millions which labor has earned, and of which labor has been too often dishonestly deprived.

I do know something about finance, but I do know that the things I have described have no right to be, and would not be if the nation would make up its mind, as the Chinese made up their minds, that the men who willfully rob a bank should either lose their heads, or every other bank in the country should contribute a certain sum, according to its resources, towards making up the deficiency of the wrecked bank. There of course would be a big howl if we were to adopt the Chinese methods and cut off the heads of murderous bank wreckers, though we quickly kill the men whose crimes are infinitely less heinous. Now it seems to me that either the States or Federal governments, could devise some scheme by which banks simply could not break, or if they did break, the public could not lose. William Jennings Bryan wanted the bank deposits guaranteed by the government. Financial experts said and perhaps wisely, that if the government guaranteed bank deposits it would lead to a madder era of speculation than ever, and more conservative and honorable bankers would have to suffer for the misdeeds of the less honorable and less conservative men. In Oklahoma, where they have such a law, the results have not been very satisfactory. Let the State and Federal governments make laws so stringent as to prevent, so far as possible, any Napoleon of finance, even if he is connected. Make the institution with which he is connected, a deterrent terror to the would-be knave. The law is the only protection that the depositor has against robbery by a conscienceless banker. While it seems unfair to tax honest banks to make good for the dishonest ones probably it would be good and paying policy for a bank voluntarily to insure its depositors against loss as might be arranged for a comparatively small premium paid to an indemnity company, or the depositor might and probably would be glad to insure his own deposit in a bank, if by so doing and absolutely safe. The great curse of our comic opera civilization of today is panic, or threatened panic. Every few years these wretched panics come, unsettling thousands of people, breaking up countless homes and plunging millions of innocent toilers into the hell pit of destitution, misery and starvation. All this could be prevented and tens of millions of dollars that are hidden away in mattresses, tin cans, trunks of trees, boxes, old shoes and other hiding places, would, under a system of guaranteed bank deposits, be in circulation, stimulating industry, and bringing prosperity to every section of our land. Panics are the bane of this country, the black shadow that stands at every man's door. Make laws that will make every man's

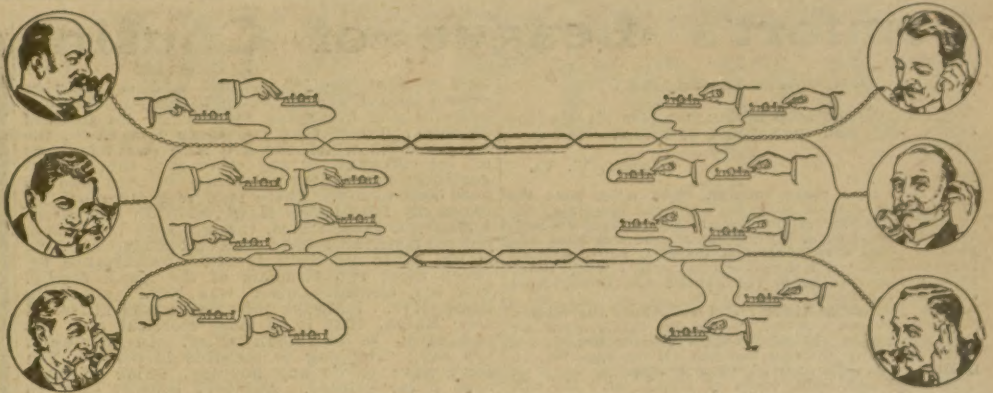
banked dollar safe, then there will be no rush to withdraw deposits, no matter what upheavals there may be in the business world, and there will be no panics, and a vast amount of suffering, misery, wretchedness, suicide and death, will forever be a thing of the past. And there is always the Chinese method to fall back upon. But remember that after all the great majority of bankers are honest, faithful, trustworthy men and that most of the banks are safe and sound; that it is only a small percentage of the banks that fail, so notwithstanding the occasional failures your money is, as a rule, much safer in the bank than hidden away where it is liable to be stolen, burned or otherwise lost or destroyed. But there should not and need not be any bank-wrecking under proper legislation rigidly enforced.

This is your Uncle Charlie's birthday month. Make a note of it. As usual Billy the Goat and Maria have made a birthday cake, which will be carved on September 25. There is just one, and only one acceptable way in which you can commemorate this eventful occasion. Send in four fifteen month subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each and obtain a book of Uncle Charlie's Poems, the most beautiful and most exuberantly funny book of humorous verse ever published. All those whose birthdays fall in this month, get up a club and treat yourselves to this book as a birthday gift. The long evenings will soon be here. Start your clubbing now, and be in time for a slice of the birthday cake. Uncle Charlie's Song Book can be obtained for a club of only two fifteen month subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each. This glorious book contains twenty-eight beautiful and haunting songs. These are COMFORT's most beautiful and greatest star premiums. Start up a club and get one or both of these superb books. Full particulars of each will be found at the end of this department. Work for them today.

No. 19 27th St., HUNTINGTON, W. VA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:  
I do not know your name and am not in your League of Cousins, but my wife is a subscriber to your paper and I accidentally happened to glance over your department, and read your answer to Ray Robinson's letter in your February issue. Now I don't know whether you mean what you say or whether you practice what you preach, but I certainly do like to hear a man talk like you have done. I am a Union man and am proud of it. I am secretary of our local Boiler Makers' Union, and have to deal with all kinds of men and propositions; and it is very seldom I hear anyone talk as you do except one of our own class or craft. I almost envy you the position you hold, and the many opportunities you have to enlighten the public in regard to such things as strikes and lockouts. Of course you could not take that as a text and preach on it all the time, through your paper. I would like to meet you and talk it over with you, and I assure you that I am one Union man who appreciates the little sermon you have just handed out, so I will close, hoping you will keep the good work going on, and wishing you success in life.  
I am yours very fraternally,  
J. M. STEWART.

Brother Stewart, your letter made me very happy. What a strange thing that you should think it necessary to thank me for what I wrote about unionism and working men. I cannot conceive that there is any man worthy of the name of man, that could hold any other ideas, than those I expressed, or have any other but the warmest regard and love for you big, splendid fellows, whose brawn and muscle, skill, pluck and untiring energy, have made this magnificent country that it is today. I am not going to say that you splendid fellows deserve all the credit, for the development of this country, and the subjugating and the conquering of the mighty obstacles so frequently placed by nature in the pathway of human progress. I am going to give due credit to the man who works by the sweat of his brain, as well as to the man who works by the sweat of his brow; to the man in the office, the engineer, the surveyor and the architect. These men planned the mighty projects which labor carried out, and these are the real captains of industry, and not the sordid financiers who simply write their checks, and place money, which if not inherited, has too often been earned by either sweating the face of labor or other stock juggling methods which though not entirely criminal, are utterly contemptible. The men who direct great enterprises, however, are invariably in receipt of huge salaries, and do their work in magnificently furnished offices, surrounded by hordes of assistants who take all the tiresome details off their hands. When bridges are to be built, tunnels to be bored, mighty structures to be reared, it is the man of brawn who carries out his captain's orders. All the theorizing and figuring of experts is useless and in vain, until the skilled artisan and the horny handed toiler begins his exacting labors. When the engineers design a bridge, they know, before the gigantic work is completed, possibly a score of lives will be lost, and they know full well that it will not be their lives that will be sacrificed. It is the humble toiler with a few rare exceptions who dies that civilization may advance. This whole continent reeks with the blood of artisan and laborer. Rarely indeed is the life of the man who plans and directs sacrificed. Wars are terrible, but finally the boom of guns and roll of musketry cease, the toll of the dead is taken, and the slaughter is over. Not a man except in our Indian wars and our little tilt with Spain, has died in battle in this country since the great war between the North and South. The terrible death roll of labor, however never ceases. Every year the insatiable maul of industrialism reaches out and claims its victims by the thousands upon thousands. Children and women in mills, factories, mines and sweatshops, and men, our brawny toilers in the more dangerous avenues of employment, railroad, mining, building, following the sea, etc., cover the industrial battlefield with their pitiful corpses. What was the incentive that sent these millions of poor souls out to face death, at times in its most horrible forms? Was it glory, wealth, fame? Alas, no! They risked and sacrificed their lives that they might obtain bread, clothing and shelter. Thousands die yearly trying to get these, the bare necessities of life. The big masters of capital and heads of corporations, who put their tainted money into great enterprises, never risk their lives, and if they risk and lose their dollars, they issue a little more watered stock and quickly recoup themselves. The workers sweat, toil and die, die for bread; mangled and crushed, suffocated and burned, their bodies lie in heaps, often by the hundred in their self-built sepulchres beneath the earth where they have



## Double Tracking The Bell Highway

Two of the greatest factors in modern civilization—the telephone and telegraph—now work hand in hand. Heretofore each was a separate and distinct system and transmitted the spoken or written messages of the nation with no little degree of efficiency. Co-operation has greatly increased this efficiency.

The simple diagram above strikingly illustrates one of the mechanical advantages of co-operation. It shows that six persons can now talk over two pairs of wires at the same time that eight telegraph operators send eight telegrams over the same wires. With such joint use of equipment there is economy; without it, waste.

While there is this joint use of trunk line plant by both companies, the telephone and telegraph services are distinct and different. The

telephone system furnishes a circuit and lets you do your own talking. It furnishes a highway of communication. The telegraph company, on the other hand, receives your message and then transmits and delivers it without your further attention.

The telegraph excels in carrying the big load of correspondence between distant centers of population; the telephone connects individuals, so that men, women and children can carry on direct conversations.

Already the co-operation of the Western Union and the Bell Systems has resulted in better and more economical public service. Further improvements and economies are expected, until time and distance are annihilated by the universal use of electrical transmission for written or personal communication.



### AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy

One System

Universal Service

burrowed and dived, not for yachts, automobiles, marble palaces, wealth and luxury, but merely for the pitiful crust with which to sustain life, and in the pursuit of which, their hard, hopeless lives have been sacrificed. On the field of war we have one Gettysburg in a century, on the battlefield of industrialism we have a Gettysburg and a Waterloo every year, a Gettysburg over which no monuments are raised, no requiems sung, no muffled drums rolled, a battlefield which no historian records, no poet immortalizes. Is it any wonder then that my heart goes out to the toilers and especially those toilers who have united to better their conditions and free themselves from the grinding slavery of our money mad industrialism? I rejoice in every effort that labor makes to rise literally and actually on the dead bodies of its comrades to higher and better things. In union there is strength, and only by united effort can labor wring from capitalism concessions that will make the life of the toilers bearable. If anyone doubts this, let them contemplate the condition of labor before unionism had its birth. Let the working men unite, and send their representatives to Congress. The English working men have fifty laboring men (not miserable politicians of the stripe we are so familiar with) but workers from bench and field, representing their interests in the British Parliament. Labor in America had not until recently a single representative in Congress, and now it has but one. Labor is gathering power, let it use it wisely. Let it be bold and fearless, but let it not stoop to bomb or dagger for revenge against its oppressors. If fight it must, let it fight manfully and in the open, and with public opinion behind it, as public opinion must be behind a cause that is just; labor must conquer, for God has ordained that in the sweat of his brow every man shall eat his bread, and the criminal schemer, the tramp and the parasite, and all other human fungi, that have fattened on the toll of the worker since earth began, will be lifted from labor's back forever and all time. This country is to be the paradise of the working man, and the man who sweeps the streets will be as highly respected as the physician, architect or artist, whose toll is lighter and more inspiring. Honest labor dignifies all toil, and will in the days to come make the most menial work faithfully performed, command due recognition. Civilization is in its infancy. It will reach the full perfection of its glorious manhood when the world realizes labor's dignity and the glorious future that awaits a nation which adheres strictly to the principle that he who will not work, neither shall he eat; a nation where constructive cooperation replaces destructive exploitation; a nation in which all work for the common good, instead of slaving and dying to build up fortunes for the few. Workers combine, unite, get together and the earth and its fullness is yours. Disunited you have nothing to look forward to but a life of toil, sacrifice, hardship and hopeless drudgery—with a pauper's grave as the reward for your efforts. United you conquer, divided you perish miserably.

HILLSBORO, TENN.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:  
Will you let a little girl of thirteen come into your chicken coop for a little chat?

How many of you cousins enjoy going to school? I do for one. I think everyone should strive for an education. Our school is out. I got a certificate for being the best pupil in the seventh grade. I live in the country of old Tennessee, in the shadow of the old Rocky mountain.

I enjoy reading the cousins' letters and Uncle Charlie's witty answers. You cousins who have box flowers please send me some cuttings for I love flowers so much. I am sorry for the poor shut-ins for they have such a hard time. Mama has been sick and sister and I have been doing the housework.

I will describe myself as I am a newcomer. I have brown hair, brown eyes, dark complexion. I have three brothers and two sisters.

We have a library in our school and I certainly enjoy reading the books.

We have the brown Chinese geese. There are not many men who like geese, but ours cannot get off of the ground, nor get through cracks. They lay almost six months of the year.

I hope your life will be long and bright, Uncle Charlie. Mama thinks you are doing noble work.

Your new niece,  
KATIE TAYLOR.

Katie, I shall be very glad to have you come into my chicken coop for a little chat. You say: "I think everyone should strive for an education." It would be well for you to strive a little more, and then you will not say "an education," but maybe you will say "an education," which is correct, and very much better than what you have written. I am glad you have a library in your school, and hope you will gain knowledge as well as entertainment from reading the books therein. Your letter contains one very startling statement, Katie, so startling in fact that Billy the Goat has an acute attack of heart disease and paralysis of the appetite. We are terribly excited about those brown Chinese geese. What do you do to keep them from going off of the ground? I suppose you pour lead in their Sunday shoes. I am not surprised that a goose cannot go through a crack, though of course if a crack was a mile wide, I presume one of your geese could go through sideways, with a little coaxing one end and a little pushing the other. What has got us most wrought up, however, is your statement that these wonderful geese lay almost six months of the year. I have heard of a man laying bricks and carpets, and a goose laying eggs, but I never yet in my life have heard of a goose that could lay six months of the year. For a goose to lay one month of the year I should think would be a strenuous operation, that would send it to the goose hospital a chronic invalid for life, but for a goose to lay almost six months of the year simply makes me gasp. I have pondered much at times on the riddle of the universe and the mysteries of life. I have wondered what will become of us in the golden hence, and tried to figure out just exactly what time was, where the rolling years came from, where they depart to, in this wonderful and apparently infinite and eternal procession of the ages from the womb of the future to the ash barrel of the past. Deep indeed have been my musings, vast and ceaseless the range of my speculation and research, varied and weird my conclusions and deductions from the multitudinous mazes of my mental meanderings, and after all my years of study, thought and pondering, I ever found myself hopelessly at sea, unable to reach any really definite and satisfactory conclusion concerning the mighty and mysterious matters that have been agitating the minds of men since men had any minds to agitate. At last, thanks to kind Providence and Katie Taylor, the mystery of time is revealed. We now positively know where at least half of the year comes from. We have discovered the source of no less than one hundred and eighty of the three hundred and sixty-five days that round out a year of our existence. Katie Taylor's brown Chinese geese lay almost six months of the year. Who lays the other half? Providence alone knows, and Providence will not tell. Let us be thankful however, that one of the riddles of the universe, one of the great mysteries and secrets of life has at last been revealed to us. Katie Taylor and her brown Chinese geese have conferred a favor on the whole human race. High-browed science prostrates itself at Katie's feet, and the whole world reverberates with the grateful shouts of the nations of the earth: "Katie, we thank you!" Watch those geese, Katie.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)



# Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

for if they ever stop laying, we lose six months of the year, and that would be awful.

DEAR COUSINS:

LAUNA, W. VA.

We live in a rocky country, eight miles from the railroad. It's awful rocky out here and mountains are on both sides of us. Our school closed March 16 last. We had a good time. My teacher's name was Miss Ada Peters. She went home and married, so that stops her education. If I were her I am sure I would never have married. I go to the Baptist and Presbyterian churches.

Papa plays the violin and I second on the organ. I will ask you a favor. Would you kindly write me the song ballad of the Brooklyn theater fire.

We have fifty chickens and just all the eggs we can make use of. We never sell any eggs.

My papa has eight weeks of school yet. He will teach our home school next year. I dread it as he is awful hard on his scholars.

I wish you all much joy, WINNIE M. MASSEY.

Winnie, you say that Miss Peters' marriage stops her education. That is a matter of fact the most important part of Miss Peters' education is to begin matrimony in a school in which there is a great deal to learn. Miss Peters is now going to apply the knowledge she has acquired during her scholastic training. Schoolwork is child's play to matrimony. The first is airy, fairy theory, and the latter is hard, cold facts. There is no school like the school of experience, and it is in the matrimonial school that you get your experience all right, especially when the landlord comes around to collect the rent with a shot gun, and hubby on Saturday dumps the contents of his pay envelope in a saloon, and comes home at two G. M. with empty pockets, and wife has to carry him up to bed, or has to sit up in bed and watch him crawl into the room and put his clothes in bed and hang himself across a chair. I should say lots more about the matrimonial school, but will forbear for the present, as there are other matters in your letter which need attention. You say you go to the Baptist church. I am sorry to have to contradict you, as there is no such church in America. Now comes the most vitally interesting part of your letter. You say: "Papa plays the violin, and I second on the organ." Now papa playing on the violin is all right, but how do you play on the organ? I have never heard of an instrument of that name in my life, and I doubt if anyone else has. I have heard of the battleship Oregon, which is in the U. S. Navy, and I have heard of the grand old state of Oregon. Now which do you second on, the state of Oregon or the battleship? I don't believe it is the battleship, because that grim fighting machine could hardly sail over those rocky mountains of yours into your back yard and front parlor. Another thing, I don't think Uncle Sam would allow his battleships to be hitting the high rocks and sailing over the tops of the mountains in West Virginia or any other state. Uncle Sam too, does not allow young ladies to play aboard his battleships. They are reserved strictly for gentlemen only. So by the process of deduction and elimination I have come to the conclusion that you second on the state of Oregon. I should imagine that Oregon would make a mighty fine musical instrument. A man could get a lot of music out of the web-foot state. It is evident Winnie, that your ideas are on a very large scale, stupendous in conception and majestic in proportion. To turn a whole mighty big state into a musical instrument, well, there is some class to a deed like that. It is a wonder though that the state of Oregon does not object to being converted into a musical instrument, and being made to play second fiddle to a country violin. Billy the Goat is of the opinion that you mean organ, and I am somewhat inclined to his way of thinking myself, but o-r-g-a-n-o spells Oregon, and I have not nerve enough to question the statement or impugn the veracity of such an accomplished young lady as yourself. You ask for the song ballad of the Brooklyn theater fire. I hope no one will send it to you. For Heaven's sake, child, cultivate a liking for the cheerful. People who revel in morbid ballads that tell of the burning and roasting of scores of human beings in a dreadful theater fire, need the services of a plumber to overhaul their think boxes and put them in a healthy condition. To sing songs about death in its most horrible form, is to my mind, an evidence of a morose, morbid temperament, that only too often gives evidence of a low order of mentality. You never find well-balanced people, or people of any education reveling in such morbid stuff. Twenty years ago, I spent a week in the very theater you refer to in this ballad. The dressing rooms were in the cellar, and I was mighty glad when the week was up, and I was able to get away from a building, which, though reconstructed, had been a few years previously, the scene of such a horrible tragedy. Winnie, you conclude your letter with a P. S., though I have not printed it at the end of your letter: "Dear Editor—Will you kindly print my letter in your paper? Please print it, for I sent and paid my money, and think you ought to print it for me." I am very sorry, Winnie, that you wrote that P. S. Can you imagine what the life of an editor or the publisher of a magazine would be if everyone of his readers attached such unreasonable requests as yours to the end of their letters. Editors are only human, and such requests as yours always find their way to the wastepaper basket, and if you, my dear, had not converted the state of Oregon into a musical instrument, your letter would have gone where all unreasonable requests go, to Billy the Goat's interior. It is wonderful isn't it what people expect when they hand over a quarter for a year's subscription to a magazine.

PRINCEY, OKLA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I received my card and button all right and like them fine. I live on a farm, about sixteen miles from a railroad town, Mooreland, the nearest town, has about two hundred people. It has no saloons and three churches. We raise broom corn, wheat, Kaffir, corn, cotton and some oats. We have not had a good crop for three years.

I am twenty winters old, weigh one hundred and forty-five pounds, dark brown eyes, dark complexion and am five feet seven inches short. I can do all kinds of farm and ranch work. I have lived in Oklahoma for eleven years. I've lived among the Indians. They are a queer people. They live in a funnel-shaped hut called wigwags, and their weapons are bows and arrows, spears and tomahawks. I live near Fort Supply, where General Custer left for the Big Horn river and was killed.

Would like to hear from all the cousins, and will answer all I can. Hoping to see this in print.

I am your Oklahoma nephew, RALPH E. MUSSON.

Three churches and no saloons, bully for Princey, Okla. Usually it is ten saloons and one church. I am sorry that you have not had good crops for three years, Ralph, as I know that means a great deal of hardship for a lot of worthy, industrious people. I hope you will have better luck this year. You say you have lived for ten years amongst the Indians. I am quite interested in the Indians, as I have never heard of any such race inhabiting this continent. Possibly you mean Indians. Billy the Goat thinks you do anyway, and I am inclined to think he is right. According to your account the Indians have some very peculiar weapons. Among those weapons you mention Tomhawk. It is a very strange thing, but I had a friend named Tom Hawk, who went West and disappeared a number of years ago, and I never could find out what became of him. Now to my astonishment I discovered that my old friend Tom Hawk is being used by the Indians, or Indians as a weapon for war purposes. I am wondering how the Indians use Tom Hawk when engaged in battle. I suppose they grab him by the leg, and swing their toes over the head with him. Tom Hawk must be a

very patient gentleman, and a long suffering one to permit himself to be ill used in this disgraceful and horrifying manner. I am inclined to think, Ralph, that you mean tomahawk, the hatchet with which the Red Man swats his foes on the cocoon, or any other spot that is conveniently near enough for him to soak him on good and plenty. There is a vast difference between my friend Tom Hawk, and the Red Man's tomahawk, though Tom, the last time I saw him, did soak me, he soaked me for twenty cents. So maybe after all there is some resemblance between these two members of the Hawk family. You say General Custer was "killed" near Big Horn river. I always thought he was killed. I hope Ralph, that it is more merciful and less painful to be killed than killed. In conclusion you say: "Hoping to see this in print." You don't have to do any hoping, Ralph, to have your letter printed. A lot of cousins seem to think that there is some chance of our publishing their letters if they start this hoping stunt. Hoping cuts no figure with me. If any of you want to hop around like a frog on a hot brick you are welcome to do it, but it will not help to get your letter into print. It is all right for you to hope your letters will be printed, but for Heaven's sake don't hop. It only wears out shoe leather and makes you ridiculous.

LEATHERWOOD, VA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I will write you a short letter. I am but a kid. Am sixteen years old and weigh one hundred and thirty-one pounds. I have brown eyes, brown hair, light complexion. I have one half sister and she is married and has five children.

My mother and father are living, and we own a beautiful bay horse and ten hen and one gray pet cat. We have a beautiful garden; have peas, onions and potatoes planted in it. My home is bright and beautiful. My house has five rooms and it is celled and it has seven windows. We have lots of neighbors.

I have lots of flour in my yard. My father is making a harness today as it is raining. I can't see though, I wear my hair platted, and tie ribbons on it. I do not wear long dresses yet. I have a blue poplin dress to make. I can make music on a mouth harp.

Your loving niece, MISS SADIE WALL.

Sadie, you say you have one half sister, and she is married. It is strange with so many whole, complete and entire girls walking around that your half sister could have found a husband. This marrying of half sisters is quite an idea. It costs so much to live in the cities, and city women are getting so extravagant, that I would not be at all surprised if in a little while, men began marrying a quarter sister instead of a half sister. A quarter sister is more than many men could support. I suppose it is more economical to marry a half sister than a whole one. She only has to be dressed on one side, then too she can only wear out one shoe, and half a pair of gloves at a time. I presume of course your half sister is divided from head to foot, and not sliced off in the middle. I can't see though, that there is much economy in marrying a half sister, if five children result from the union. You say "Father and mother is living," and you also say "we have ten hen." Sadie, if you are still going to school, won't you please go to your teacher and show her what you have written, and ask her who is to blame, she or yourself. If she says you are to blame, you had better invite her to give you a spanking, where it will hurt least and do the most good. If on the contrary, teacher is to blame, you had better invite her to spank herself. When a young lady of sixteen writes about ten hen, instead of ten hens, and father and mother is living, instead of are living, it is time someone got a severe shake up. We spend millions on education, and from the results we get, I should imagine that about ninety-nine cents out of every dollar must be wasted. You say your house is "celled." Sadie, there is no such word in the English language, my dear. I think it is fair to assume that you mean that your house has ceilings. I am very glad to know that, for if your room was over the front parlor, and the front parlor had no ceiling, I should imagine it would be lots of fun to watch you get into bed. You would probably have to attach yourself to a hook on the wall, and that I should think would be a very uncomfortable position for any young lady. Anyway, Sadie, we congratulate you on having rooms with ceilings. I hope those rooms also have floors. They are very necessary things to have, you are lucky to have a home that is bright and beautiful. There are thousands upon thousands of rooms in New York City, in which two or three people live, that have not even a window or a ray of light entering them. These black holes of misery are the lurking places of the tuberculosis germ and other deadly diseases. People who live in these rooms would think they were in Heaven if they could even have light, let alone any other comfort. You say you have lots of "flours" in your yard. I suppose you have Pillsbury's, Hecker's, Gold Medal, and the plain and self-raising varieties. I should think it is very unwise to keep flour out in the yard. Flour needs to be kept in a dry place. You will never be able to convert your flour into bread, biscuits or pie crust, if you scatter it around the yard. The yard is all right for flowers, but not for "flours." I am sorry we cannot see you making your blue poplin dress. If you make a new poplin hat to go with it, and you are tempted to put some flowers on it, I advise you not to try any of the Pillsbury variety, or you will have your hat decorated with biscuits instead of flowers. You conclude your letter, Sadie, by subscribing yourself thus: "Your loving niece." You are both loving and nice, dear, of that I have not the slightest doubt, but niece is spelled n-i-c-e, and not n-i-c-e. Remember that, my dear, you won't?

CONCORDIA, KY.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am not very large, for I only weigh one hundred and twenty pounds. I have dark blue eyes and brown hair, fair complexion, but my twentieth birthday, I have often thought of writing to you, but had not the courage until today. I have just finished reading your book of poems, which is just splendid. My brother recited one of your poems, "Rastus Johnson's Sunday Pants," at an entertainment, which nearly brought the house down. So you'll know now they all enjoyed it.

I am very fond of reading, and have read a number of books, but I can only read when I haven't anything else to do. I can do most any kind of work, wash iron milk cows, and I can cook too. But I don't like to cook much. I would rather help papa in the field if he would let me. I like to sew real well.

Uncle Charlie, I have the sweetest little pet you ever saw, a pet sheep. Now don't you want to swap Toby for it?

I would be pleased to hear from any of the cousins and will answer all I possibly can. Will someone send me the song ballad "Hello Central"? Will return favor in any way I can. Your devoted niece, BLUE EYES KING.

That was quite an original way to christen you—Blue Eyes! If however your eyes were to turn color you would have your troubles. I suppose your relatives around the house abbreviate your name in some way. I am wondering whether they call you Bluey or Eysey. Blue Eyes seems more like the name of some princess from a fairy tale than the name of an ordinary girl, and maybe you are as much of a princess as those wonderful beings that we read about in the story books of youth. You say you wash iron and milk cows. I suppose a little laundry work on a cow is not out of place, but please don't iron them. Billy the Goat says that if you continue to iron the cows with a hot iron they will be giving lollied milk. That would suit me all right, as I have all my milk boiled. I prefer to have my stomach turned into a graveyard, than have it converted into an aquarium. In other words give me the dead germs, rather than the live ones, they are less liable to start trouble. Iron your clothes my dear, but don't iron the cows. I have no doubt someone will send you the song ballad entitled, "Hello Central." I have a phone by my bedside and I call

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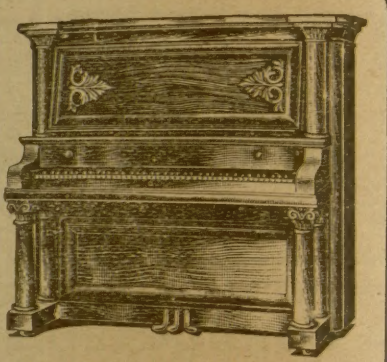
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## BIG BOOK Sent You FREE

up central a good many times a day. The other day I got a postal card which read thus: "Please call up Mr. Fish." Then followed the telephone number. I did not know who Mr. Fish was, but I presumed Mr. Fish was someone who wanted to get in touch with me, and so I rung up the number given on the postal card. "Is this 1126 Broad," I said. The reply came quickly over the wire: "Yes, what do you want?" I said: "Please give me Mr. Fish." "Which fish?" came the answer, "Mr. Fish of course," I snapped testily. Then I heard a laugh, and a voice said: "Say they are putting up a joke on you. This is the first of April remember, and this is the New York Aquarium." That was where I got stung. If I could get hold of the son of a gun who told me to call up Mr. Fish at the aquarium, there would be trouble. I was April fooled for keeps that day.

ELBERTA, ARK.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I've been sitting here at home for quite a while reading all the cousins' letters and can't resist writing myself.

I've read several pretty good letters. I also read Mrs. Maggie Cook's letter telling of her sad accident. I live in the northwest of Arkansas, in the county of Sevier. My age is seventeen. I weigh one hundred and four pounds, have black eyes, dark hair, am five feet five inches tall, wear No. two and a half shoe. Now Uncle, I know that you'll say that I'm sure a dandy. I love riding but would rather be a nurse than anything. I practice drawing, can draw pretty birds and women. Uncle, would be glad if you'd come to see me and go fishing. I have just got over the measles.

I would love to be a cowgirl, so I could throw the lasso, but wouldn't want to be on the prairies. I would want to be with some big show, then I could have fun.

Uncle Charlie, can you tell me where I can get any pea fowls? I'm just crazy for some, they are so beautiful. We've got three Guinea, they are sure sweet little things.

You must put "Billy" the goat to bed and not let him get my letter. Wishing you a joyful day. I'm your niece, JATTIE PASSMARE.

Jattie (what a queer name), you say you have been "redding" the cousins' letters, and also say I have "red" some very good letters. May I ask why you are using the paint brush so liberally on those letters of the cousins? My dictionary says that red is a color, and I don't think that the letters that we publish need any coloring. They are quite vivid enough. If you will just make that red into red, the next time, I shall know that you are reading and not painting. You say you have dark hair. That is rather a large animal to have around on your head. I have heard of ladies having rats on their head, but this is the first time it has come to my knowledge that a young lady has made her head a resting place for hares. That little number two and a half slipper of yours will make some of our cousins who have substantial understandings, envious. I know a couple of young ladies who call upon me quite frequently, and who have quite large feet. They are willing to admit that they wear a number five and a half shoe, but I think seven would be nearer the mark. These young ladies are hobbles skirted in the most approved fashion, and the result is that when they sit down, their short and tight skirts reveal an expanse of shoe leather that is truly startling. It is highly entertaining to watch them trying to hide their ample tootsies under the chairs, tables, etc., but it is all in vain, there is no hobbles skirt that can hide a number six shoe. You say: "I have just got over measles." You should never write a letter while you have or are convalescing from a contagious disease. Never write until at least a month has elapsed from the time you are allowed to be around. Letters carry contagion and contagion is no respecter of persons. You should also remember that people are liable to write messy letters, in fact I don't see how they can do otherwise. You say you would like to be with some big show. Stay where you are my dear. There are so many people trying to make a show of themselves, that you need not join the number. You ask where you can get "pea fowls." Honestly, my dear, I don't know. We had a can of pens for dinner

the other day and the peas were bad, they were fowl peas, but maybe a fowl pea is not the same as a pea fowl. Billy the Goat ate the fowl peas, and is now in bed with a hot water bag over his appetite, so your letter is quite safe and will get into print.

HEBRON, OHIO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Mrs. A. C. Hottinger's last appeal brought her but very little. For over sixteen years she has been lying on her right side, helpless and crippled. At times her pain is so severe she can hardly endure it. She has not been out of doors for about twelve years. She has become very weak. If she could get the proper treatment, she might get considerably better. She is a poor woman, owns nothing and has no income. Give her a dime and dollar shower. Help her that she may obtain the things she needs so badly. She is almost blind and cannot earn a penny. Her case is a sad one, do all you can for her and God will reward you. You have her references. Very sincerely, Miss E. Max.

Mrs. Hottinger's case is one of the saddest of the sad. I have listed her name in our shut-in columns for several years, but I don't suppose in all that time she has received more than twenty or twenty-five dollars. The last appeal I made for her in our shut-in list brought her only a trifle over a dollar.

This poor soul's life for the last sixteen years has been one of martyrdom, and her suffering has been made additionally hard by want and worry. Remember that wherever there is sickness, there too you will find poverty. If you could all take this poor soul's place for one day,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)

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# RUBY'S REWARD

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

"Where are you going to put me, Mrs. Coxon? Almost anywhere will do," said Walter, not liking to make trouble.

"I guess 'almost anywhere' won't do," she retorted. "You'll have your own room, of course. No other would seem like home to you."

And she bustled away, while the lovers sat down to enjoy another chat until she should return.

They were of course unconscious that they had been followed, and that Edmund Carpenter had crept upon the veranda, and close under the still open window, intent upon learning more of their plans.

He was boiling with rage over Mrs. Coxon's plain speaking regarding his father's will, and began to feel that she might be a dangerous person to have about the house. He had always felt very secure regarding the will until now; but if his housekeeper was as suspicious as she appeared to be, there was no knowing to what lengths she might carry her interest for Walter, and he began to grow uneasy, and to wish that the document was destroyed, and beyond all danger of discovery.

He remained nearly an hour beneath the window, learning all that was possible of the lover's plans, and when at length Walter's room was ready, and he took leave of Ruby, knowing he would not see her in the morning because of being obliged to go away so early, Edmund Carpenter stole away in the darkness and storm, maturing a plan to ruin the young man.

The storm continued throughout the night, but the morning broke as clear and tranquil as if no cloud had ever obscured the sky.

Walter arose with the dawn, and stole quietly from the house, in order not to disturb anyone, and made his way as rapidly as possible back to the city, where he took of an early breakfast, after which he took the six o'clock train for Chester, where he was superintending the erection of a handsome edifice.

As he alighted and turned to leave the station, he saw an elderly woman just getting out of the Southern Express. She was tall and commanding in figure, with bright, pleasant black eyes, and rather massive features, yet upon the whole very attractive, while her forehead was crowned with clustering masses of snow white hair, which gave her a very venerable appearance. She was richly, though not showily clad, and she moved with an air of dignity and pride.

She stopped as she stepped from the car, and appeared to be looking for someone.

At this moment a heavily loaded baggage truck came thundering along. The platform was a little on the down grade just at that point, which gave a sudden impetus to the truck, and the woman, seeing it, stepped back against the car to be farther away from it and out of danger.

But whether the man who had charge of it was careless, or something in the formation of the platform sent the truck out of line, no one was ever able to tell; but it suddenly veered to the right, and before Walter, who instantly saw the danger, could spring forward to render assistance, it had run directly into the noble-looking stranger, and pinned her close against the car.

"What aaking of?" Walter shouted to the truckman, as he dashed to the rescue, and, exerting all his strength, pushed the heavily laden vehicle to one side, and released the sufferer from her perilous and painful situation.

The woman had not cried out or made a sign that she was hurt, but her face was as white as the hair clustering about her temples, and as she was freed from the crushing weight that had been forced against her, one arm dropped broken and helpless at her side, and the other hand, from which the glove had been torn, was badly bruised and bleeding.

"You are seriously hurt, I fear, madam," Walter said, as he stooped to recover her traveling bag, which she had dropped. "What can I do for you?"

Before replying she lifted her keen eyes and searched his face. Evidently she was satisfied that he was trustworthy, for she said:

"If you will kindly assist me to the ladies' room I will thank you."

She spoke composedly, but her very lips were white now, and Walter could see that it was only by a mighty effort of her will that she concealed the agony she was suffering.

"Certainly," he said, and supporting her by the arm, for she was unable to take his, he led her into the ladies' room and seated her in a chair.

"You are very kind," she murmured; "and now have you a sharp knife?"

"Yes, madam," and he drew it quickly from his pocket and opened it.

"Please cut off my gloves," she said; "my hands are swelling rapidly, and they are painful."

Walter knelt before her, and, taking the hand that he had noticed was bleeding, quickly cut the glove away, revealing more plainly the livid and mangled flesh and bruises beneath.

He then turned to the other arm, which still hung limp and helpless at her side.

"Lift it into my lap. It is broken, I fear, for I have no power over it, but the glove must come off immediately," the woman said, as he hesitated to touch it.

He did as she commanded, but the sight that met his eyes when he had removed the glove nearly unmanned him; for the bones of the wrist were broken and almost protruding through the flesh, while he was sure there was still another break farther up.

But she was very brave and self-possessed, thanking him for his aid, and she even smiled upon him as he lifted his own pale face to hers, saying:

"Let me go for a surgeon."

"No, not yet," she replied. "I must get home first. I expected my carriage to be here to meet me, but I saw nothing of my coachman, and fear my telegram was not received. If you will get me a public conveyance and help me into it, I will trouble you no further."

"Have you baggage?" Walter inquired, springing to his feet to execute her commission, and thinking she was the bravest lady he had ever seen.

"Yes, and I shall need it, too. You will find my checks in the pocket of my traveling bag."

He found them, and darted from the room.

He secured a carriage, and then assisted the man in transferring the baggage to it, noting that the trunks were marked "Mrs. M. E. Howland," and that they had come from St. Louis.

This accomplished, he returned to the waiting-room for the injured woman, whom he assisted to the coach, where he made her as comfortable as it was possible to do, and then asked her address.

"Number 6 — Avenue," she told him, and would have thanked him for his kindness, but he quickly closed the carriage door, and springing upon the box with the driver, told him to get her home with all possible dispatch.

Arriving at No. 6 — Avenue, Mrs. Howland appeared somewhat surprised when Walter again presented himself at the door to assist her to alight. But she looked gratified, too, in spite of her pain, which was every moment increasing.

Very gently he helped her into the house, which, a single glance was sufficient to tell him, was a most luxurious one, and where in less than three minutes she had as many servants about her, eager to give her the care and assistance she so much needed.

Her first order was for her coachman to go for a surgeon, and then she calmly gave directions for certain remedies to be brought and applied to relieve her until he should arrive, and was so brave and cheerful, in spite of her helplessness, that Walter was filled with admiration for her.

He helped the driver get the trunks into the house, paid and dismissed him, and then went to ask if there was anything more that he could do.

"Yes, my young friend; tell me your name, that I may know to whom I am indebted for so

much kindness," Mrs. Howland answered, while she studied his fine face earnestly.

"My name is Richardson—Walter Richardson," the young man replied.

"Walter Richardson!" she repeated, in a peculiar tone. "Where do you live?"

"In Philadelphia usually; but just at present I am engaged upon a building contract in this place."

"Where do your parents reside?"

"I have none; I was born in New York city, where both my father and mother died. But, madam, pray do not let me trouble you with my affairs while you are suffering so. I had better leave you now," Walter concluded, seeing how very ill she suddenly seemed to have grown.

"Yes," she returned, leaning wearily back in her chair, while her face was ghastly white, though her eyes were fastened with a look of eager inquiry upon his face, "yes, go now, but promise that you will come to see me again soon; I must see you again, for—for you have been very kind."

"I will come," Walter promised, and then went away, just as the surgeon came bustling in, and repaired to his place of business.

But all day long, and for several days, his thoughts were with that grand woman who had displayed so much nerve and courage at a time when almost anyone else would have been prostrated by the painful ordeal through which she had passed.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### AN ARREST.

Madame Howland, as she was known in the suburban city where she resided, was a very proud and wealthy woman—or so considered by people who only knew her in a general way.

She had belonged to one of the oldest families of Baltimore; had been regarded as a beauty and a belle in her early life; had been married twice, each time to a rich and cultivated gentleman, and had naturally held herself with all the pride which usually attends such unexceptional birth and position.

She had no children—though report said that she had lost, years ago, one idolized son—and lived alone in her grandeur, with only her servants about her; was considered exceedingly exclusive and cold-hearted by society, though it was whispered among the poor that her purse and heart were always open to their needs and supplications.

Walter called at her door every morning during the week after her accident, to inquire for her, and was glad to learn that she was doing very well, although her injuries had been of a very serious nature. Her right wrist and arm had been broken in two places, besides being badly bruised, while the left hand had been shockingly lacerated, though no bones were broken in it.

At the end of a week Walter was invited to enter, being told that madam desired to see him. He was conducted to her private parlor—a beautiful room in the second story of the house, where he found her sitting in a huge invalid chair, both hands bandaged and helpless, and looking somewhat worn from the pain she had suffered, but still bearing herself proudly, and with the distinguished air that had so attracted Walter when he first saw her.

She glanced up, as he entered, in a bright and animated way, saying:

"Well, young man, you find me still crippled, and I imagine it will be sometime yet before I shall be able to shake that good right hand of yours that did me such efficient service. However, I wanted to see you. So draw a chair near to me, and talk to me for a little while."

Walter obeyed, remarking as he sat down, that he was glad to find her so much more comfortable than when he saw her last.

"Yes, if you call it comfortable to be a literal example of what it is to have your hands tied," she responded, laughingly.

She was a charming old lady, and entertained her young guest brilliantly for half an hour, and, ignoring herself, gradually led him to talk about his own life, questioned him about his business, and at last adroitly managed to draw from him something of his history.

He was very much attracted by her, and was surprised at the interest she manifested in him.

"What can I do to reward you for your kindness to me?" she asked, with a benignant smile, when he finally arose to leave.

"Pray never mention the matter again in that way, madam," Walter responded, flushing, and drawing himself up a trifle proudly. "I am only too glad that I was able to be of service to you, and I hope if there is anything that I can do at any time, you will command me."

"Thank you, and I shall take you at your word instantly," madam replied, smiling. "You can be of use to me, for you have cheered me wonderfully this morning, and I shall command that you come to see me often."

"That is a very agreeable order, and one which I am sure I shall take pleasure in obeying," Walter returned, smiling also.

She looked at him earnestly a moment, then said:

"I like you, young man; you make me think of—of someone whom I used to know; and it will do me good to have a young face in the house. So, please drop in frequently while you remain in the city."

"I will, thank you," he replied, heartily, feeling that it would be delightful to have the privilege.

He approached the door as he spoke, but it was opened before he could reach it by a servant, who came in, looking pale and startled.

She cast a frightened look at Walter as she passed him, and going to her mistress said, in a low tone:

"Madam, there is an officer below who wants—"

"An officer?" interrupted Madame Howland, in a tone of surprise. "What can he possibly want in this house?"

"He says—he has come to arrest—" the girl began, then stopped, confused, while her glance wandered apprehensively toward Walter.

"What are you talking about, Sarah?" demanded madam, excitedly. "An officer to arrest someone here?"

"Yes, madam."

"Whom? Tell me instantly, and end this suspense."

"The young gentleman, madam," Sarah faltered, with a deprecating look at Walter.

The young man looked astonished.

"Did I understand rightly—that there is an officer below who asserts that he has come here to arrest me?" he asked, turning to the girl.

"Yes, sir; so he says."

"Madame Howland," Walter continued, turning to his hostess and speaking regretfully. "I am very sorry to have you so annoyed, and there surely is some mistake. It cannot be that I am the person for whom the officer is searching, since I have done nothing to be arrested for. I will go at once and have the mystery explained."

"No," said madam, making a little authoritative gesture; "stay where you are, if you please."

Then turning to the girl, she added:

"Sarah, go down and ask the officer if he will do me the favor to come up-stairs."

Walter protested against this, for he could not endure the thought of her being annoyed on his account; but she insisted.

"Of course, it is all a mistake," she said; "but it may be a mistake that may cause you some trouble, and I should not rest until it was explained. Go, Sarah."

The girl retired, but soon returned, accompanied by an officer, who, the moment he saw Walter, approached him and arrested him "in the name of the law."

"What does this mean?" the young man inquired, looking greatly disturbed.

"It means that I have orders to take you into

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custody, and I am simply performing my duty," the man returned, reading his prisoner's face with a searching glance.

"What is the charge against him?" demanded Madame Howland, haughtily.

"I regret to say, madam, that it is—robbery," the officer returned, respectfully.

"Robbery!" exclaimed both of his listeners, in one breath, while a vivid crimson shot over Walter's face, then quickly receding, left him pale as death.

"Yes, that is the charge," the man answered. "Whom have I robbed?—what am I accused of having taken?" cried the young man, proudly.

"Money and jewels."

"Money and jewels! I have no money out what I have honorably earned, and as for jewels, I have no use for them," Walter replied, with a scornful curl of his lips.

"That may be, my young friend, still I must do my duty, and you must prove your innocence before a judge and jury," the officer answered, but not unkindly.

"Pray, Mr. Officer, explain what this proceeding means?" madam now interposed, looking flushed and anxious. "This young gentleman has been very kind to me, and I am interested in him; he has been coming to my house nearly every day for a week, and he certainly does not appear like one who has committed so grave a crime."

"That is true, madam," the officer returned, studying Walter's frank, manly face, and beginning to feel very favorably disposed toward him, "but quite a sum of money and some valuable diamonds were missed a week ago today by a lady, Mrs. Robert Gordon, who is at present living in the house of Mr. Edmund Carpenter, of Philadelphia. A thorough search was at once instituted for the missing valuables—the servants and housekeeper were questioned, and examined, but no clue could be discovered, and at first no one could account for the robbery, as the house did not have the appearance of having been forcibly entered, and nothing else was taken, though there was much in the house that was valuable which a practiced cracksmen would surely have made way with. Several days passed, and then it was remembered that this young man had passed the night in the house, having been detained there by a severe storm, and having left the place very early in the morning before anyone was astir, suspicion naturally fell upon him. If, however, the man added, in conclusion, "he can prove his innocence, he will be released immediately."

"This is very disagreeable," said Madame Howland, turning to Walter, and regarding him with a troubled look.

He was still very pale, and his face wore an anxious expression, for it had suddenly flashed upon him, as he remembered Mrs. Gordon's treatment of him, and all that Ruby had told him regarding her wishes that she should marry Edmund Carpenter, that this might be a plot to entangle him and to ruin him in the eyes of the world, and thus blast every hope of ever winning Ruby for his wife.

"Mrs. Howland," he said, lifting his troubled eyes, and meeting her gaze frankly. "What the officer has told you is true—I did pass the night in Mr. Carpenter's house a week ago last night. I went there to call upon Miss Ruby Gordon, the lady to whom I am betrothed, and who is the sister-in-law of Mrs. Gordon, who, it is asserted, has been robbed. A severe thunder-storm came up while I was there, and I was prevailed upon to remain until morning. I left very early, as Mr. Carpenter's residence is quite a distance from the city, and I wished to catch the early train for Chester in order to be on hand here when my men began their work. I did not leave my room after entering it until I left the house, and you can testify that I came directly hither, as that was the morning on which your accident occurred. More than all this," Walter added, with a disquieting look, "it is not likely that I would be guilty of robbing the sister of the lady whom I hope to marry."

"Of course not," replied madam; "and, Mr. Officer, what he says is all true; the train in which I was coming from St. Louis reached the station just about the time of his arrival here. I met with a severe accident just after alighting from the car, and he came at once to my assist-

ance. He had not the slightest appearance of having done anything wrong then, nor since, for he has been coming here nearly every day, and I believe I could vouch for his integrity under any circumstances."

"No doubt, madam, no doubt," returned the official, blandly, "and it will probably all come out right; but my orders are imperative. I have a warrant for the young man's arrest, and I must do my duty."

"But he can be released on bail; I will be responsible to any amount," cried Madame Howland, looking excited and distressed.

"That is very kind of you, madam, and doubtless the young gentleman appreciates your kindness; but he will be obliged to go before the court for examination first."

"Where will he be examined?"

"In Philadelphia, of course."

"Do not be troubled on my account, Mrs. Howland," Walter here interposed; "I have no doubt that Mr. Conant, my employer, will do all that is necessary. I thank you very much for your kindness, but please do not allow this to excite you."

"You will let me know the result of your examination at once," pleaded the invalid, with a tremulous voice, "and if you need help of any kind do not fail to inform me. Oh, if my hands were not tied I would go with you now."

"Pray do not mind it so much," Walter begged, deeply moved by her evident interest in his cause.

"I cannot forget that I owe you a great deal," she said.

"You owe me nothing, but you are very kind," he answered, smiling and trying to assume a cheerful air. Then turning to the man, he added: "Officer, I am ready now to go with you; I hope you will not consider it necessary to make me conspicuous as a prisoner."

"No, sir, if you'll give me your word that you'll make me no trouble. I am free to confess I should hate to put the bracelets on you."

Walter colored crimson, but lifted his head proudly.

"I give you my word; I will go quietly with you," he said, briefly; then with a courteous bow to his hostess he turned and followed the officer from the house.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 30.)



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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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### Special Eggs and Poultry

**H**UNDREDS of country folks increase their income in a moderate way by selling eggs and chickens to their grocer and butcher, but few realize the immense advantage to be gained by taking up someone of the special branches of this many-sided business. The farmwife thinks she is doing well if she gets thirty cents a dozen for eggs and sixteen cents a pound for table birds, yet a little extra trouble, and the exercise of a little business ability, will make every thirteen eggs bring two dollars, and every pound of flesh from twenty-two to twenty-five cents at the lowest prices, and often twice that when near a large city. Of course, to realize the highest prices, stock and methods must be high-class. The first consideration is to select a breed and stick to it, for that is the only way to gain success. Few people can afford to buy prize-winners at first, but everybody ought to afford good, pure-bred stock. Every large poultry plant has what they term "market-stock" for sale at reasonable prices; birds that can be bought for a dollar and a dollar and a half each. They are the progeny of high-class stock, but don't come up to showroom standard. Ten birds would give you quite a lot of eggs for hatching. Save the pullets, pick out the very best, and the following year buy one or two (according to the number of pullets you have) really good roosters to run with them, and you will be able to raise youngsters the next season that can compete for blue ribbons at your state fair, and gain the prestige which will enable you to sell their eggs for two or three dollars a setting, and the pick of the young stock next season for from two to five dollars apiece. I say the pick, for even when the most perfect birds are mated, their progeny will not all be beauties. Some members of the family are sure to be just ordinary creatures, fit only for the workaday side of life. For this reason it is necessary not to neglect the culinary end of business, but still work on the higher plane, as it is the most profitable. Thoroughbred birds are almost as necessary for this branch of the business as for the other. Of course they develop more quickly than mongrels, fatten more easily, and look better when dressed.

Unless you can afford a well-built, properly-heated brooder house, don't be tempted to go in for winter broilers. There is plenty of money to be made with spring chickens and winter roasters.

It has not yet become the general market custom in this country to draw and truss birds at once, but private customers will quickly appreciate the improvement in flavor that immediate attention to cleanliness makes, and before long, I firmly believe, the present custom of keeping and shipping undrawn birds will be condemned by the health authorities. When birds are going to customers, instead of being sent in a sprawling condition they are trussed as for roasting, leaving a piece of charcoal inside to insure perfect sweetness.

We have coops six feet long by two and a half wide, with yards six by ten, into which from five to ten birds are placed three weeks before killing. Fowls of a year old, when properly prepared, make good roasters; taken from the general yard, they are tough and fit only for soup. Cockneys of ten or twelve weeks' old will, by special fattening and inactivity, become plump very quickly. The roost in a coop is only a foot from the floor; yard and floor of coop are firmly tramped earth, with no loose gravel, sand, or scratching material of any description, the object being to keep the birds as placid as possible.

Morning noon, and night, mash is fed, as it is more easily digested and assimilated than whole corn. The first ten days, mash consists of one quart of ground feed, one third of a teaspoonful of salt, one pint of boiled and mashed carrots, potatoes or beets, mixed and moistened with skimmed milk; last ten days, one quart of corn meal, one dessertspoonful of powdered charcoal, one pound of potatoes, and two onions, boiled and mashed. Mix all together and make quite soft with skim milk in which beef suet has been boiled. Suet is only about six cents a pound. Half a pound chopped fine is sufficient for two quarts of milk. Simmer for fifteen minutes. Feed in V-shaped troughs as much as the birds will eat in fifteen minutes. It must not be allowed to stand before them continually or they will become satiated. It was an old

work stores are the best, especially if you can interest the mistress of the establishment in your wares; and it should be an easy matter to do so, through a little tactful bribery; doctors and drug-stores are always glad to know where really reliable fresh eggs and tender broilers can be found. But the very best and least expensive method of reaching housekeepers is through the mail. Write a polite, concise note, and enclose a self-addressed envelope or post-card for reply. After all, it is not so much the getting custom, as satisfying and keeping it. One pleased, enthusiastic customer is sure to influence more.

### Correspondence

**F. M.**—How should barley be fed to chickens?  
**A.**—Scatter on the ground, or in the scratching material which should cover the floor of the chicken house. In your climate (California) it may be used alone once a day, or during the rainy season mix with cracked corn.

**G. C. N.**—We have a hen which seems to be blind, in a sense. She sees food, but misses it by about four inches when trying to pick it up. You published a remedy, but the number has been destroyed so please repeat it.

**A.**—There are several forms of eye-trouble. You give me no guide to the particular form your hen is afflicted with. Unless there is some growth on the eye, or other unmistakable sign of the sight being affected, I should be inclined to think it was some nerve or muscular trouble, rather than the bird's sight being affected. If you are sure it is the eye, and careful consideration that the trouble is not with the eye, you may conclude that it is either limberneck or the effect of some accident. Give half a teaspoonful of Castor or sweet oil, and rub the neck with camphorated oil, keeping the patient in a dry coop.

**Constant Reader.**—At what degree of heat should a brooder be, when chicks are put into it? At what rate is the heat to be lowered, and how long are the chicks to be kept in the brooder?

**A.**—The brooder should have been run steadily at 95 degrees for several hours before the chicks are put into it, and should be kept at about 90 for the first week. During the second week it can drop to 80, and during the third week to 70 or 75. The foregoing refers to the heat under the hover, not in the outer compartment, which should be very much lower, and should have a plentiful supply of fresh air constantly circulating through it. The length of time chicks should be kept in the brooder depends largely upon the weather and the time of year. In January and February they will require a warm sleeping-place until well-feathered, but in the late spring, when the weather is warm, artificial heat may be dispensed with when they are from four to six weeks old. It is a matter which discretion and circumstances must determine.

**H. A. C.**—What ails my chickens? They seem weak in their legs, fall over when they try to walk, and sit about on the floor.

**A.**—I should think your birds are suffering from rickets, brought on by damp coops, or want of green food, or more likely by a combination of both. Poultry must have some form of vegetable food during the winter months, when they are unable to find it for themselves. The cheapest and best is clover hay cut into half-inch lengths, and steamed. You may help the sufferers by putting half a teaspoonful of cod liver oil into about three quarts of drinking water, and rubbing the joints and shanks with alcohol or camphorated oil.

**C. P. M.**—I want to ask a few questions about the caponizing of roosters. (1) What is the proper age to operate on roosters? (2) What is the best time of year? (3) Should the opening made be sewed up, or how managed? (4) What kind of instrument is necessary for the work? (5) Do many die if properly operated on?

**A.**—(1) From eight to twelve weeks. (2) Depends on when the bird was hatched. Time of year makes no difference, except that February and March birds, operated on in April, would be little expense through the summer if on free range, and sell well at Christmas time. (3) Yes; sew up the Coop and withhold all food for twenty-four hours before operating, then feed lightly for three or four days. They don't seem to feel the operation. (4) A sharp pocket-knife or lancet and a piece of horsehair were used. Now a convenient little instrument is sold for the purpose, and does the work much better. (5) No; not more than one per cent.

**O. C. C.**—As there are on the market several brands of dry chick food, made up of different grains, etc., and as I live on a farm where we can grow any kind of grain or seed, I want you to give me a formula for same. (1) What constitutes a balanced ration of feed? What is the percentage each of protein, carbohydrates, and the ash or mineral element? (2) What are the proportions in which the elements exist in our more common grains?

**A.**—(1) One quart each of the following ingredients: Cracked corn, wheat, oats, millet, hemp, Kaffir corn, sharp grit, charcoal, fine chopped clover hay, mixed thoroughly. (2) The best way to answer your question is to give the component parts of the egg, because food should supply them all. For easy explanation we will count the eggs one thousand grains, deducting one hundred grains for the shell, which contains about thirty grains of salt and lime; the remaining sixty consist of carbonic acid, water, and crystallization. The remaining nine hundred are divided about as under: Water, six hundred and fifty grains; oil, fat, etc., one hundred and thirty-five grains; mineral matter, nine grains; sugar, coloring matter, etc., twenty-six grains. Albuminoids, or nitrogenous foods, contain the elements that form flesh; carbon (oil, fat, starch, sugar), the fat-forming foods. Mineral matter consists of lime, soda, potash, magnesia, etc., and is supplied by reducing food to ash. Lime is an all-important part of the properly-balanced ration, because it is not only the carbonate of lime in the shell we need, but the phosphate of lime which should be contained in the white to make bone for the chick. The two conditions of lime are met by the gastric juices, arising from the action of digestion, etc., too technical to enter into here. In every hundred pounds of the following list, about the percentage of flesh, fat and lime is as follows:

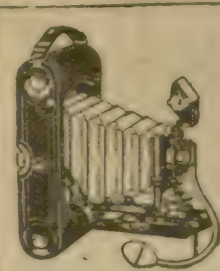
|                   | Flesh | Fat | Lime  |
|-------------------|-------|-----|-------|
| Clover hay.....   | 11    | 35  | 7 1/2 |
| Linseed meal..... | 28    | 42  | 7     |
| Bran.....         | 14    | 55  | 6 1/2 |
| Oats.....         | 12    | 59  | 2 1/2 |
| Corn.....         | 10    | 72  | 1 1/2 |
| Wheat.....        | 11    | 62  | 1 1/2 |

**W. D.**—Why do chicks die in the shell, just before it is time to hatch in an incubator?

**A.**—There are several causes, weakness in parent stock; too much or too little moisture, or too little heat during the last few hours. I can't really tell what the trouble is, because you have failed to give me any particulars. The thermometer should not fall below 103, and it will not hurt if it runs up to 105 during the last thirty-six hours. Try and set a hen at the same time you start the incubator, next time, and every few days examine the eggs under the hen and in the incubator, and compare the growth of the air-space at the large end of the egg. This will teach you better than any amount of reading, how to regulate the ventilation.

**M. J. D.**—Please tell me why chicks die after they are put into a brooder? They seem well and strong when taken out of the incubator, but within a week lose strength and die.

**A.**—I really must beg correspondents to give me more information when asking such questions, for I cannot give any helpful answers. A number of reasons may have caused their death. They should be kept warm—90 at least when they are put into the incubator, to be gradually lowered during the first



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seven days to 70, but at the same time they must have plenty of fresh air. Feed lightly and often. Encourage them to exercise by giving them plenty of sweepings from the haymow on the brooder floor.

**G. I. H.**—Is Australian salt-bush good for stock?  
**A.**—Yes; you can get the seed at any large seed-store.

**J. C. B.**—See answer to G. I. H.

**G. W. T.**—You speak of salt in the morning mash. Do you mean table salt, and how much should be fed? What is blood meal? Is one dollar and a quarter a reasonable price for a twenty-five pound bag? I am very much interested in poultry, and now have Rhode Island Reds, and expecting to have Barred Plymouth Rocks, white Wyandottes, Brown Leghorns, and Pekin Ducks. Do you like my idea, and would you recommend some other breeds?

**A.**—Yes; table salt; about the same quantity that you would add to potatoes for your own table. Blood meal is dried blood. I think it is rather too strong for chickens, and advise you to use beef-scrap, which is sold in sacks at about the same price. I don't think it advisable to keep more than one breed of fowls, for every distinct breed has its own peculiarity, and old experienced poultrymen find it more profitable to study thoroughly one breed, and cater to its peculiarities. For instance, Plymouth Rocks, Wyandottes and Cochins will get very fat and useless on a diet which would make Minorcas or Leghorns profitable.

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## DAVID HARUM

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

"I've tried to," I says, "an' Lizzy, I says, 'I'll never forgive myself about that bunnit, long 's I live.'"

"That hadn't really nothin' to do with it," she says, "an' you meant all right, though," she says, "almost in a whisper, an' the' came across her face not a smile exactly, but somethin' like a little rattle on a piece o' still water," that bunnit was enough to kill 'most anybody'."

## CHAPTER XL.

John leaned out of the buggy and looked back along the road, as if deeply interested in observing something which had attracted his attention, and David's face worked oddly for a moment.

Turning south in the direction of the village, they began the descent of a steep hill, and Mr. Harum, careful of loose stones, gave all his attention to his driving. Our friend, respecting his vigilance, forbore to say anything which might distract his attention until they reached level ground, and then, "You never married again?" he queried.

"No," was the reply. "My matrimonial experience was 'brief an' to the pint,' as the sayin' is."

"And yet," urged John, "you were, a young man, and I should have supposed—"

"Wa'al," said David, breaking in and emitting his chuckling laugh, "I allow 't mebbe I s'mittin' thought on't, an' once, about ten year after what I ben tellin' ye, putty much made up my mind to try another hitch-up. The' was a woman that I seen quite a good deal of, an' I liked putty well, an' I had some grounds fer thinkin' 't she wouldn't show me the door if I was to ask her. In fact, I made up my mind I would take the chances, an' one night I put on my best bib an' tucker an' started fer her house. I had to go 'cross the town to where she lived, and the farther I walked the fiercer I got—havin' made up my mind—so't putty soon I was travelin' 's if I was 'fraid some other feller'd git there 'head o' me. Wa'al, it was Sat'day night, an' the stores was all open, an' the streets was full o' people, an' I had to pull up in the crowd a little, an' I don't know how it happened in per-tic'lar, but fust thing I knew I run slap into a woman with a ban'box, an' when I looked round, there was a mil'ner's store in full blast an' winders full o' bunnits. Wa'al, sir, do you know what I done? Ye don't. Wa'al, the' was a hoss-car passin' that run three mile out in the country in a different direction 'f'm where I started fer, an' I up an' got onto that car, an' rode the length o' that road, an' got off an' walked back—an' I never went near her house 'f'm that day to this, an' that," said David, "was the nearest I ever come to havin' another pardner to my joys an' sorrows."

"That was pretty near, though," said John, laughing.

"Wa'al," said David, "mebbe Providence might 'a' had some other plan fer stoppin' me 'fore I smashed the hull rig, if I hadn't run into the mil'ner's shop, but as it was, that fetched me to a stan'still, an' I never started to run agin'."

They drove on for a few minutes in silence, which John broke at last by saying, "I have ben wondering how you got on after your wife died and left you with a little child."

"That was where Mis' Jones come in," said David. "Of course I got the best nurse I could, an' Mis' Jones 'd run in two three times ev'ry day an' see 't things was goin' on as right 's they could; but it come on that I had to be away 'f'm home a good deal, an' finely, come fall, I got the Joneses to move into a bigger house, where I could have a room, an' fixed it up with Mis' Jones to take charge o' the little feller right along. She hadn't but one child, a girl of about thirteen, an' had lost two little ones, an' so between havin' took to my little mite of a thing 'f'm the fust, an' my makin' it with her while, she was willin', an' we went on that way till—the' wa'n't no further occasion fur 's he was concerned, though I lived with them a spell longer when I was at home, which wa'n't very often, an' after he died I was gone fer a good while. But before that all the time I could manage. With good care he'd growed up nice an' bright, an' as big as the average, an' smarter 'n a steel trap. He liked bein' with me better 'n anybody else, and when I'd manage to have him I couldn't bear to have him out o' my sight. Wa'al, as I told you, he got to be 'most seven year old. I'd had to go out to Chicago, an' one day I got a telegraph sayin' he was putty sick—an' I took the fust train East. It was 'long in March, an' we had a breakdown, an' run into an awful snow-storm, an' one thing another, an' I lost twelve or fifteen hours. It seem'd to me that them two days was longer 'n my hull life, but they finely did come, an' about nine o'clock in the mornin' When I got to the house Mis' Jones was on the lookout fer me, an' the door opened as I run up the stoop, an' I see by her face that I was too late. 'Oh, David, David!' she says (she'd never called me David before), puttin' her hands on my shoulders.

"When?" I says.

"'Bout midnight," she says.

"Did he suffer much?" I says.

"No," she says, "I don't think so; but he was out of his head most of the time after the fust day, an' I guess all the time the last twenty-four hours."

"Do you think he'd 'a' knowed me?" I says. "Did he say anythin'?" an' at that," said David, "She looked at me. She wa'n't cryin' when I come in, though she had ben; but at that her face all broke up. 'I don't know,' she says. 'He kept sayin' things, an' 'bout all we could understand was 'Daddy, daddy,' an' then she throwed her apen over her face, an'—"

David tipped his hat a little farther over his eyes, though, like many if not most "horsey" men, he usually wore it rather far down, and leaning over, twirled the whip in the socket between his two fingers and thumb. John studied the stitched ornamentation of the dashboard until the reins were pushed into his hands. But it was not for long. David straightened himself, and, without turning his head, resumed them as if that were a matter of course.

"Day after the funeral," he went on, "I says to Mis' Jones, 'I'm goin' back out West,' I says, 'an' I can't say how long I shall be gone—long enough, anyway.' I says, 'to git it into my head that when I come back the' won't be no little feller to jump up an' round my neck when I come into the house; but, long or short, I'll come back some time, an' meanwhile, as fur 's things between you an' me air, they're to go on jes' the same, an' more'n that, do you think you'll remember him some?' I says."

"As long as I live," she says, "jes' like my own."

"Wa'al," I says, "long 's you remember him, he'll be, in a way, livin' to ye, an' as long 's that I allow to pay fer his keep an' tendin' jes' the same as I have an' I says, 'If you don't let me you ain't no friend o' mine, an' you ben a good one.' Wa'al, she squirmed some, but I wouldn't let her say 'No.' I've 'ranged it all with my pardner an' other ways, I says, 'an' more'n that, if you git into any kind of a scrape an' I don't happen to be got at, you go to him an' git what you want."

"I hope she lived and prospered," said John fervently.

"She lived twenty year," said David, "an' I wish she was livin' now. I never drewed a check on her account without feelin' 't I was doin' somethin' for my little boy."

"The's a good many different sorts an' kinds o' sorrows," he said after a moment, "that's in some ways kind o' kin to each other, but I guess losin' a child 's a specie by itself. Of course I passed the achin', smartin' point years ago, but it's somethin' you can't ferget—that is, you can't help

feelin' about it, because it ain't only what the child was to you, but what you keep thinkin' he'd 'a' ben growin' more an' more to be to you. When I lost my little boy I didn't only lose him as he was, but I ben losin' him over an' agin all these years. What he'd 'a' ben when he was so old; an' what when he'd got to be a big boy; an' what he'd 'a' ben when he went mebbe to college; an' what he'd 'a' ben afterward, an' up to now. Of course the times when a man stuffs his face down into the pillers nights passes, after a while; but while the's some sorrows that the happenin' o' things helps ye to ferget, I guess the's some that the happenin' o' things keeps ye rememberin', an' losin' a child 's one on 'em."

## CHAPTER XLI.

It was the latter part of John's fifth winter in Homeville. The business of the office had largely increased. The new manufactory which had ben established did their banking with Mr. Harum, and the older concerns, including nearly all the merchants in the village, had transferred their accounts from Syracuse banks to David's. The callow Hopkins had fledged and developed into a competent all-round man, able to do anything in the office, and there was a new "skeezicks" discharging Peleg's former functions. Considerable impetus had been given to the business of the town by the new road whose rails had been laid the previous summer. There had been a strong and acrimonious controversy over the route which the road should take into and through the village. There was the party of the "nabobs" (as they were characterized by Mr. Harum) and their following, and the party of the "village people," and the former had carried their point; but now the road was an accomplished fact, and most of the bitterness which had ben engendered had died away. Yet the struggle was still matter for talk.

"Did I ever tell you," said David, as he and his cashier were sitting in the rear room of the bank, "how Lawyer Staples come to switch round in that there railroad jangle last spring?"

"I remember," said John, "that you told me he had deserted his party, and you laughed a little at the time, but you did not tell me how it came about."

"I kind o' thought I told ye," said David.

"No," said John, "I am quite sure you did not."

"Wa'al," said Mr. Harum, "the' was, as you know, the Tenaker-Rogers crowd wantin' one thing, an' the Purse-Babbit lot wantin' to have the other, an' run the road under the other feller's noses. Staples was workin' tooth an' nail fer the Purse crowd, an' bein' a good deal of a politician, he was helpin' 'em a good deal. In fact, he was about their best card. I wa'n't a takin' much hand in the matter either way, though my feelin's was with the Tenaker party. I knowed 't would come to a point where some money 'd prob'ly have to be used, an' I made up my mind I wouldn't do much drivin' myself unless I had to, an' not then till the last quarter of the heat. Wa'al, it got to lookin' like a putty even thing. Wa'al little show I had made was if anythin' on the Purse side. One day Tenaker come in to see me an' wanted to know flat-footed which side the fence I was on. 'Wa'al,' I says, 'I've ben settin' up fer shapes to be kind o' on the fence, but I don't mind sayin', betwixt you an' me, that the bulk o' my heft is a-sagin' your way; but I hain't took no active part, an' Purse an' them thinks I'm goin' to be on their side when it comes to a pinch.'

"Wa'al," he says, "it's goin' to be a putty close thing, an' we're goin' to need all the help we c'n git."

"Wa'al," I says, "I guess that's so, but fer the present I reckon I c'n do ye more good by keepin' in the shade. Are ye folks prepared to spend a little money?" I says.

"Yes," he says, "if it comes to that."

"Wa'al," I says, "it putty most gen'ally does come to that, don't it? Now, the's one feller that's doin' ye more harm than some others."

"You mean Staples?" he says.

"Yes," I says, "I mean Staples. He don't really care a hill o' white beans which way the road comes in, but he thinks he's on the poplar side."

"Now," I says, "I don't know as it'll be necessary to use money with him, an' I don't say 't you could, anyway, but mebbe his yawp c'n be stopped. I'll have a quiet word with him," I says, "an' see you agin'."

"So," continued Mr. Harum, "the next night the' was quite a lot of 'em in the bar of the new hotel, an' Staples was haranguin' away the best he knowed how, an' bime-by I nodded him off to one side, an' we went across the hall into the sittin'-room."

"I see you feel putty strong 'bout this business," I says.

"Yes, sir, it's a matter of principle with me," he says, "kicks'n his fist down onto the table."

"How does the outcome on't look to ye?" I says.

"Goin' to be a putty close race, ain't it?" "Wa'al," he says, "tween you an' me, I reckon it is."

"That's the way it looks to me," I says, "an' more'n that, the other fellers are ready to spend some money at a pinch."

"They be, he says?" he says.

"Yes, sir," I says, "an' we've got to meet 'em half-way. Now, I says, takin' a paper out o' my pocket, 'what I wanted to say to you is this: You ben rather more prominent in this matter than 'most anybody—far 's talkin' goes—but I'm considerably intr'ested. The's got to be some money raised, an' ye be up to a couple o' hundred, an' I'll take the paper round to the rest; but, I says, 'unfoidin' it, I think you'd ought to head the list, an' I'll come next.' Wa'al," said David, with a chuckle and a shake of the head, "you'd ought to have seen his jaw go down. He wriggled round in his chair, an' looked ten different ways fer Sunday."

"What do you say?" I says, lookin' square at him, "if you make it a couple o' hundred?"

"Wa'al," he says, "I guess I couldn't go 's fur 's that, an' I wouldn't like to head the list anyway."

"All right," I says, "I'll head it. Will you say one-fifty?"

"No," he says, "pollin' his whiskers, 'I guess not.'"

"A hundred?" I says, an' he shook his head.

"Fifty," I says, an' I'll go a hundred, an' at that he got out his hank'chief an' blowed his nose, an' took his time to it. 'Wa'al,' I says, 'what do ye say?'

"Wa'al," he says, "I ain't quite prepared to give ye 'n answer tonight. Fact on't is," he says, "it don't make a cent's wuth o' difference to me personally which way the dum'd road comes in, an' I don't jes' this minute see why I should spend any money in it."

"There's the principle o' the thing," I says.

"Yes," he says, gettin' out of his chair, "of course, there's the principle of the thing, an'—wa'al, I'll think it over an' see you agin,' e says, lookin' at his watch. 'I got to go now.'"

"Wa'al, the next night," proceeded Mr. Harum, "I went down to the hotel agin, an' the' was about the same crowd, but no Staples. The' wa'n't much goin' on, an' Purse, in per-tic'lar, was lookin' putty down in the mouth. 'Where's Staples?' I says."

"Wa'al," says Purse, "he said mebbe he'd come tonight, an' mebbe he couldn't. Said it wouldn't make much difference; an' anyhow he was goin' out o' town up to Syracuse fer a few days."

"I don't know what's come over the feller," says Purse. "I told him the time was gittin' short, an' we'd have to git in our best ticks, an' he said he guessed he'd done about all 't he could, an' in fact," says Purse, "he seemed to 'a' lost interest in the hull thing."

"What did you say?" John asked.

"Wa'al," said David, with a grin, "Purse went on to allow 't he guessed somebody's pocketbook had ben talkin', but I didn't say much of anythin', an' putty soon come away. Two three days

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was quite aware that a word, or even a look from her, could make him speak. He had begged her for years, through his sister, to pay the family a visit, and Polly had always taken his part bravely. At last Marcia seemed about to yield. "One thing is certain, though," she said firmly. "I'll not deceive any man."

Polly made a face but let it go at that, and set about clenching matters at once so that Marcia could not back out.

"We'd better both go at the same time—," she began; and then her face fell. "No, that won't do. One of us'll have to take the clothes and go and then come back so that the other one can have them."

"Oh, Polly," groaned Marcia, "You're so careless with your things. I know you'll ruin that new silk dress Aunt Louise sent me. You know you climbed a barbed wire fence in my lavender muslin last summer."

"That's so," admitted Polly, thoughtfully. Then her face brightened. "But just think, Mart. Aunt Flint will be awfully strict with me, so I won't have a chance to tear things up. Besides, I'll be careful, honest I will. I'd let you go first, but Aunt Flint set the date on me, so I can't. Never you mind, though! When I'm Mrs. Hugh Atchison Flint, you'll never want for a pretty dress as long as you live!" She rumbled Marcia's hair with an ingeniously misplaced hug; then fell to practicing furiously upon a sonata she was to take to the Professor the next day and had not looked at for a week.

Everything was finally arranged. Marcia wrote to Herr Toeffer's sister that she would come to her for the first two weeks in October. Gmunden was directly on Polly's route home from Ischl, so Polly was to check her trunk only so far as that station where Marcia could get it immediately upon her arrival—thus saving the extra expense of taking it on to Vienna and back, for luggage comes high on the continent. Besides, they had found a young English girl—engaged in translation work for the Neue Freie Presse—who gladly consented to share the room with Marcia the first month and with Polly the last two weeks—thus making expenses lighter all around.

Polly bought a third-class ticket to the station before Ischl, intending to fly into the ticket office during the short wait there and purchase a second, or even first-class ticket—her spirit of adventure ran high—for the last fraction of her journey; thus arriving in state when Herr Atchison Flint, as she glowingly prophesied, came to meet her.

When the first of September came she bade Marcia a rather shabby good-by, promising to let her know what the great Hugh Atchison was like—she had never seen her aunt-in-law's son by the second marriage—and to keep her generally informed as to the progress of the enterprise. "I hope he'll be nice—though that doesn't affect things," she said. Then, with a whispered, "Don't despise me utterly, Mart," she was through the gates and off.

Letters came frequently, but strangely enough, aside from casual mention of the fact that Mr. Flint was a slim, tired-eyed man who reminded her of Jack Haverford because he was so entirely different—his limp hand shakes making her feel Jack's hearty ones by some psychic reflex action—the glided hero in Polly's plot, caused her little waste of ink and paper.

Marcia was unusually busy, making up in advance some of the lessons to be missed during her absence, and writing one or two successful newspaper articles; so the month passed very quickly. Herr Toeffer had been in England for several weeks, but the enthusiastic letter from his sister, rejoicing over Marcia's intended visit, stated—as the girls had known it would state—that Siegfried happened to be planning a visit home early in October. This sister was old fashioned and in spite of Marcia's poverty, desired earnestly the happiness of her favorite brother. Marcia read the letter with a heart divided between vague fear, a sort of desperate courage, and a wholly unaccountable something which might almost have passed for mysterious elation.

Nevertheless, fear predominated wholly on that October morning when she went to meet "the family clothes," as Polly called them, at the Gmunden station; she vowed in her heart that when the two weeks were over and she and Polly met again in Vienna, that young lady should have a large score to settle for the mischief she had stirred up.

Two weeks later, a strangely sober-faced Polly, having recklessly bought a *peron karte* which admitted her to the station platform, walked impatiently up and down awaiting the train from Gmunden. At last it came puffing around the curves; when it came to a standstill, a very smiling Marcia rushed down the steps into her arms. Questions flew between them as if they had been separated for a year; but not until they were in their own little room with the door closed behind them, did the question uppermost in both minds receive attention. Then Polly pushed Marcia down into a chair and stood over her fiercely. "Say you didn't do it, Mart! Oh, tell me you didn't do it! If you have, I'll never forgive myself as long as I live!"

"Do what? I—"

"Oh, Mart, it's an awful thing to marry for money! Get out of it somehow! Tell him I hypnotized you! Do anything on earth, only not that. I never knew before how horrible a thing it is, how dishonorable, how downright infamous."

"For goodness sake! Polly," cried Marcia, drawing the excited girl down into her lap, "what on earth has happened?"

Polly buried her head on her friend's shoulder, and gave a damp narrative of the month at Ischl.

"Oh, I was perfectly awful, Mart. I flirted right under old Aunt Flint's nose, and if Mr. Hugh had let her, she would have sent me back before the month was up. I think he had never seen a girl before and he was so easy I felt like a kidnapper. At the end of the third week he asked me and I said, 'yes,' and he wanted to tell his mother and I said, 'no'; but he did tell her and she made a scene, and he was so splendid I felt meaner than ever. And then—and then, Mart, Jack turned up at Ischl, all of a sudden from the Lord knows where—he'd been doing correspondence work for his newspaper in Russia—and somehow we made it all up; and—Mart—" Polly looked up smiling gloriously through her tears, and then hid her face again on Marcia's shoulder, "he—I—oh, Mart, I'm not going to marry Mr. Flint at all!"

Marcia said nothing and Polly looked up again to find her smiling away into space. Polly got up abruptly and sat down in a chair. "I—I thought you'd be surprised," she said in an injured tone.

Marcia was all attention at once. "Jack Haverford, Polly? Oh, darling, I'm so glad! He certainly used to be just splendid. But, forgive me dear, is he—I mean has he—that is—"

"No," burst forth from Polly. "He hasn't a cent to his name, thank the Lord!"

The quiet Marcia lay back in her chair and laughed and laughed until she cried. "Oh, Polly!" she choked. "Oh, Polly!"

Polly's curiosity reassured itself. "But Herr Toeffer?" she demanded.

Marcia's eyes softened and she studied her finger-tips intently.

"He wouldn't do. Pollychen. I found he wouldn't do at all. The money isn't his yet, I learned; it's his grandfather's. Of course everybody thought it would come to him, but it seems the old man had some tragedy in his life over an Italian woman and the will stipulates that Siegfried—I mean Herr Toeffer—is to have control of the interest only until he is married when, if he marries a foreigner, the principal reverts to some charitable institution. So you see he wouldn't do at all Polly."

"No-o-o," said Polly thoughtfully. "I suppose not—since you don't love him."

Marcia rose and began taking off her hat and coat which she had quite forgotten. Then she turned to Polly with shining eyes.

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"All the same, I'm going to marry him!" she said.  
Polly's embrace almost lifted her off her feet, and she waltzed her around the room until both were dizzy. Then she fell over on the divan.  
"Money?" she gasped, "Money! Lord—what a funny world!"

### Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

#### The Pretty Mohea

As I went out walking  
For pleasure, one day,  
In sweet recreation  
To while time away;  
As I sat amusing  
Myself on the grass,  
Oh, who should I spy  
But a fair Indian lass!

She sat down beside me,  
And, taking my hand,  
Said: "You are a stranger  
And in a strange land;  
But if you will follow,  
You're welcome to come  
And dwell in the cottage.  
That I call my home."

The sun was fast sinking  
Far o'er the blue sea,  
When I wandered alone  
With my pretty Mohea.  
Together we wandered,  
Together did rove,  
Till we came to the cot  
In the cocoanut-grove.

Then this kind expression  
She made unto me;  
"If you will consent, sir,  
To stay here with me  
And go no more roving  
Upon the salt sea,  
I'll teach you the language  
Of the lass of Mohea!"

"Oh, no! my dear maiden,  
That never could be;  
For I have a true love  
In my own country.  
And I'll not forsake her;  
For I know she loves me,  
And her heart is as true  
As the pretty Mohea."

'Twas early one morning,  
A morning in May,  
That to this fair maiden  
These words I did say:  
"I'm going to leave you,  
So farewell, my dear;  
My ship's sails are spreading,  
And home I must steer."

The last time I saw her,  
She stood on the strand;  
And as my boat passed her  
She waved me her hand,  
Saying: "When you have landed  
With the girl that you love,  
Think of little Mohea  
In the cocoanut-grove."

And then when I landed  
On my own native shore,  
With friends and relations  
Around me once more,  
I gazed all about me,  
Not one could I see  
That was fit to compare  
With the pretty Mohea.

And the girl that I trusted  
Proved untrue to me;  
So I'll turn my course backward,  
Far o'er the deep sea,  
I'll turn my course backward,  
From this land I'll flee;  
I'll go spend my days  
With my pretty Mohea.

Repeat last lines of each verse for refrain.

#### The Sheriff's Sale

Sent in by Mrs. Alice V. Sherwood, Mervillan, Wis.

There's an old rustic cot that stands in a square,  
For ninety odd years has that old cot stood there,  
Surrounded by trees and fence that is worn,  
'Twas the home of my forefathers; there I was born.  
But misfortune came o'er us, 'tis hard to tell,  
The sheriff came in, our old home to sell!  
It was then I did weep and my mother did moan,  
As I begged them in vain, would they please spare the home!

CHORUS.

Please spare the old home, please spare it I pray,  
Don't turn out my mother, she's feeble and gray,  
And my dear, loving sister, so sickly and pale;  
Auctioneer, auctioneer, won't you please stop the sale?

You seldom would find a happier lot  
Than our little family that dwelt in the cot,  
With father and mother, sister, brother and I,  
Till sickness came o'er us and father did die!  
Then our brother left home to find something to do,  
But where he had gone, no one ever knew,  
So I tolled early and late to keep down the debts  
And I fancy I hear myself pleading them yet.

CHORUS.

Please spare the old home, please spare it I pray,  
Don't turn out my mother, she's feeble and gray,  
And my dear, loving sister, so sickly and pale;  
Auctioneer, auctioneer, won't you please stop the sale?

In vain did I plead, but without avail,  
The auctioneer continued to cry out the sale;  
The very next bidder was a man quite unknown  
Till he laid down his money and purchased our home.  
Then mother and sister with heart sad and sore  
Prepared to depart from our old cottage door,  
When the stranger spoke up saying, "Your sorrow done  
I return you your home, I'm your long lost son!"

CHORUS.

What love and rejoicing was there on that day,  
When brother embraced my dear mother so gray,  
With a welcome for me and my sister so pale,  
And that put an end to that dread sheriff's sale.

## THE ADVENTURES

By Eleanor Hunt

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"TO come to the conclusion of the whole matter," said Polly Brown, rising with a flourish and brandishing a pewter teaspoon above her head, "we've got to get married!"

Marcia Delvaux, setting down her lidless stein half full of cold tea, looked up with a rather bitter smile: "I do wish I could take things like you do, Polly."

"Now don't get the blues, Mart. Take things? My, but I've taking ways! Whatever the Lord sends along that rightfully wears breeches I'll take fast enough: provided, of course, that the breeches have pockets—deep pockets, full pockets, bulging pockets, pockets that overflow with gold, pockets that—"

"Polly Brown, would you honestly give up your music and marry for money?"

"Would I? You just watch me! I've been wedded to my art; well—the same old story—divorce on account of failure to support! Yes, I know it's an old joke—if you call it a joke. Oh, thou vile deceiver!" She shook her fist violently at the grand piano that occupied half of their little room.

"Polly, do be serious," broke in Marcia. "We've got to face this thing, so we might as well do it now and be done with it."

"Serious?" Polly opened her black eyes wide and turned her red head on one side. "I never was more serious in my life. It's come to a question of ways and means: well, I propose to contrive the ways, and marry the means. Nothing could be simpler."

"And the man?" suggested Marcia.

"Is merely a matter of detail. Besides, look at this, if you don't believe in a Divine Providence. It came while you were giving Herr Fischl his lesson, so I've saved it for the psychological moment. It contains possibilities."

Marcia took the letter held out for her perusal. It was addressed in a stiff uncompromising hand and read as follows:

Ischl, Austria, Aug. 29, 19—

My dear Miss Brown:  
I am spending the fall months at this place with my son, who is compiling for publication his recent scientific investigations, and can therefore afford very little companionship to his mother. Knowing the chronic pecuniary embarrassment of my dear husband's improvident brother, I take the liberty of offering his daughter a position as companion for the month of September with a compensation of one hundred crowns and board, railroad fare included. I trust you will see this in a practical light and wire your acceptance at once. Yours, etc.,  
Harriet Perkins Flint.

"Why, Polly?" Marcia burst out indignantly. "Nice and aunts, isn't it?" laughed Polly.

"It's insulting. Of course, you won't answer."

"Now, Marcia, if there's one thing I do believe in, it's being broad-minded. Aunt Flint—I'm glad she got another after Uncle Brown died; he never had a cent, poor chap!—well, she may be stingy and as cold-blooded as a fish, but she has one virtue I'll never forget: she's her son's mother! Don't look so innocent, madam. Hugh Atchison Flint is worth millions in his own right. Polly paused a moment to note the effect; then, "I wired my acceptance this afternoon," she went on.

"Oh, Polly, how could you?"

Polly turned away and, flinging herself upon the piano stool, dashed off into some brilliant runs and arpeggios which ended in a hideous bang—for Miss Mary Augusta Brown had slapped the keyboard with all her might.

"I could because I had to," she said, fiercely. "I've got to live. You know father can't pay for

me here any longer, and Professor said I must have another year before I could certificate and—and I just won't go back to America! I've got to marry!" She laughed dizzily, for the tears were very near.

Marcia's own eyes were wet as she laid her hand on the younger girl's shoulder. "It will surely work itself out somehow, Pollychen. Anyway, we'd better clear up the supper things now, for I've got to have the table set to write on."

The dishes were few and the girls washed them up quickly in a tin pan kept for the purpose. Afterwards they put them away in the quaint two-storied Austrian stove which, for economy's sake, never knew heat but served them winter and summer in the capacity of cupboard. Then Polly sat down at the piano for an hour of Beethoven, while Marcia pushed the table over by the piano that the one tiny lamp might do for both, got out her writing materials and went to work.

At first she used red ink, slashing here and there across the page, now inserting a word, now marking one out, working grimly as one whose heart is not in her task. When she had gone through some thirty pages after this fashion she laid them aside with a sigh of relief. The English exercises for the next day were corrected at last. Then she changed her pen-point and pulled the black ink toward her. Chewing her penholder thoughtfully, she fingered lovingly a little pile of crazy quilt papers which to another would have been quite unintelligible. The margins were dotted with fragmentary outlines; sometimes three words were written in the place of one—choice to be made later; and here and there whole paragraphs were set in, like gussets in a made-over garment. It was a motley conglomeration, but Marcia loved it.

For an hour neither of the girls spoke. Then Polly—who had been worried in battle with a refractory passage of the C minor Concerto—declared it unchristian to disturb the neighbors any longer; averring further that, since she had begun sacrificing her wishes, she might as well carry it to a finish by going to bed.

Marcia looked up with an absent smile, dipping her pen into the lamp chimney instead of the ink bottle. She returned to earth with a laugh, put up her beloved manuscript and assisted Polly with the making down of the beds. A short process, this. It consisted merely in removing one sheet, a pillow, and a queer little Austrian feather-bed quilt, from Marcia's bed where they had been decently harbored all day under her counterpane, and distributing them into some semblance of order upon the divan.

The two workers were more tired than they had realized, so the light was soon out, and the budding musician, and embryo author (nee teacher of English) folded up their cares like garments against the coming of another day.

The next week was a busy one for the two girls. Polly was to leave at the end of it and as her wardrobe was in no condition suitable for inspection by Aunt Flint, mendings were many and various. At first Marcia refused to connive at Polly's schemes. Finally, however, Polly's marvellous powers of persuasion coupled with the return, in one day, of three hopeful manuscripts, rendered her more tractable. She even declared that she might go so far as to pay a long-promised visit to the sister of a certain Herr Toeffer, at her country home near Gmunden. Polly was overjoyed. Herr Toeffer was one of the wealthiest men in Vienna. He had studied English with Marcia for three years, and insisted upon continuing lessons after his grammar and accent was practically perfect. "For practice," he always said; and though Marcia seemed innocent herself, she knew, none the less, what language received the big Austrian's best practice. She had a way with her which, in spite of innocent big blue eyes and golden hair and an air of all-pervading gentleness, kept Herr Toeffer's lips—if not his eyes—silent; but she



## HAND AND EYE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

pointed out to him, and, truth to tell, he would have given something if his own rifle had been loaded. A moment later, and he would have given more, for a sharp "click" of steel on steel was followed by Brook Lewis's voice in something very like an oath, and the meaning word, "Empty!"

Brook had better have kept his own piece, for this one was of no use, and, what was worse, the situation seemed to be fully comprehended by the two painted braves who were now closing in upon them, knife and tomahawk in hand. Beyond a doubt the redskins had seen them discharge their weapons, and counted on a brace of easily won scalps of the very first class. Those were not the days of breech-loaders, and Joe Hopper's tightly fitting bullet was only half way "home" when he was compelled to drop both rammer and gun. Not that he laid either quietly down, however, for the heavy iron was dashed with terrible force "amidships" of the little Osage who was bounding on his apparently unarmed prey. There was no joke in a check like that, for anyone, followed as it was by the bare-handed rush of a man like Joe Hopper.

The game was up the moment the white man's fingers closed on the tomahawk-handle, for their toll-hardened muscles wrenched it from its owner as if he had surrendered it willingly, and, before the knife could be pried, there was a dull thud of a cleaving skull, and Joe was at liberty to finish loading his rifle. Even as he picked it up, however, he was almost fascinated by the exceeding interest of the struggle going forward; so near him, between Brook Lewis and his especial antagonist.

Unlike his big-boned rival, Brook was provided with the long, keen-edged hunting-knife which men like him rarely left at home in those days, and well had it been for the savage if he had tried an arrow or two before he made so sure of his bright-eyed victim.

"He'd never think me to interfere," muttered Joe, as he vainly tried to follow the lightning flashes of thrust and cut and parry.

It was evident that the red warrior was "no slouch" in the use of his weapons, albeit he had very likely met his match in both skill and agility, but just then the moccasined foot slipped upon the treacherous snow-covered leaves, and before he could recover himself a red line across his wrist was followed by another between his painted ribs, and Brook Lewis shouted, "Hand and eye both!" as he sprang again to cover, while a dozen bullets came hissing by him from among the trees beyond.

These latter, however, were answered by the sharp voices of a score of rifles from various directions, and the deep voice of old Dan McKay vociferated:

"Fall back, boys! Git together agin to the north'ard. They ain't agoin' to foller right away!"

It soon became evident that the failure of their attempt to ambush the turkey-shooters, thanks to Brook Lewis's searching vision, had temporarily disconcerted the Osages, although as yet they had given the white men no opportunity of ascertaining what might be their force.

The latter indeed were permitted to make an un molested retreat right across the "open," although when they got there they were more than a little puzzled as to what they should do next. Some wanted to scatter for home at once, to take care of their own, but old Dan quietly remarked:

"That might do if that was any knowin' who'd git home and who wouldn't. Tell ye what boys, this 'ere thing's come in onto us powerful sudden, and we've got to do some right smart fightin' afore we try to go anywhar. My house is about the most out-lyin' one, and I ain't struck for that, not yet. What's Brook Lewis? I'd like to know what he's got to say."

To the astonishment of everyone, there was no reply, and a brief search revealed the fact that, dead or alive, Brook Lewis had disappeared, none knew whither.

## CHAPTER II.

Old Dan McKay had built his comfortable homestead where not only the trees gave it shelter in summer heats, but where a limestone ridge of very moderate height, a mere "out-crop," afforded it additional protection from the sweeping northerly winds of winter.

He had often thought to himself, and "worrled" over it as much as his hard old head could worry over anything, that what was a cover to him in one way might be used in quite another by the sneaking tactics of his possible assailants. None of them had as yet got quite near enough to make use of it, however, and certainly his wife and daughters that day had no fear or expectation of any such thing.

There was a good spring in the cattle-yard, where, some three hours after his father's departure, Bob McKay was busy with the stock; but the "well," as they called it, was quite a different affair, hardly fifty yards from the house, a deep hollow at the very foot of the ledge, fed from a ragged and narrow chasm in the rock itself. Deliciously cool in the hottest days of July, McKay's well was rarely if ever frozen up, even in the bitterest of Nebraska winters, and was prized accordingly. The total height of the ledge at that point was little over thirty feet, but it gave an air of the picturesque to their otherwise homely surroundings, which Belle and Sallie McKay could appreciate, if their grim old sire could not.

Here they were, now, at any rate, each with her ample "bucket," for neither of them could have comprehended such a thing as being above housework or helping their busy mother. Mayhap the now ice-bordered basin in the rock could have told tales on one or both of them, if it had a tongue, but it did not speak, and least of all did it tell them of the strange things which had been going on among the woods over the ledge during the previous half hour.

Strange things, indeed, for three tall forms, crowned with hideously crested heads, and painted marvelously, down to their very waists, wearing only light blankets, easy to be thrown aside, in spite of the wintry weather, had been slipping deftly from bush to bush and from tree to tree, constantly glancing around them and watching in all directions against discovery, although the silent woods appeared to have no other human tenant but themselves. At about an eighth of a mile from the ledge over the McKay homestead, these mysterious three had seemed to crawl into and disappear in a tangled thicket of vines and brush, at a place where two or three forest trees had fallen close together, long ago, among great rocks that stood out gray and mossy from the thin quilt of the snow.

And now, as if to add still more to the mystery of it all, at some little distance appeared the form of no other than Brook Lewis himself, darting rapidly from tree to tree, with a skill at self-concealment fully equal to that of the three redskins whom he was evidently trailing.

"Just as I reckoned," muttered the young hunter to himself. "Wherever the rest have gone to, I didn't miss it about these fellows. What's more, they know all about that old limestone ledge. I don't reckon that's another man in the settlement would have understood that trap. 'Pears like an awful sure thing on the folks at McKay's."

And then, his dark, flashing eyes seeming to read the secrets of the dense thicket before him, through and through, Brook fearlessly followed the trail of the sneaking three.

It would seem as if these latter had hardly paused, for their in-toed footmarks led as straight as the nature of the place would let them to a spot where, throwing aside a few bits of bark and rotten logs, they had uncovered a dark opening in the rocky earth, large enough to ad-

mit the body of a man, but that led, who shall tell whither?

Brook Lewis seemed to know, for he stopped a moment and seemed to be even puzzled. "Wonder if I hadn't better choke this end up with rocks, and go for them down below?" he said to himself. "But then I might not be able to get at the other end, anyhow, and I may want to use this trap myself. Here goes. Hullo! are they coming back?"

As he put his ear to the earth by the side of the opening, Brook was satisfied that one at least of the red warriors intended to take another look at the daylight he had left, and the young hunter reached like a panther ready to spring, but in his hand was the tomahawk he had so gallantly won an hour before. It was but a moment, and a brief one, and then a crested head was cautiously lifted and a pair of painted shoulders followed it.

"Crunch"—the dull, horrible sound of yielding bone, but not even a death-yell followed, for strong hands were on mouth and windpipe; and then the lifeless carcass was dragged out and cast heavily among the bushes.

Again Brook leaned and listened, but whatever his errand, that luckless Osage had returned alone, and the coast was apparently clear.

It seemed a perilous thing to do, but the agile form of the young hunter glided noiselessly through the aperture, and the next moment he was feeling his way through a dark, ragged, irregular and winding passage which somehow seemed well known to him.

Not too rapidly, for while at times he could stand erect, he was oftener compelled to stoop, and every footstep had to be felt for in advance. Pretty soon, too, he could hear the guttural voices of the two red men, for they dreamed of no listeners there, and he exerted the utmost care to avoid returning the slightest sound to their quick ears. Apart from his present employment, the chasm was a very common place sort of an affair, such as every farm-boy in such a region is familiar with; but Brook Lewis wondered how long it might be since Indian feet had trodden it. At all events, it clearly offered a safer and surer method of creeping in upon the McKays than any amount of tree-dodging and creeping.

The very thought of what might have been, but which he was now trying to prevent, made Brook's eyes sparkle like those of a wild animal in that dense gloom. There was a good current of air through, and here and there the chasm widened into something like a miniature cave, across whose broken floor the water of hidden springs trickled slowly away. No wonder that which reached McKay's well should be perennially cool, if its supplies came from sources like these. And now, at last, a sort of dim gray light began to make itself apparent, and Brook was conscious that only a few yards separated him from his enemies, or them from the mouth of the chasm.

Closer and closer yet, but still the gloom was quite sufficient for concealment; and now, with a shudder of dread and horror first, and then with a strangely different feeling, Brook listened to the sound of soft voices in the outer air.

"The girls are at the well! No doubt the red devils counted on that!" No doubt the red devils counted on that! No doubt the red devils counted on that! No doubt the red devils counted on that! No doubt the red devils counted on that!

But the girls were saying curious things just then, and Brook Lewis could but hear them.

"I wish Joe would hurry home with his turkeys," said Sallie.

"How do you know he'll get any?" archly responded Belle. "He may be beaten."

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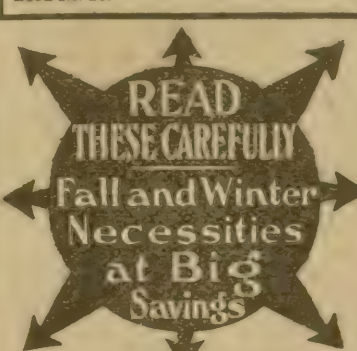
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an easy butchery at the McKay homestead, while its defenders were absent at the turkey-shoot.

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## Home Dressmaking Hints

### What Is Being Worn

By Geneva Gladding

Of course the little folks in the family always need new clothes, but there is never a time when they require as serious thought as at the beginning of the school year. They must be practical and comfortable, serving for both study and play, and in view of this coming winter special attention has been given to school dresses in this number.

You cannot come amiss in selecting either of the following numbers: 3921, 4061, 3917, 4072, 4025 and 3771. Where simple little dresses for the very little girl are desired, Nos. 3784 and 3865 are pretty and becoming to their childish faces and figures.

There is little change in the materials used in these dresses. While the weather is sufficiently warm, gingham or madras, cotton poplin and linen are most used, and for the cooler days galatea and the woolen cloths will take their place, except in cases where the extra warmth is made up in the underwear, then the cotton dresses are worn all winter.

Bloomers made from the heavy black mercerized lining materials are worn with both cotton and wool dresses. These sensible garments now form a part of every child's wardrobe and are a great saver of time, labor and expense.

Right here let me say a word in favor of COMFORT's Danish Poplar Cloth. It comes in a variety of soft, pretty shades, and for those who dress their little girls in white the white Danish Poplar Cloth will be found most acceptable as it has the warmth and effect of wool and is washable.

I wish to call attention to the fancy work illustrated on this page and to say that in the October, November and December issues will also be found attractive designs for holiday gifts. The Book Carrier (11537) and the embroidery or shopping bag (11536), as well as the whisk-broom holder, No. 11536, have the conventional embroidery designs so much in vogue.

#### Description of COMFORT Patterns

No. 4049—Blue-and-white striped challis will be attractive for this design, a stylish feature of which is the front closing trimmed with blue satin buttons. These were also used on the short sleeves and piping outlined the square neck, which had sections of lace set in. A conventional design may be embroidered on the waist. No lining is used, the front, back and sleeves are cut in one piece, and the sleeves finished with up-turned cuffs. The four-piece skirt has a high waistline and is attached to the waist. Two and a half yards is the width of the skirt, which is in regulation length. Colored or striped linen, foulard and surah are adaptable. A pretty morning dress could be made of blue or watermelon-pink zephyr gingham trimmed with blue-and-white or pink-and-white striped bands cut with the stripes crossways. Cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure, medium size requiring five yards of 36-inch material. Price 15 cents.

No. 3854—White serge is a favorite material for early fall and appropriate for many purposes. It was used to illustrate this design and was trimmed with bias bands of black-and-white striped satin, or a braiding design in soutache would be handsome. The buttons covered with the black-and-white stripes, formed a row down each side of the front panel and added a smart touch. The pattern provides for a standing collar, as well as the collarless neck. A flounce lengthens each of the side sections as shown, though the dress may be made without them if desired. A dainty guimpe with lace undersleeves and collar may be worn under the dress. The closing is at the left of the center-front. Two and three quarters yards is the width of the skirt. A smart street dress by this design could be made of dark blue foulard, cashmere or serge. It may be brightened with touches of emerald-green, red, purple or bright blue, and a flat collar of Irish lace adds much to any costume. Cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Size 36, with flounce, requires six yards of 36-inch material. Price 15 cents. Braiding design No. 11451 requires six yards of braid. Price, 20 cents.

No. 3793—This design is adaptable to any weight of material. For a gown that is not thin, neither is it thick, the pretty colored twilled goods are very serviceable. In this development the yoke and collar are of net with insertion and the Irish lace sailor collar and cuffs are separate, though any lace may be employed and sewed permanently in place. The black satin bow lent a smart note to the costume. The dress is unlined and the sleeves are combined with the body. There are six gores in the skirt and the closing is at the left of the center front.

Three yards is the width of the skirt at the lower edge. Cut in sizes 32 to 40 inches bust measure, size 36 requires seven and one half yards of 27-inch goods with three quarters of a yard of tucked net 18 inches wide for yoke and standing collar. Price 15 cents.

Nos. 3998-3670—Lavender voile was chosen for this smart little frock. Black satin for the grille furnished the note of contrast and a dainty guimpe made of white French lace supplied the undersleeves, yoke and collar, and was visible beneath the fancy outline of the blouse. A wide plait passing over each shoulder covers the arm-

hole seams. The seven-gored skirt has a habit back and a deep hem under which is attached the straight, side-plaited flounce, which measures five yards at the lower edge. Waist and skirt may be joined by a belt, if desired. Price, 15 cents.

Waist No. 3998 is in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure, and the medium size requires one and three quarters yards of 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 3670 is in sizes 22 to 30 inches waist measure, size 26 requiring four and three quarters yards of 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

No. 4033—The sailor style is suggested in this attractive dress by the large square collar, the V neck and the shield. The dress closes in front, lapping to the left side. No waist lining is included. Blue mohair with a red collar would be very smart made by this design. Cut in sizes 14, 16 and 18 years, the 16-year size requiring four and three quarters yards of 36-inch material with three eighths yard of contrasting material for collar. Price, 15 cents.

No. 4085—This attractive dress was developed from bordered material, though bands of silk, insertion or braiding would make equally stylish trimming. Batiste with lace was employed for the V yoke and the undersleeves, and a black satin girdle and sash finished the waist. Front, back and sleeve-caps are in one, and a lining is included. The straight skirt is plaited at the

of center front under plait. Sizes 14, 16 and 18 years, size 16 requires four and seven eighths yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

No. 3895—Ladies' Jacket. Slightly fitted and having notched collar and two-seamed sleeves. Sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Price, 15 cents.

No. 3896—Ladies' Six-gored Skirt. Closing to the left of center-back. Width around lower edge about three and three quarter yards. Sizes 22 to 30 inches waist measure. Price, 15 cents.

No. 3771—Girls' Tucked One-Piece Dress. Having sleeves combined with body and perforated for cap-sleeves. Closing to the left of center front under tuck. Sizes six to 12 years, size eight requires two and one quarter yards 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

No. 4071—Boys' Rompers with long trousers or in Knickerbocker style, and having rolling collar or finished with a band. Sizes two to eight years, size four requires two and one quarter yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

No. 4005—Infants' Set, consisting of a tucked dress, slip, sacque and bootie. One size. Price, 15 cents.

No. 3784—Child's Bishop Dress, having front, back and sleeves in one piece. Perforated for low neck and short sleeves. Sizes one half, one, two and four years. Size two requires one and one half yards 48-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 3917—Child's Dress, high or Dutch neck,



top and attached to the waist. Embroidered flouncing would be very effective for this model, with a fold of black velvet set under the scallops on waist and skirt. Cut in sizes 14, 16 and 18 years, 16-year size requiring three and three quarters yards of 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

No. 4065—Ladies' House Dress without lining. Long sleeves perforated for three quarter length, and attached seven-gored skirt in regulation or shorter length. Sizes 32 to 44 inches bust measure, size 36 requires five and one half yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

No. 4079—Ladies' Costume having front, back and sleeve-cap in one piece, and an attached five-gored skirt lengthened by a circular flounce. Sizes 32 to 40 bust measure, size 36 requires three and one quarter yards 36-inch material and one and one half yard 44-inch plain material. Price, 15 cents.

No. 3721—Misses' Costume with lining having two-seamed sleeves in full or three quarter length, high or round neck, sleeve-caps combined with body, and skirt in six gores. Closing to the left

long or short sleeves, and attached straight side-plaited skirt. Sizes two to 10 years, size six requires three yards 27-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 3987—Child's Coat. Double-breasted and having two-seamed sleeves. Sizes four to 10 years, size eight requires two yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

No. 3921—Girls' Dress without lining. Long sleeves perforated for shorter length and attached straight side-plaited skirt. Sizes six to 12 years, size eight requires three and one half yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

No. 4025—Child's Dress without lining, having full-length one-piece sleeves, perforated for shorter length and attached straight box-plaited skirt. Sizes, two to 10 years, size six requires two and three quarters yards 40-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

No. 4072—Girls' Yoke Dress, having sleeve-caps combined with body and an attached straight side-plaited skirt. Size six to 12 years, size eight requires three yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

No. 4061—Girls' Dress, having front, back and sleeve-caps in one piece and to be slipped on over the head. May be worn over a guimpe. Sizes four to 12 years, size eight requires one and seven eighths yard 44-inch material. Price, 10 cents. Embroidery Design No. 11616 transfer pattern, price, 10 cents.

No. 4059—Child's Yoke Dress, perforated for Dutch neck and having long sleeves perforated for shorter length. Sizes one half, one, two and four years, size two requires one and three quarters yard 36-inch material. Embroidery design No. 11599, transfer pattern, price, 10 cents.

No. 11537—Book carrier of ecru linen to be developed in solid and outline embroidery in red floss. Perforated stamping pattern, including stamping preparation, 20 cents. Size 5 1/4 x 7 1/4 inches. Stamped on linen, with cotton for working, 35 cents.

No. 11536—Simple but effective bag which will be convenient for embroidery work or when shopping. It is nice to have these bags blend with the dress, although this is not absolutely necessary. As illustrated here, it was made of snuff-colored antique canvas and lined with brown sateen. The embroidery was done in two shades of brown. The design on this bag measures seven by seven and one quarter inches. Perforated stamping pattern, including stamping preparation, 20 cents.

No. 11530—Whisk-broom holder designed for eyelet and French embroidery. These are made of linen, usually either in white or ecru. The ecru holders have one advantage over white linen as they do not show the dust so readily. Perforated stamping pattern (five by six inches), including stamping preparation, 10 cents. Stamped on linen, with materials for working, 30 cents.

No. 3630—Child's One-piece Apron, sizes two to six years, size six requires three quarters yard 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents. Embroidery design No. 11492, transfer pattern, 10 cents.

No. 2—Shaving Pad, embroidered on linen, showing poppy design. Perforated stamping pattern, including stamping preparation and poncet, 15 cents.

#### Questions Answered

LINSEED OIL STAINS.—MISS NORA ELLRICK, you do not state whether your material is wool or cotton. If cotton, use cold water and white hard soap. If wool, let stand one hour in gasoline. Use gasoline out of doors and do not bring dress into house until thoroughly dry. Heat will remove the odor of gasoline if any remains in your dress. Iron or hang before oven door.

REMODELING SKIRT.—MRS. SHOEMAKER, as your wine-colored panama skirt is seven-gored and has plaits you can probably use any seven-gored pattern. It will be best to carefully rip and press your skirt, cut by a new pattern and lengthen at bottom with band of black broadcloth or velvetine, or in color to match. I think you would like a stitched belt of material same as band.

SHIRT-WAIST SET.—MISS DUNN, a pretty accessory for the silk or cotton waist is the dotted Swiss Dutch collar, cuffs and strip for center front, each edged with a plain net or fine muslin plaiting. The life of a waist that is shabby may be lengthened by removing the collar and binding neck, making the sleeves elbow length and hemming and using one of the pretty sets. Anyone who is clever with her needle can have several. Each different.

WAIST TRIMMING.—E. D. L., braided chiffon makes an extremely pretty finish for edge of yoke, top of collars, and edges of cuffs. It is also a pretty finish to a one-piece dress when waist and skirt are joined in place of a belt.

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## DAVID HARUM

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.)

## CHAPTER XLIII.

The next morning David called John into the rear room. "Busy?" he asked.

"No," said John. "Nothing that can't wait."

"Set down," said Mr. Harum, drawing a chair to the fire. He looked up with his characteristic grin. "Ever own a hog?" he said.

"No," said John, smiling.

"Ever feel like ownin' one?"

"I don't remember ever having any cravings in that direction."

"Like pork?" asked Mr. Harum.

"In moderation," was the reply. David produced from his pocketbook the dispatch received the day before and handed it to the young man at his side. "Read that," he said.

John looked at it and handed it back.

"It doesn't convey any idea to my mind," he said.

"What?" said David, "you don't know what 'Bangs Gallie' means? nor who 'Raisin' is?"

"You'll have to ask me an easier one," said John, smiling.

David sat for a moment in silence, and then, "How much money have you got?" he asked.

"Well," was the reply, "with what I had and what I have saved since I came I could get together about five thousand dollars, I think."

"Is it where you can put your hands on it?"

John took some slips of paper from his pocketbook and handed them to David.

"H'm, h'm," said the latter. "Wa'al, I owe ye quite a little bunch o' money, don't I? Forty-five hundred! Wa'al! Couldn't you 'a' done better 'n to keep this here at four per cent?"

"Well," said John, "perhaps so, and perhaps not. I preferred to do this at all events."

"Thought the old man was safe anyway, didn't ye?" said David in a tone which showed that he was highly pleased.

"Yes," said John.

"Is this all?" asked David.

"There is some interest on those certificates, and I have some balance in my account," was the reply; "and then, you know, I have some very valuable securities—a beautiful line of mining stocks, and that promising Pennsylvania property."

At the mention of the last-named asset David looked at him for an instant as if about to speak, but if so he changed his mind. He sat for a moment fingering the yellow paper which carried the message out.

"That's from an old friend of mine out to Chicago. He came from this part of the country, an' we was young fellows together thirty years ago. I've had a good many deals with him and through him, an' he never give me a wrong steer, fur 's I know. That is, I never done as he told me without comin' out all right, though he's give me a good many pointers I never did nothin' about. Tain't necessary to name no names, but 'Bangs Gallie' means 'buy pork,' an' as I've been watchin' the market for quite a spell myself, an' standard pork 's a good deal lower 'n it costs to pack it, I've made up my mind to buy a few thousand barrels for family use. It's a handy thing to have in the house," declared Mr. Harum. "An' I thought mebbe it wouldn't be a bad thing fer you to have a little. It looks cheap to me," he added, "an' mebbe hime-by what you don't eat you c'n sell."

"Well," said John, laughing, "you see me at table every day and know what my appetite is like. How much pork do you think I could take care of?"

"Wa'al, at the present price," said David, "I think about four thousand barrels would give ye enough to eat fer a spell, an' mebbe leave ye a few barrels to dispose of, if you should happen to strike a feller later on that wanted it wuss 'n you did."

John opened his eyes a little. "I should only have a margin of a dollar and a quarter," he said.

"Wa'al, I've got a notion that that'll carry ye," said David. "It may go lower 'n what it is now. I never bought anythin' yet that didn't drop some, an' I guess nobody but a fool ever did buy at the bottom more'n once; but I've had an idea for some time that it was about bottom, an' this here telegraph wouldn't 'a' ben sent if the feller that sent it didn't think so too, an' I've had some other correspondence with him." Mr. Harum paused and laughed a little.

"I was jest thinkin'," he continued, "of what the Irishman said about Stoddard. Never ben there, have ye? Wa'al, it's a place eight nine miles 'n here, an' the hills round are so steep that when you're goin' up you c'n look right back under the buggy by jes' leanin' over the edge of the dash. I was drivin' round there once, an' I met an Irishman with a big drove o' hogs."

"Hello, Pat!" I says, "where'd all them hogs come from?"

"Stoddard," he says.

"Wa'al, I says, 'I wouldn't 'a' thought the' was so many hogs in Stoddard.'"

"Oh, be gobs!" he says, "sure they're all hogs in Stoddard; an'," declared David, "the bears ben sellin' that pork up in Chicago as if the hull continent West was all hogs."

"It's very interesting," said John thoughtfully.

"Wa'al," said David, "I don't want to tempt ye exactly, an' I certain I don't want to urge ye. The ain't no sure things but death an' taxes, as the sayin' is, but buyin' pork at these prices is buyin' somethin' that's got value, an' you can't wipe it out. In other words, it's buyin' a warranted article at a price considerably lower 'n it c'n be produced for, an' though it may go lower, if a man c'n stick, it's bound to level up in the long run."

Our friend sat for some minutes apparently looking into the fire, but he was not conscious of seeing anything at all. Finally he rose, went over to Mr. Harum's desk, figured the interest on the certificates up to the first of January, indorsed them, and filling up a check for the balance of the amount in question, handed the check and certificate to David.

"Think you'll go to it, eh?" said the latter.

"Yes," said John; "but if I take the quantity you suggest I shall have nothing to remargin the trade in case the market goes below a certain point."

"I've thought of that," replied David, "an' was goin' to say to you that I'd carry the trade down as far as your money would go, in case more margins had to be called."

"Very well," said John. "And will you look after the whole matter for me?"

"All right," said David.

John thanked him and returned to the front room.

There were times in the months which followed when our friend had reason to wish that all swine had perished with those whom Shylock said "your prophet the Nazarene conjured the devil into;" and the news of the world in general was of secondary importance compared with the market reports. After the purchase pork dropped off a little, and hung about the lower figures for some time. Then it began to advance by degrees until the quotation was a dollar above the purchase price.

John's impulse was to sell, but David made no sign. The market held firm for a while, even going a little higher. Then it began to drop rather more rapidly than it had advanced, to about what the pork had cost, and for a long period fluctuated only a few cents one way or the other. This was followed by a steady decline to the extent of half a dollar, and as the reports came, it "looked like going lower," which it did. In fact, there came a day when it was so "low," and so much more "looked like going lower" than ever (as such things usually do when the "bottom" is pretty nearly reached), that our friend had not the courage to examine the market reports for the next two days, and simply tried to keep the subject out of his mind.

On the morning of the third day the Syracuse paper was brought in about ten o'clock, as usual, and laid on Mr. Harum's desk. John shivered a little, and for some time refrained from looking at it. At last, more by impulse than intention, he went into the back room and glanced at the first page where the paper in his hands.

One of the press dispatches was headed: "Great Excitement on Chicago Board of Trade: Pork Market Reported Cornered: Bears on the Run," and more of the same sort, which struck our friend as being the most profitable, instructive, and delightful literature that he had ever come across. David had been in Syracuse the two days previous, returning the evening before. Just then he came into the office, and John handed him the paper.

"Wa'al," he said, holding it off at arm's length, and then putting on his glasses, "them fellows that thought they was all hogs up West are havin' a change of heart, are they? I reckoned they would fore they got through with it. It's ben rather a long pull, though, eh?" he said, looking at John with a grin.

"Yes," said our friend, with a slight shrug of the shoulders.

"Things looked rather colicky the last two three days, eh?" suggested David. "Did you think the jig was up an' the monkey was in the box?"

"Rather," said John. "The fact is," he admitted, "I am ashamed to say that for a few days back I haven't looked at a quotation. I suppose you must have carried me to some extent. How much was it?"

"Wa'al," said David, "I kept the trade margin'd, of course, an' if we'd sold out at the bottom you'd have owed me somewhere along a thousand or fifteen hundred; but," he added, "it was only in the slump, an' didn't last long, an' anyway I cal'late to carry that pork to where it would 'a' ketch'd fire. I wa'n't worried none, an' you didn't let on to be, an' so I didn't say anythin'."

"What do you think about it now?" asked John.

"My opinion is now," replied Mr. Harum, "that it's goin' to putty near where it belongs, an' mebbe higher, an' them 's my advice. We can sell now at some profit, an' of course the bears 'll jump on agin as it goes up, an' the other fellows 'll take the profits 'm time to time. If I was where I could watch the market, I'd mebbe try to make a turn in't occasionally, but I guess as 'tis we'd better set down an' let her take her own gait. I don't mean to try an' git the top price—I'm alwus willin' to let the other feller make a little—but we've waited for quite a spell, an' as it's goin' our way, we might 's well wait a little longer."

"All right," said John, "and I'm very much obliged to you."

"Sho, sho," said David.

It was not until August, however, that the deal was finally closed out.

## CHAPTER XLIII.

The summer was drawing to a close. The season, so far as the social part of it was concerned, had been what John had grown accustomed to in previous years, and there were few changes in or among the people whom he had come to know very well, save those which a few years make in young people; some increase of importance in demeanor on the part of the young men whose razors were coming into requisition; and the changes from short to long skirts, from braids, pig-tails, and flowing manes to more elaborate coiffures on the part of the young women. The most notable event had been the re-opening of the Verjoos house, which had been closed for two summers, and the return of the family, followed by the appearance of a young man whom Miss Clara had met abroad, and who represented himself as the acknowledged fiancé of that young woman. It need hardly be said that discussions of the event, and upon the appearance, manners, prospects, etc., of that fortunate gentleman had formed a very considerable part of the talk of the season among the summer people; and, indeed, interest in the affair had permeated all grades and classes of society.

It was some six weeks after the settlement of the transaction in "pork" that David and John were driving together in the afternoon as they had so often done in the last few years. They had got to that point of understanding where neither felt constrained to talk for the purpose of keeping up conversation, and often in their long drives there was little said by either of them. The young man was never what is called "a great talker," and Mr. Harum did not always "git going." On this occasion they had gone along for some time, smoking in silence, each man absorbed in his thoughts. Finally David turned to his companion.

"Do you know that Dutchman Claricy Verjoos is goin' to marry?" he asked.

"Yes," replied John, laughing. "I have met him a number of times. But he isn't a Dutchman. What gave you that idea?"

"I heard it was over in Germany she run across him," said David.

"I believe that is so, but he isn't a German. He is from Philadelphia, and is a friend of the Bradways."

"What kind of a feller is he? Good enough for her?"

"Well," said John, smiling, "in the sense in which that question is usually taken, I should say yes. He has good looks, good manners, a good deal of money, I am told, and it is said that Miss Clara—which is the main point, after all—is very much in love with him."

"H'm," said David after a moment. "How do you git along with the Verjoos girls? Was Clara's sara pointed all right when you seen her last after she come home?"

"Oh, yes!" replied John, smiling, "she and her sister were perfectly pleasant and cordial, and Miss Verjoos and I are on very friendly terms."

"I was thinkin'," said David, "that you an' Clara might be got to likin' each other, an' mebbe."

"I don't think there could ever have been the smallest chance of it," declared John hastily.

"Take the lines a minute," said David, handing them to his companion after stopping the horses. "The nigh one's picked up a stone, I guess."

And he got out to investigate. "The river road," he remarked as he climbed back into the buggy after removing the stone from the horse's foot, "is about the puttiest road round here, but I don't drive it oftener jest on account of them dum'd loose stuns. He sucked the air through his pursed-up lips, producing a little squeaking sound, and the horses started forward. Presently he turned to John.

"Did you ever think of gettin' married?" he asked.

"Well," said our friend, with a little hesitation, "I don't remember that I ever did, very definitely."

"Somebody 't you know 'fore you come up here?" said David, jumping at a conclusion.

"Yes," said John, smiling a little at the question.

"Wouldn't she have ye?" queried David, who stuck at no trifles when in pursuit of information.

John laughed. "I never asked her," he replied, "in truth a little surprised at his own willingness to be questioned."

"Did ye cal'late to when the time come right?" pursued Mr. Harum.

Of this part of his history John had, of course, never spoken to David. There had been a time when, if not resenting the attempt upon his confidence, he would have made it plain that he did not wish to discuss the matter, and the old would still have him twining. But he had not only come to know his questioner very well, but to be much attached to him. He knew, too, that the older man would ask him nothing save in the way of kindness, for he had had a bundled proofs of that; and now, so far from feeling

reluctant to take his companion into his confidence, he rather welcomed the idea. He was, withal, a bit curious to ascertain the drift of the inquiry, knowing that David, though sometimes working in devious ways, rarely started without an intention. And so he answered the question and what followed as he might have told his story to a woman.

"An' didn't you never git no note, nor message, nor word of any kind?" asked David.

"No."

"Nor hain't ever heard a word about her 'm that day to this?"

"No."

"Nor hain't ever tried to?"

"No," said John. "What would have been the use?"

"Providence seemed to 've made a putty clean sweep in your matters that spring, didn't it?"

"It seemed so to me," said John.

Nothing more was said for a minute or two. Mr. Harum appeared to have abandoned the pursuit of the subject of his questions. At last he said:

"You ben here 'most five years."

"Very nearly," John replied.

"Ben putty contented on the hull?"

"I have grown to be," said John. "Indeed, it's hard to realize at times that I haven't always lived in Homeville. I remember my former life as if it were something I have read in a book. There was a John Lenox in it, but he seems to me something more like character in a story than myself."

"An' yet," said David, turning toward him, "if you was to go back to it, this last five years'd git to be that way to ye a good deal quicker. Don't ye think so?"

"Perhaps so," replied John. "Yes," he added thoughtfully, "it is possible."

"I guess on the hull, though," remarked Mr. Harum, "you done better up here in the country 'n you might someers else."

"Oh, yes," said John sincerely, "thanks to you, I have indeed, and—"

"—an'—ne' mind about me—you got quite a little bunch o' money together now. I was thinkin' 't mebbe you might feel 't you needn't to stay here no longer if you didn't want to."

The young man turned to the speaker inquiringly, but Mr. Harum's face was straight to the front, and betrayed nothing.

"It wouldn't be no more'n natural," he went on, "an' mebbe it would be best for ye. You're too good a man to spend all your days workin' for David Harum, an' I've had it in my mind for some time—somethin' like that pork deal—to make you a little independent in case anythin' should happen, an'—generally, I couldn't give ye no money 'cause you wouldn't 'a' took it even if I'd wanted to, but now you got it, why—"

"I feel very much as if you had given it to me," protested the young man.

David put up his hand. "No, no," he said, "all 't I did was to propose the thing to ye, an' to put up a little money fer two three days. I didn't take no chances, an' it's all right, an' it's yourn, an' it makes ye to a certain extent independent of Homeville."

"I don't quite see it so," said John.

"Wa'al," said David, turning to him, "if you'd had as much five years ago you wouldn't 'a' come here, would ye?"

John was silent.

"What I was leadin' up to," resumed Mr. Harum after a moment, "is this. I ben thinkin' about it fer some time, but I haven't wanted to speak to ye about it before. In fact, I might 'a' put it off some longer if things wa'n't as they are, but the fact o' the matter is that I'm goin' to take down my sign."

John looked at him in undisguised amazement, not unmixed with consternation.

"Yes," said David, obviously avoiding the other's eye, "David Harum, Banker, is goin' to come down. I'm gettin' to be an old man," he went on, "an' what with some investments I've got, an' a boss trade once in a while, I guess I c'n manage to keep the fire goin' in the kitchen stove fer Polly an' me, an' the ain't no reason why I sh'd keep my sign up much of any longer. Of course," he said, "if I was to go on as I be now I'd want ye to stay jest as you are; but, as I was sayin', you're to a considerable extent independent. You hain't no special ties to keep ye, an' you ought anyway, as I said before, to be doin' better for yourself than jes' drawin' pay in a country bank."

One of the most impressive morals drawn from the fairy tales of our childhood, and indeed from the literature and experience of our later periods of life, is that the fulfillment of wishes is often attended by the most unwelcome results. There had been a great many times when to our friend the possibility of being able to bid farewell to Homeville had seemed the most desirable of things, but confronted with the idea as a reality—for what other construction could he put upon David's words except that they amounted practically to a dismissal, though a most kind one?—he found himself simply in dismay.

"I suppose," he said after a few moments, "that by 'taking down your sign' you mean going out of business?"

"Figger o' speech," explained David.

"—and your determination is not only a great surprise to me, but grieves me very much. I am very sorry to hear it—more sorry than I can tell you. As you remind me, if I leave Homeville I shall not go almost penniless as I came, but I shall leave with great regret, and, indeed—Ah, well—" he broke off with a wave of his hands.

"What was you goin' to say?" asked David, after a moment, his eyes on the horizon.

"I can't say very much more," replied the young man, "than that I am very sorry. There have been times," he added, "an' you may understand, when I have been restless and discouraged for a while, particularly at first; but I can see now that, on the whole, I have ben far from unhappy here. Your house has grown to be more a real home than any I have ever known, and you and your sister are like my own people. What you say, that I ought not to look forward to spending my life behind the counter of a village bank on a salary, may be true; but I am not, at present at least, a very ambitious person, nor I am afraid, a very clever one in the way of getting on in the world; and the idea of breaking out for myself, even if that were all to be considered, is not a cheerful one. I am afraid all this sounds rather selfish to you, when, as I can see, you have deferred your plans for my sake, and after all else that you have done for me."

"I guess I shan't lay it up agin ye," said David quietly.

They drove along in silence for a while.

"May I ask," said John, at length, "when you intend to 'take down your sign,' as you put it?"

"Whenever you say the word," declared David, with a chuckle and a side glance at his companion. John turned in bewilderment.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Wa'al," said David, with another short laugh, "fur's the sign 's concerned, I s'pose we could stick a new one over it, but I guess it might 's well come down; but we'll settle that matter later on."

John still looked at the speaker in utter perplexity, until the latter broke out into a laugh.

"Get any idee what's goin' on to the new sign?" he asked.

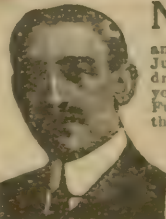
"You don't mean—"

"Yes, I do," declared Mr. Harum, "an' my notion 's this, an' don't you say ay, yes, nor no till I git through," and he laid his left hand restrainingly on John's knee.

"The new sign 'll read 'Harum & Company,' or 'Harum & Lenox,' jest as you elect. You c'n put in what money you got an' I'll put in as much more which 'll make capital enough in general, an' any extry money that's needed—wa'al, up to a certain point, I guess I c'n manage. Now putty much all the new bus'nis has come in through you, an' practically you got the hull thing in your hands. You'll do the work about 's you're doin' now, an' you'll draw the same salary; an' after that's paid we'll go snucks an' anythin' that's left—that is," added David, with a

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 26.)

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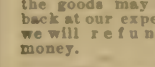
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## The Pretty Girls' Club

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HERE is nothing prettier in this weary old world of ours than long, curling lashes and silky brows. Any girl who is so fortunate as to have these two beauty attributes can rest content; she will be the belle of any gathering she attends.

As you can't be really good looking with defective lashes and brows, it would be a splendid idea for you to begin this very day and hour adding to their beauty. While I cannot promise you results immediately, still I think I am safe in saying that you will begin to notice an improvement inside of two weeks. That's soon enough for most women.

The first thing you must do in this beauty crusade is to make it a daily habit to brush the brows. Do this every morning after you have dressed your hair for the day and bathed your face. With a dainty eyebrow brush smooth the brows from the nose out to the temples for three or four minutes, or until the brows become glossy and soft. Should you disregard my advice and brush the brows against the fall of the hair you will be sorry. Nothing ruins the appearance of the brows quicker. The careless or obstinate woman who persists in brushing her brows the wrong way will soon have a pair of bushy, upstanding brows and that is not the worst. Inside of a month or two the hairs of the brows will slowly begin to fall. Be warned in time and brush your brows with the fall of the hair.

As it is quite possible that you may not be able to secure an eyebrow brush, go to your druggist and ask him to sell you the smallest, stiff-bristled toothbrush he has in stock.

Sometimes the brows are very coarse and long and ugly hairs persist in standing "right up in meeting" as it were. In such a case you must each night dip a clean toothbrush into a bottle of fresh mullage and then pass the brush, all sticky as it is, over the unruly brows. Let this gum stay on all night and in the morning wash off with hot, soapy water. If you are unable to buy perfectly fresh mullage, you must even make some for yourself. This is done by dissolving gum tragacanth or quince seeds in a little rosemary water. After a week or two of this treatment, the outstanding hairs will either lie down and behave themselves or fall out.

Scanty brows are far worse than bushy brows so you must not forget to encourage the reluctant hairs to grow. This is done by daintily rubbing and kneading the brows for three or four minutes daily, occasionally dipping the finger-tips in some eyebrow tonic or pomade. You all know I am a firm believer in pomades, thinking them more effective than tonics, so you will not be surprised when I say that I think you will get quicker and better results from an ointment than a tonic.

Following are two formulas which will do good work:

### Hair Growing Ointment for Thin Brows

Red vaseline, two ounces; tincture of cantharides, one dram; oil of lavender, fifteen drops; oil of rosemary, fifteen drops. Mix.

### Stimulating Tonic for Eyebrows

Tincture of Spanish-fly, one half ounce; oil of rosemary, one half ounce; oil of sweet almonds, two ounces; oil of lavender, ten drops; oil of bergamot, twenty drops; oil of rose, four drops. Mix. Apply every other morning, shaking the bottle before using.

Should the brows be thick enough but perhaps a trifle dull for beauty, the wise girl makes it a practice to anoint them at night with brilliantine. Holding a mirror in one hand and an oil-soaked pad of cotton in the other, she polishes the brows delicately until each hair takes unto itself the sheen of satin. This treatment not only makes the brows shine in a most captivating manner, but as brilliantine is an oil, causes a new hair to grow right beside the old one, so you are able to kill two birds with one stone. Make or buy yourself a small bottle of brilliantine at once if you wish your brows to become lustrous and silky.

### Simple Formula for Brilliantine

Cologne essence, one dram; odorless Castor oil, two drams; rectified spirit, one ounce.

Superfluous hair should always be dealt with severely and more especially when it grows between the brows, as then it gives a woman a most forbidding cast of countenance. I would advise pulling out every unwanted hair with a pair of tweezers and then touching the spot with grain alcohol. This will help to kill the hair root. Does it hurt? Try it and see.

What about the lashes? Don't be afraid of my forgetting them as I realize that a bewildering fringe of pretty eyes is just as important as well-cared-for brows.

Of course you all want to ask me that old, old question: "Shall I cut my lashes to make them grow?" My answer is brief. Don't, don't, don't. It is a waste of time to clip the ends of the lashes as they won't grow a bit faster because of this shearing off. Keep the scissors at a distance from your lashes and they will be much more apt to grow long, with an enchanting upward sweep. By the way, it is said that if a maiden will brush her lashes upward for several minutes every day, they will in the course of time become as curly as heart could wish! What do you think of that?

As many girls are made miserable by the possession of lashes that are distressfully short and stubby we must try and think of some way to make the obstinate hairs grow. What do you say to anointing the eyelid edges every evening with warm almond oil? The reason for heating the oil is so it may thicken up and thus not be so liable to run into the eye. The best method of applying this simple eyelash grower is to dip the blunt end of a perfectly clean toothpick in the oil and then brush it delicately along the edge of the eyelid.

Be very careful when applying any ointment or liquid to the lashes, that no minute portion thereof gets in the eye itself. If you neglect this precaution you will be sorry, as the eye will become inflamed and most unbecomingly look upon.

Last, but not least, do not allow any powder to get on the lashes or brows, as nothing looks so careless as dust-coated brows or lashes. If you, by a mischance, drop a few flakes of powder on them when playing your fluffy powder puff, make haste to get a wet rag and wash and wash the brows and lashes until every bit of the white dust has disappeared.

### Questions and Answers

Blanche.—As you are too stout for good looks, why not use my reducing solution? While it is not in-



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fallible, it generally gives good results. I am printing formula and directions for using.

### Epsom Salt and Lemon Reduction Treatment

Dissolve one pound of epsom salts in one quart of rain-water. Shave fine three bars of white soap and dissolve in one quart of boiling rain-water. When partially cool, beat in the epsom salt solution. Now add two more quarts of water and it is ready for use. At night rub the preparation on such parts of the body as you wish to reduce, and let it dry in. When morning comes, wash it off. Continue the use of the fat reducer until the desired results are obtained. In addition to this wash, take the juice of half a lemon in a cup of hot water, three quarters of an hour before breakfast. The average reduction in weight is two pounds every week.

Nezzie.—I really think you must be exaggerating when you say you "look old". I don't, possibly believe a girl of twenty-one could look old and ugly. However, if you think you do, we must certainly do something to freshen you up. Massage will cause a great difference in one's appearance as it tones up the skin and brings color to pale cheeks. If one be troubled with hollow cheeks, massage with a nourishing skin food will quickly pile on the flesh. When manipulating the face, keep in mind that bearing down heavily with the fingers will cause reduction in flesh, while a delicate pressure causes flesh to form. A circular upward movement of the fingers is generally employed. This stimulating massage should be given at night, and to obtain the best results, must last for from ten to fifteen minutes. As I am afraid you do not possess a nourishing skin cream I am printing formula for such a one.

### Flesh-Making Massage Cream

Fresh lard, one hundred grams; alcohol eighty per cent., twenty grams; essence of rosemary, eleven drops; essence of bergamot, eleven drops.

When trying out the lard add a tiny bit of powdered gum camphor. After the lard has been carefully strained, beat in the alcohol, and just before the cream contains air in the creases. This cream costs but little and is extremely easy to put together.

Mrs. John.—Perhaps you would enjoy using the following bleach:

### Almond Meal Complexion Bleach

Buy a fifty cent jar of theatrical cream and a pound of almond meal. Beat together one teaspoonful of the cream and some almond meal and add enough hot water to form a thin, spreading paste. Cut two squares of thin cheesecloth big enough to cover the face and tear a hole in the center of each square for your nose. This is to prevent the beauty patient from smothering. Now dampen the squares and spread the paste thereon. Bathe the face in very hot, soapy water, massage for a minute and then apply the paste, patting it down so it touches the face all over. Next lay on two medium-sized, hot, wet Turkish towels and as soon as they cool replace with others. Keep this up for fifteen minutes, then remove paste, wash face in warm, then cool, then very cold water. Take two of these treatments weekly for three weeks, then take one a week for six weeks. This bleach will whiten the skin beautifully and make it soft and satiny.

There are many good face creams but the simplest and best, in my opinion, is Kentucky Cream, formula for which is given below:

### Kentucky Face Cream

Rosewater, two ounces; almond oil, two ounces; spermaceti, one half ounce; white wax, one half ounce; salicylic acid, one half dram.

This cream should be kept in a small jar with a tight-fitting cover.

Mrs. M. L. S., Mass.—The Persian method of staining the hair black is given below: Make a paste of henna—reducing dried leaves to a coarse powder and mixing with hot water—and smear it all over the



BRUSHING THE BROWS MAKES THEM SMOOTH AND SILKY.

hair from the tips to the roots. It is left on for a half an hour or longer, according to the natural color of the hair, when the hair will be found to be a dark red; following this a paste of indigo is applied which is left on from an hour and a half to three hours. After you have washed off the indigo paste, oil the hair, when a jetty blackness results.

This is probably the least dangerous of hair dyes, but I do not recommend it, as homely hair is generally fearful and wonderful to behold.

Miss Bertha.—If you will use the face bleach given Mrs. John in these columns it won't be many weeks before your skin will be freed from tan. Understand that this is merely a skin bleach and does not fade freckles or liver spots to any great degree. As I suppose you are anxious to get rid of those horrid freckles, you might use the following lotion:

### Freckle Lotion

Ammonium chloride, one dram; distilled water, four ounces.

Apply at night after face has been bathed in hot water. After this lotion has been applied the skin will begin to peel off, but don't let this scare you. It is the prime object of every freckle remedy to burn off the outer skin. The reason for this is that freckles are beneath the skin, and unless it is burned off, it is impossible to reach the freckle spots.

Mrs. Rosa.—You can use any ten cent cake of white soap. Go to your grocer and ask for a cake of the best white kitchen soap. For obvious reasons I cannot give addresses in these columns.

Mrs. H. W. B.—Under the circumstances, I think you should try to toughen your skin so it will not crack and chafe on each and every occasion. Don't you think this the sensible thing to do? Then I'll hasten to give you a good skin toughener.

### Lotion for Hardening Skin

Rosewater, one hundred grams; borax, five grams; spirits of camphor, ten grams; tincture of benzoin, five grams.

This lotion should be rubbed over the face twice daily. If you are persistent with this treatment you will get satisfactory results.

Mrs. T. E., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Regarding the reducing treatment, I have heard very satisfactory reports of it. Read my reply to Mrs. Rosa.

Idell Mrs. Ada.—It is said that dampening hairy spots twice a day with Peroxide of Hydrogen will, after six or seven months, cause the roots to die, when the hair will fall out. This treatment takes time but I am sure you won't mind waiting if you finally get rid of the unwanted hair. If you will read my reply to Miss Bertha you will find formula for a mild freckle remedy.

Nettie.—Blackheads are a great trial but daily treatment will finally banish them. Never forget to wash your face at night before retiring with hot, soapy water and a rough cloth. After this rub in a little boracic powder and if this smart the skin massage in cold cream. Every other night scrub blackheads with a soft, soapy nail brush, after bathing the face and before the boracic powder is rubbed in. Scrub very lightly else the skin will be irritated. Once a week, after the face has been washed, steam it over a basin of boiling water, then rinse with hot water and spread over face a handful of soap jelly. Wash off, after ten minutes, and massage with cold cream. On this night omit the boracic powder.

### Soap Jelly

Pare one cake of Castile soap into three cups of water to which has been added one teaspoonful of powdered borax. Boil until mixture jellies, then put in covered glass jar and use as wanted.

Alcohol might stimulate the hair roots but the other ingredients would not encourage a growth. If you will glance through these columns you will find formulas for a face cream and bleach.

Margaret L.—You must ask your druggist to order the almond meal from New York City for the theatrical cream, since you cannot obtain it in your town, I will tell you how to make up a supply at home.

### Theatrical Cream

Melt about half an ounce of white wax in a saucepan, then add slowly half a pint of olive oil, stirring all the time; next stir in about an ounce of rose water. Then remove the saucepan from the fire, but continue stirring until the cream is cold. The only mistake you could possibly make, would be to leave off stirring before the cream was cold and semi-solid. In summer it is often necessary to increase the amount of wax.

Null.—You did not continue the treatment for blackheads long enough. I hope you will give it a trial for five or six weeks, in the meantime taking a daily bath, eating plain, well-cooked food, and using the constipation remedy given below:

### Pig-and-Senna Paste

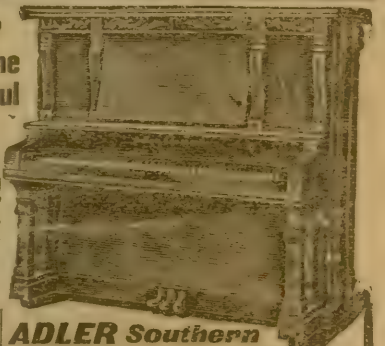
Chop together one pound of prunes and one half pound of figs, then add one ounce of senna powder. Pour over all one cup of water and let mixture simmer on stove for three quarters of an hour. Put resulting paste in a jar and use as wanted. Eat a small piece on retiring.

I suppose you know that the girl who eats candy, pie, pudding, cake, ice cream, etc., etc., and drinks but little water generally has blackheads. I don't mean to imply that you commit these foolish beauty yielding to food temptations.

Nora.—I am glad the Egyptian Face Lotion has been the means of freeing your face from freckles, blackheads, tan and pimples. Since you now have a beautiful skin, discontinue using lotion. Don't lose the formula, as it will not be printed again unless some of my club girls ask for it.

Mrs. Ethelyn.—I would suggest making up only a small supply of the solution, just enough for one day's treatment. Next day make up another supply and use on.

In this way solution is not so apt to thicken. When properly prepared, this will only take of flesh where it is applied. I do not think it would be harmful to use it twice daily, but wouldn't you find it a trifle unpleasant if lotion remained on the skin during the daytime? Use a ten cent cake of any good white kitchen soap. Get it at your grocer. Local applications of cod liver oil to any part of the body will generally result in the formation of flesh.



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Marie.—Why not wash your hair frequently—so it will be always fluffy—and wave it on pins every night? This will make it easy to dress. As to the best way of wearing it, I think it should be parted and the hair loosely drawn to the back—over the top of the ears. The back hair should be dressed at the nape of the neck in a mass of fluffy curls and rolls. Now wind a loosely woven braid around the head and I think you will look very pretty. A yellow neck is quite a beauty catastrophe in the day of collarless dresses. Use the following bleach and you will be happy when you see the results:

### Beauty Neck Bleach

One ounce strained honey, one teaspoonful of lemon juice, six drops of oil of bitter almonds, whites of two eggs, enough fine oatmeal to make a fine paste. Spread this thickly on a piece of cotton cloth, three inches in width, and tie as a bandage around the throat. Four or five of these applications should bleach neck to a satin whiteness. Remember this is not a face bleach and that oil of bitter almonds is a poison and must not be swallowed or left in the reach of children.

Pimples are generally caused by too great a fondness for sweets. If you wish the ugly blotches to disappear, and of course you do, you must taboo candy, pie, cake, pudding, fried foods, hot breads and greasy meats. I also advise taking plenty of outdoor exercise, sleeping with your bedroom windows opened wide and making a habit of the daily bath. In addition it would be a good plan to touch pimples several times daily, with the following lotion:

### Pimple Lotion

Precipitate of sulphur, one dram; tincture of camphor, one dram; rose water, four ounces.

If you will read my reply to Youngster, you will notice I give her formula for a good hand whitener.

Youngster.—Indeed, I quite agree with you. Milk-white hands are pretty, and I don't blame you a bit for coveting them. Perhaps I can help you to your goal. Try this paste:

### Paste for Brown Hands

Myrrh, one ounce; honey, four ounces; yellow wax, two ounces; rose water, one ounce; glycerine, twenty drops.

Melt the wax in a double-boiler, add the myrrh—powdered—while hot; beat thoroughly together, then stir in the honey and enough of the rose water and glycerine to make a spreadable paste. Coat the hands thickly with this preparation at night, then draw on a pair of loose gloves and go to bed. Repeat treatment four or five times, when the hands will be lily white.

Miss Tatton.—If you covet long curling lashes, anoint eyebrows and eyelid edges daily with sweet almond oil. Be very careful not to get any of the oil in the eye itself. The Black Eyebrow Dye is as harmless as any dye but that isn't saying very much. If you want eyelashes and brows to grow darker, dampen them twice daily with sage tea. Sage tea not only darkens the hair but causes it to grow. What more could you ask?

Lippa.—The cap for perfuming the hair is easily made. If you wish me to, I will print directions for making this dainty scented head covering.

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## VETERINARY INFORMATION



Readers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name, and direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any question privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing as above.

**RUPTURED STOMACH.**—I lost a fine young mare and when I cut her open her stomach was eaten full of holes, with what was said to be bots. Can you please tell me what will cure them, or prevent horses from having them? **B. M. C.**  
A.—Bots do not eat through the stomach, nor cause death, nor are they seriously injurious, except in very rare cases. After a horse dies the juices of the stomach, in all cases, digest the walls of the stomach until in a short time it is as easily ruptured as wet paper. Gas distending the stomach may now cause rupture, or the movements of the bots may lead to the same condition. Bots never do this during life; but a horse may die from rupture of the stomach from distension with gas taking place during a severe attack of gastric tympany (bloat). Sings of the bot eggs to be seen on the long hairs about the legs and breast of every pastured horse.

**INDIGESTION.**—I have a young mare four years old. She appears to feel fairly good, but can't keep her in as good flesh as I wish. She isn't a very hearty eater. It is hard work to make her clean up four quarts of grain, but I can most of the time by taking her hay away from her. When I keep her up her urine seems to be thick like thin syrup and a littleropy; and when out to pasture it is quite yellow, and seems to keep thick. She is a very slow eater and chews her feed good, whether ground or whole grain. **B. A. S.**

A.—Have her teeth put in order by a veterinary dentist as no doubt some of the milk teeth crowns of molars have lodged and should be removed. The condition of the urine is merely due to indigestion and lack of exercise. See that she takes abundant exercise every day. She does not need medicine.

**LAMENESS.**—I have a thoroughbred Clydesdale stallion. About a year ago he commenced stomping and spitting at the ground with one hind foot. Now he has developed swelling from foot to first joint above fetlock. Gets lame in leg while working. Keeps poor in flesh. Can you explain trouble and give remedy? **G. P.**

A.—As well as you can judge from your description the horse has a ringbone and if that is so he should not be used for breeding and the part will have to be treated by puncture-drain, blistering and prolonged rest. A graduate veterinarian should be employed in such a case.

**WARTS.**—I have a fine cow two years old that has large warts that cover almost the whole coat. What can we do to remove them? **Mrs. O. H. S.**  
A.—Rub the affected parts with best cold pressed Castor oil, or fresh goose grease twice daily and the warts soon will disappear.

**DISEASED UDDER.**—I have a sow about twenty months old. Last fall she raised seven nice pigs. When we weaned them one of the sow's teats seemed caked. It became irritated and run nearly all winter. This spring it healed up and the veterinarian said it was a tumor. About two weeks ago she had ten pigs but she didn't do right and has only four now. Two are nice, the others not very. For some reason they didn't like to suck. Soon after the fourth one formed close to the first; it is hard and about the size of an egg. She has a hoarse, croupy cough which I think is worms. **J. S. H.**

A.—Most likely the sow has tuberculosis of the udder and it also affects her lungs. She should not be used for breeding purposes and of course not for meat if she is killed. There is no hope that she can be cured if it is tuberculosis, and actinomycosis of the udder, which presents similar symptoms, also proves incurable. It would seem best to put her out of her misery, but if you do not care to do so then have her examined by a graduate veterinarian, and let him decide.

**WORMS.**—We have a Fox Terrier five years old. He is in poor condition, has been troubled with small, flat, white worms; he drinks a great amount of water. For a week he would vomit soon as he ate anything, but that has stopped. He breathes in short, jerky breaths, and seems to have pain when he lies down. He lives an outdoor life, only that he sleeps in the house. Have been giving him Santonin and Calomel for worms. Seems better only for the breathing, and soreness when lying down; is very thin and dogs have tuberculosis? His eyes are bright and bright; he eats a little every day, but will not touch milk. The only way he can rest is to lie flat on his forepaws. **H. V. D.**  
A.—Tuberculosis is not to be suspected. It is not a common disease of dogs. Very likely you have over-dosed him with calomel and santonin which have to be very carefully and expertly administered. Give him cascara pills as required to regulate bowels and twice daily give him a tablespoonful of emulsion of cod liver oil. Do not feed potatoes, or bones. Allow some parboiled liver twice a week.

**FISTULA.**—I have a dog that was spayed in March and it hasn't healed up. **O. A.**  
A.—It will be necessary to take her to the veterinarian and have him attend to the wound which has become fistulous and the cause may be retention of a foreign body, such as a silk suture or other object.

**NAVICULAR DISEASE.**—I have a mare fourteen years old that has been lame at times for two years in her right front foot. At times it is so bad she can hardly walk but when she goes from one and a half miles to two miles she quits limping. No signs of ringbone. Is fed straw, corn and is on pasture. Do not work her, just drive her home. **H. S.**  
A.—No doubt the mare is afflicted with navicular disease of the foot and unweaving is the only recourse in such a condition.

**SUPPURATIVE ARTHRITIS.**—I have a mare that got lame last March. I noticed a small swelling on the inside of her hock joint. I used flaxseed meal poultice and peroxide of hydrogen; it got no better. The pus and joint water has stopped running. The mare walks on her leg part of the time. It is swelled considerably. I saw your answer to Mrs. F. J. F. in June COMFORT and got the remedy you gave her. I didn't know how to apply it, so put it in a bottle and put water in it. Dissolved the powder and applied with brush. You said to rub fifteen minutes. **E. D. S.**

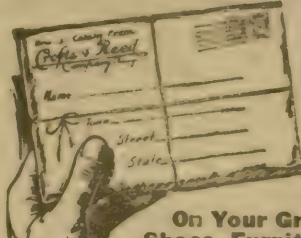
A.—The prescription you refer to was not in any way suited for the case in question. That is a desperate one and not likely to respond well to any treatment as the joint has become affected. We would advise you to clip off the hair and wash the joint perfectly clean and when dry give it a thorough rubbing with a mixture of equal parts mercurial (blue) ointment and lard. Repeat once a week. Tie her so she cannot lick the part. If this does not suffice and lameness persists blister the hock twice a month with creote of cantharides.

**CHOREA.**—I have a mule that has something the matter with one hind leg. It does not swell and lame her but when she raises it up it seems to hurt her to work. When standing it will quiver and creep. **W. O.**  
A.—The mule is afflicted with chorea (St. Vitus' dance), and it is incurable.

**SCOURS; BLINDNESS.**—I have a calf about four months old. It has been healthy until a week ago when she was taken with the scours. (2) I have a calf that has white spots in the eyes where the sight ought to be. The calf acts as though it could not see. Is there any cure for it? **E. L. S.**

A.—Give the calf four ounces of raw flaxseed oil and follow three times a day with a heaping teaspoonful of a mixture of equal parts of subnitrate of bismuth, prepared chalk and calcined magnesina, shaken up in a little milk. The eye trouble cannot be cured. It seems to be cataract.

**SICK COW.**—I had a cow and had to milk her twice a day for a week before she brought her calf. Her udder was so large, it was hard for her to lie down. When the calf was fourteen days old she came off the range acting as if something had nearly broken her back. She could hardly walk and would stand around all the time and sniff her nose as if she were smelling for something. She had a discharge from her nose, but did not have any cough. In a few more



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# Talks with Girls

**Conducted by Cousin Marion**

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

**W**ELL, how do you do, Cousins? It hasn't been any longer than usual since I have talked to you, but the summer is over and it seems that we have been away and are just getting back together again. Have you had a nice time during the hot months? Some of the time was plenty hot enough, wasn't it? I hope you didn't flirt too much or too seriously. You know it hurts sometimes. However, the summer is over, September has come and it won't be long now till we begin to look for frost. How quickly the time flies, doesn't it? But it can't fly away from work, and I must stop talking and take up the things that must be done.

The first cousin who has trouble is Red Wing of Napier, Neb., and she has a beau that is treating her shamefully and she doesn't know what to do. Now, isn't it strange that a sensible girl hasn't mind enough when she gets a scoundrel of a young man by mistake, to tell him what she thinks of him and throw him over? They all seem to be so afraid of hurting their feelings, but the young men don't seem to care how much they hurt a girl's feelings. Red Wing and all of you should drop the bad ones, and drop them quick and hard.

Dollie and Darling, Annett, Mo.—My dears, don't worry about how to be attractive to the young men. Just talk to them in the same old language you write to me and you'll have them standing in line at your front gate waiting to get within sound of your voices.

Brown Eyes, Tripp, S. Dak.—Maybe it does not strike some people as an objection that a young man is talkative and wants the girl to do it all, but I know one or two girls who have married men who never talk and they have found them very dull and tiresome companions. I think I would rather marry a man who wasn't quite so good, but who was interesting as a companion, than the good kind who was everlastingly tiresome and dull. You may do as you please.

Brunette, Yankton, S. Dak.—My dear, don't you know there is no way of making a young man care for you any more than in a friendly way? You can do that by being nice and pleasant to him—unless he dislikes you for some reason or none—but more than that you cannot do. Love goes its own way and nobody can lead it or drive it in any other. If the young man likes you better than anybody else he will come to you without any coaxing.

Dimple, Mariopola, Cal.—You can't win him back again if he has really gone. The best thing is to accept your loss and try to get a substitute. Don't wear diamonds and paint and powder before, or after, you are sixteen, unless you do so in the very best of taste. This means not at all before you are sixteen. Only you may power your nose a little occasionally. (2) It is only proper for a lady to propose to a man when he asks her to.

Worried Jane, Studley, Kans.—Don't say a word to him. If you don't want him to hold your hand, take it away and just look at him. If you really mean it, he won't try again.

Brown Eyes, Seemore, Cal.—A boy of fifteen should not be smoking, but you need not drop him on that account. As to being at the counter in a pool-hall, I think I would prefer a young man who has a taste for higher amusements and a taste for better society than frequents pool-halls. Ask him why he doesn't seek better business than that. (2) It is quite proper to permit the boy to take you home.

Broken-hearted, Spicer, Minn.—I think, my dear, that you are letting your feelings get away with you about this "dear and handsome and kind" married man with such a wife. If he amounted to much he would get a divorce from such a woman as you say his wife is. He would get it easily and the custody of the child as well. It is not to his credit that he does not. Don't be foolish in your sympathy.

Cow-girl, St. Johns, Ariz.—If you don't want to make trouble between man and wife, respect the wife's jealousy and don't see her husband, even if he is your cousin. The wife may be silly, but you will be something worse if you disregard her wishes in the matter. And he will be worse than you are, if he encourages you.

Blonde, Kalamazoo, Mich.—Write to him explaining the situation and telling him you were not at all to blame. He should know that anyhow, and should have written to you when your employer made a disturbance about his paying you a passing call. I don't think he thinks very much of you, or he would not let the affair pass as it has. If he does not answer your letter, forget him.

W. Va. Girl, Roanoke, W. Va.—Choose the one you love best, but don't do it until you are twenty-one.

Broken-hearted, Elders, Pa.—The trouble with you, dear, is that you have simply put no check on your feelings and have let yourself become so wrought up over this young man that you have frightened him away. No sensible man wants a girl to be silly over him, and what you think is pure and changeless love is a kind of selfish infatuation that wrecks you and makes everybody want to run away from the wreck. I know you suffer, and you have my sympathy, but you must use your head in this affair and give your heart a rest. Be sensible. I don't think you did any harm by writing to him, but you see by his not answering, that you did no great good by it. The only advice I can give you is to practice restraint of your feelings and not take your love so seriously.

Sunbonnet Sue, Dryden, Ohio.—Yes, Susie, treat him with contempt. He's "held" you and kissed you against your will. But why spell "held" that way? No, I don't think he cared much for you, if after telling you he did and that he would be back again in a month and three have passed without a word from him. At least, it doesn't look very much so, do you think? Don't hold your breath while you wait for him to return.

Heart Broken, Henning, W. Va.—Why are so many of you girls so silly about men? Why should you care for him when you know he does not care for you? Stop caring for him is the only advice I can give you.

Queer Wls., Millston, Wls.—The man isn't much or he would not have listened to the gossip of another girl when he was engaged to you. When you meet her again you might snub her and tell her why. But don't snub her unless you let her know the reason. If the young man comes back again, tell him what you think he is. You might as well be perfectly frank with him and her kind.

Doubtful Girl, Georgetown, Mo.—My, my, do you want an affidavit to every nice thing he says to you? You are a regular female Doubting Thomas. If you are so afraid he is not telling you the truth why do you listen to him, and if you can't trust him, why do you encourage him? Human association could not continue if we could not have confidence in each other, even if we do make mistakes sometimes. Believe him honest till you know he is not.

Bright Eyes, Bingen, Ark.—I kind of think that this young fellow is too slow and particular ever to be a very cheerful and happy sort of husband. Still if you like him enough and want to risk a solemn future, I shall not object. You might do ever so much worse. But don't marry him till he is old enough to take. (2) Don't be too friendly with the men who come into the store where you work. Be polite always and talk to one or to a crowd nicely, but keep in the background as much as possible.

F. F., Cuba, Mo.—As you were to be married January 1st, and be promised to call on a Sunday evening but did not, and did not write to explain and has not appeared since, it seems to me that he has deserted you for good. Well, my dear, if I were you I should be glad I was not to marry that kind of a man.

Unhappy Girl, Hillsboro, Texas.—Don't worry about your father not liking D. You go on liking him as he likes you and when you are twenty-one, you tell

your papa Ta ta, and become Mrs. D. That will settle the whole business nicely and papa can scratch his mad place.

Forlorn, Piggott, Ark.—The young man was quite right in saying that he had no use for a jealous girl. What right have you to dictate to him who his friends shall be? You don't deserve to have him pay you any attention at all and I wouldn't, if I were he. If you want to be unhappy all your life, go on cultivating that kind of a disposition. I like the way the young fellow talked to you. You need more of it. (2) Ask him to call if he has never called, but after that you need not ask him unless you feel like it. (3) He only wanted a chance to put his arm around you, and nearly all the young fellows do that. It is for you to laugh at them, and prevent their little schemes.

Twenty-three, Hudson, Cal.—There is nothing in this world like a strange face to set us dreaming. You are not unlike most of us, my dear, only, you see more faces. I think possibly you are a flirt, rather than silly. Better choose one face and dream about that. (2) It was quite right to write to the young man asking how his mother had stood the operation. It was hardly necessary for the girl to apologize next day for coming with a young man to call on you when he had asked her to. That girl is very nearly silly about some things.

Southern Girl, Starkville, Miss.—He isn't acting much like you were the only girl he ever loved, is he? But what they write in letters and what they do when they are with you is different. Treat him as a friend, who needs watching and don't give him your picture.

Love-sick, Campbell, Mo.—The first thing you do, child, is to tell your father and mother about the rich old bachelor who wants to marry you in a few months, and you only fifteen and he forty-six. Tell them also about the nineteen-year-old boy, without whom "the days would be dark and dreary, but with him bright and happy." Girls of fifteen often get that way and they should be spanked and tucked away in their trundle-beds.

Anxious Girl, Normal, Ill.—I believe if I were you and knew certainly that my affianced, with whom I had agreed not to go with others while we were engaged and he was away, were writing to other girls that I would ask him if I might write to some young men friends of mine. Of course, under your agreement, he is not playing fair and if a sweetheart won't play fair, a husband won't you may depend upon it. Don't be so afraid of hurting his feelings, if you are certain of your facts. But don't act foolish on mere gossip. Tell him what you have heard and get his side of it.

Daisy, Clayton, N. C.—Announce to your parents and friends that you will not marry anybody until you are twenty-one. Then go ahead and have as many beaus as you please and keep your promise.

Blue-eyed Francis, Orilla, Canada.—Eighteen is too young for a girl to marry, but maybe you are old for your age. It seems to me that you and this industrious excellent young man should marry and make a home for yourselves, even if you think somehow that it will never come to pass. If you do marry be sure that you both have a clear understanding of your different religious beliefs. Catholics and Protestants may marry happily if they don't let their church notions clash.

Blue Eyes, Washington, D. C.—A long engagement between two people who are young and want to be prepared to meet the responsibilities of married life properly I think most advisable. In your case especially so as the young man must finish his medical course before he can become a physician. As to his asking you to keep and save the extra money he makes in summer to help him in his studies, I think that a great compliment to you and you should be only too glad to help him that way. Let your engagement ring remain as a birthday present and keep your engagement secret, too. It is nobody's affair but your own, and some day I hope to receive your wedding card and know he is making good all around. Only the truest love will wait and keep waiting, and always help.

Baby, Rock Walls, Iowa.—You were very, very foolish to let the strange man walk with you and should be thankful you got out of it as well as you did. I can hardly understand how a decent girl as you are shouldn't have more sense than to let a strange man pick you up in that manner. I hope it will be a lesson to you. (2) Maybe the forefinger will be all right for a husband, but I think you could do a little better than that, couldn't you?

Dairy, Burnett's Creek, Ind.—I suppose there is no harm in taking the young man who calls to take you to church, to the end of the walk instead of into the house and you might sit on the front steps in the afternoon without serious harm. As to whether he should fan you with his hat in church, or you should fan him, I think you might arrange that between yourselves. (2) Why should she permit him to put his arm around her when they are not engaged? If one does, others have as much right, and do you think that is very nice? P. S. And why couldn't your mamma have given you this advice as well as I could? You say she would willingly, if she could. Doesn't she know about these things?

Worried, Ben Bolt, Texas.—It seems to me that five years is rather long to wait to get married, when he was twenty-eight when he asked you. In Texas a man of that age ought to be making enough to marry on. Give him one more year or the rest of this year, at least. I'm afraid he is afraid.

Bird Eye, Forest, La.—Ask him to wait until you are past eighteen, which is three years too young to marry. If he will not, you may depend upon it he is not the right kind for a husband. Let the one who is "crazy" about you go. He is worse than none at all.

B. N., Mt. Vernon, Ia.—Goodness me, a girl of fourteen talking about love, and accepting presents of jewelry and watches makes me fear that your mother is not bringing you up right. You should not have any beaus until you are out of school. This sixteen-year-old boy you talk about is more of a baby than you are.

There, my dears, I have answered your questions just as nicely as I could and in real good humor considering that it is so near warm weather when people's tempers are not supposed to be at their sweetest. However, you have been very nice this month, all things considered, and now I am wishing you a sweet September till we meet again. The good Lord be with you all. By, Cousin Marion.

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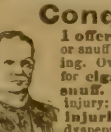
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Big Pictures of 3,029 Lines  
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12 Months to Pay

Then we give to our customers, on the average purchase, over a year to pay. No extra price, no interest. Our credit prices are the same as for cash.

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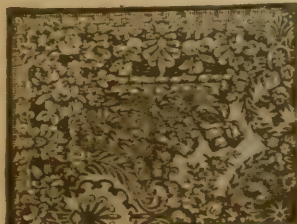
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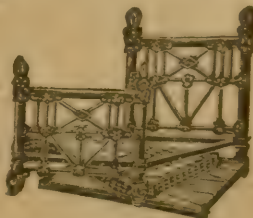
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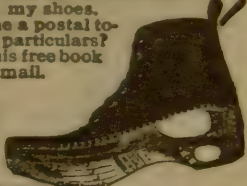
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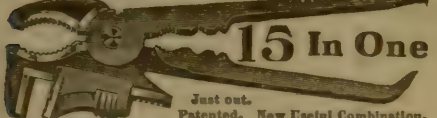
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## A Corner for Boys

By Uncle John

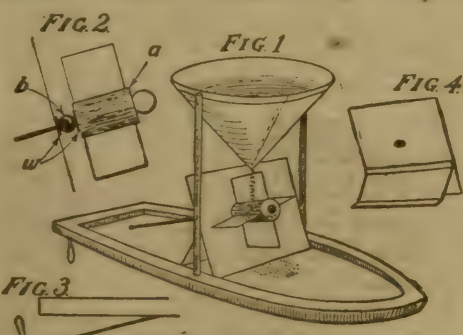
**H**ERE I am back again with a host of good plans and suggestions which I hope will entertain you and be of some real benefit. If you do not clearly understand how to proceed with the work of making anything described write me for further instructions but be sure to inclose a stamp for reply. I will answer every inquiry that comes to me.

### Killing an Elephant

In the New York zoo not very long ago a large elephant noted for its unruly temper was put to death. It had long been feared but when it attacked and killed the keeper and injured several other men it was quickly decided to put it out of the way. The huge beast was very fond of apples so a basket was filled with them and six hundred grains of poison sprinkled over them. The animal ate up the treacherous meal greedily and died almost instantly. The elephant's name was "Old Queen," and it is said that when first exhibited it was one of the most docile beasts in captivity. What caused the change in its disposition cannot be determined.

### A Sand Power Boat

This little model will propel itself along the edge of a pond or in a tank of water. It is simple enough for the smallest lad to make and I want you to write and tell me what luck you had in trying it. To the shingle you use for a boat glue and tack the cardboard support marked Fig. 4. At each side of it put an upright post to support the funnel. The wheel is made of cork which has four pieces of tin or cardboard fastened to it like the spokes of a wheel. In Fig. 2 "b" is a glass bead, "w" is a tin washer. These make the wheel run easier but may be left out. The shaft is a long hatpin at the end of which is a tin propeller "p." Fill the

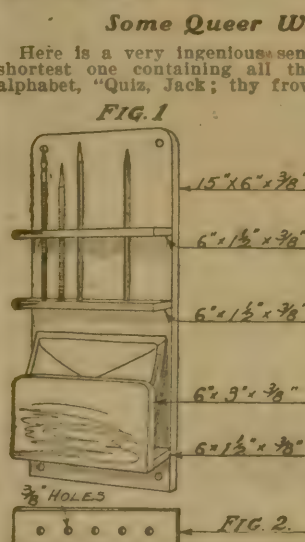


A SAND POWER BOAT.

funnel with sand and regulate it so it will drop out just fast enough to send the boat along at a nice pace. It will drop upon the paddles, which will turn the propeller. This will drive the boat along.

### Pencil and Envelope Holder

This handy article can be made by the boy of the house in an hour. It provides a convenient place for the letter writing tools, besides adding a touch of completeness to the library or den. The figures given here indicate the exact size of each piece of wood used. No doubt there is a discarded piece of furniture around the house that will furnish enough material. When you have it glued and screwed together, sandpaper all over and apply two coats of mission stain, allowing a day for the first coat to dry. Boys who make this please write.



PENCIL AND ENVELOPE HOLDER.

think of a word that contains the letter "q" without a "u" following. Now the word "alone" has five letters but if you take away the first two "al," only one will remain. "Smiles" does not seem to be a long word and yet there is a "mile" between the first and last letters. "Love" is the most poetic word in our tongue and yet there are but two other words to rhyme with it "dove" and "above." There is only one complete word made up of letters in their natural order. The word is "no." If you like queer facts like those let me know.

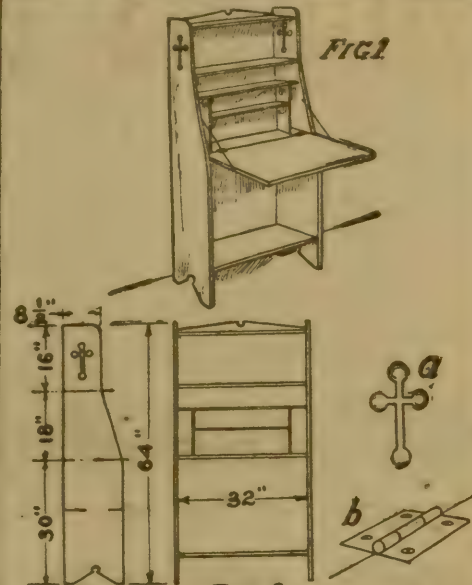
### The Alphabet

Our word alphabet, namely: Alpha and Beta. These were adopted from the Phoenician "Aleph" and "Beth," which mean respectively "ox" and "house." These no doubt refer to the shape of the letters and show us the connection of modern symbols to the ancient sign and hieroglyphic writings of the Egyptians and Babylonians.

### A Boy's Desk

Here is a desk that any boy can make. It is great fun making it too, and you cannot imagine the glow of pride you will feel when the finished product stands before you. Use the best material you can get. Clear pine boards will do if none other can be procured. You first cut out, shape and mark the sides as shown in Fig. 2. The board used is twelve inches wide and one inch thick. The tools used are saw, plane and sandpaper. The design "a" at the top may be changed or left out. When sides are finished put in the top and bottom shelf. They should fit into grooves one eighth inch deep and are glued. Now nail on half inch pine boards to form the back of

the desk. The other shelves follow then comes the door which drops down flat to form the writing surface. The hinges "b" are sunk into the wood to the depth of their own thickness. The writing surface is thirty inches from the floor. Its dimensions are thirty-two inches by eighteen

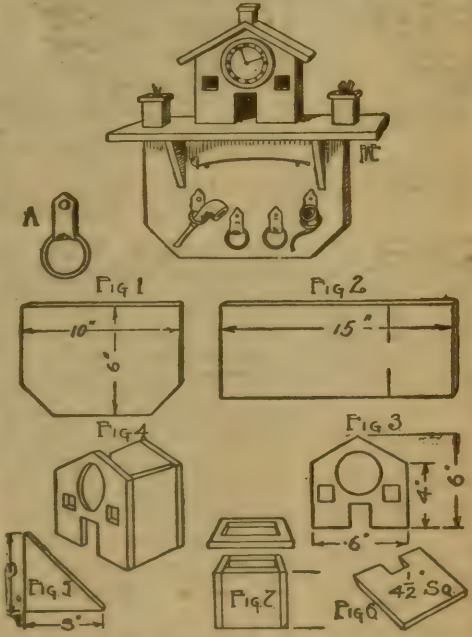


A BOY'S DESK.

inches by one inch. For a finish apply two coats of mission stain a day apart and polish with wax. The latter article can be purchased in small cans at any good hardware store or by mail. Now you school boys get busy and let me hear from you.

### A Mission Clock

Here is a neat and serviceable clock that the boy craftsman can construct out of a few one-inch boards. Begin by marking a clear piece with pencil lines to the shape of Fig. 1. Saw carefully on the lines and smooth all over with sandpaper. Fig. 2 shows the shelf. Its width is seven inches. The bracket (Fig. 3) is very plain, but it is appropriate for this kind of work. A good way to cut the brackets is to get a block three inches square and mark a line from corner to corner. When sawed your two brackets will surely be alike which is essential to good looks. The miniature house on top of the shelf can be made of half-inch stuff. Figs. 3, 4 and 6 show pretty clearly how it is made. The match-holders on each side of the house and the chimney on top are similar in form. Fig. 7 illustrates



IT SERVES ITS PURPOSE.

how they are made. The pipe rings may be dispensed with but if you make the piece for father he will appreciate them. The clock used is an inexpensive alarm clock. It rests upon pegs and may be readily removed to be wound and set. Finish the shelf in weathered oak stain, but do not apply any varnish or other shiny coating. Dull finish is the proper thing.

### Uncle John's Hour Puzzle

Here is a puzzle which you can solve, but it will take you some time to do so. It will prove to be the most fascinating hour you ever spent and no doubt you will be eager to see the correct solution which will appear in next month's COMFORT. To begin mark on a paper the names of each object pictured in the order given. The initial letters of the first row across and those of the first up and down row are alike and will spell a word that signifies to "peruse." The second row across and down spell the name of an Irish hero. The first letters of the third row make a word that means "enough." The fourth and fifth mean respectively that which forms at the mouth of a river and to take unlawfully. With those hints you will be enabled to prove whether or not you get the right words but to



make it more fascinating I will give the following hints:

1-17 to depend on. 7-4 to shape. 20-5 to attack. 18-14 a man's name. 21-16 a tool. 10-9 to plague. 19-25 a flower. 14-23 behind time. 1-9 to let go. 14-15 according to law. 4-2 a transaction. 17-14 between rows of seats. 2-25 an elongated circle. 14-3 a bird. 4-6 an antelope.

## Want This Suit?

Show our samples to three of your friends, take two orders easy and make profit enough to get this swell stunning tailored suit free. No trouble, simply show our new up-to-date samples. Everybody is surprised, prices so low, styles so beautiful, orders come easy. We take all the risk and guarantee perfect fit or no sale. We pay the express.

**\$5 a Day** Our new agents are making and wearing the swiftest clothes besides; old agents after one season make twice as much. Banner agents have a snap. We want a few more hustling agents, willing to dress well and make \$5.00 a day and up. No money or experience needed. Write quick before we fill your territory, and we will send you free a complete outfit to start at once—beautiful samples, latest styles in colors, everything you need to take orders, all fully explained. We'll make you even one beautiful suit at a special inside wholesale price as a sample. It's a wonderful opportunity, so write at once or tell some friend who would be happy to get this grand easy money-making chance. **BANNER TAILORING CO.** Dept. 163. CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



4-3 not bright. 4-17-14-23 to enlarge. 4-23 a fruit. 10-6 something shed. 9-10 a direction. 13-3 pleasure ground. 13-11 to burn. There now you have something to amuse the whole family group or a good game for a party.

There you are for a busy month: Get out your tools and sharpen them up and make one or more of the articles described. You can do it as well as the thousands of other boys who do, and you will improve as you go along. Tell me about some things that you have made yourself or that you would like to make.

UNCLE JOHN.

**JUMED INTO SMOKESTACK.**—Pat Teeling, a trusted inmate of the state hospital for the insane at Agnew, Cal., adopted a novel means of killing himself. He climbed to the top of a sixty-five-foot smokestack and jumped down inside the stack.

**SOME "FIRST" THINGS.**—Bread was first made with yeast in 1650. In 1756 the first stone of Columbia college was laid. Cotton was first planted in the American colonies in 1659. Wine was first produced from grapes in England in 1635.

## Play the Piano In One Hour

Without Lessons or Knowledge of Music You Can Play the Piano or Organ in One Hour.

Wonderful New System That Even A Child Can Use.

### FREE TRIAL



She Doesn't Know One Note From Another, But Plays Like a Music Master.

Impossible, you say? Let us prove it at our expense. We will teach you to play the piano or organ and will not ask one cent until you can play.

A musical genius from Chicago has just invented a wonderful system whereby anyone can learn to play the Piano or Organ in one hour. With this new method you don't have to know one note from another, yet in an hour of practice you can be playing the popular music with all the fingers of both hands and playing it well.

The invention is so simple that even a child can now master music without costly instruction. Anyone can have this new method on a free trial merely by asking. Simply write, saying, "Send me the Easy Form Music Method as announced in COMFORT."

The complete system together with 100 pieces of music will then be sent to you free, all charges prepaid and absolutely not one cent to pay.

You keep it seven days to thoroughly prove it is all that is claimed for it, then if you are satisfied, send us \$1.50 and one dollar a month until \$6.50 in all is paid. If you are not delighted with it, send it back in seven days and you will have risked nothing and will be under no obligations to us.

Be sure to state number of white keys on your piano or organ. Address Easy Method Music Company, 2408 Clarkson Building, Chicago, Ill.

## Fancy Chased and Plain Band Gold Shell Finger Rings.

Newest designs of chasing and correct widths. For persons of all ages; a refined and dignified ring worn on all occasions. They are 14K gold plate, will wear a long time.

**CLUB OFFER.** For 15-mo. subscribers at 25 cents each, we will send you your choice of one of these rings. Send finger measurement.

**Gold Band Wedding Ring.** A suitable wedding ring most used for the occasion. It is a heavy band ring of 14K gold plate wears long and satisfactorily. Many years have they been used as wedding rings, the quality is the best and you may be assured you will not regret having selected one if you order now.

**CLUB OFFER.** We send one in a plush lined box free of all expense for a club of four 15-months subscribers at 25 cents each. Send finger measurement. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



# Silver Samples and Case

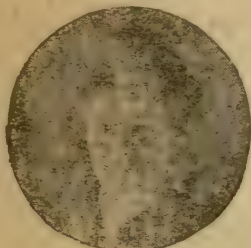
## FREE to Agents

Never Before Has Such a Generous Offer Been Made. We Supply Men and Women with Everything Needed to Start, Including a Complete Outfit of Silverware Samples in Handsome Case. **YOU SEND NO MONEY.** Simply Fill Out and Mail Coupon Below.

We know that \$3 a day is the very lowest. We have many agents who are clearing from \$7 to \$10 a day. We haven't a single working agent who is clearing, on an average less than \$3 a day. If you want a good chance to work and get good pay for it fill out coupon below and mail today.



S. W. Brandt  
Working in Minnesota.



Mrs. W. B. Walker  
Working in Georgia.



J. A. Thompson  
Working in Texas.



Miss M. E. Douglas  
Working in Oregon.



W. H. Moore  
Working in Kansas.



Mrs. Laura Reach  
Working in Indiana.

Here are the Pictures of Six Successful Agents. Each One Has Sold Over \$1 000.00 Worth of Our Goods.

### DOUBLE REPLACE STEEL

We Give a Guarantee to Replace Any Broken Article With Two New Ones Free of Cost.

Among the new things that we have for you to show, demonstrate, and sell, is a new line of steel-made articles. This steel gets its name from the guarantee that is given with every article made of Double Replace Steel that is sold.

Double Replace Steel cannot be bought in any of the stores. It is a product that we control, having all the bending and flexible qualities of ordinary steel, but having a clear, ringing sound when hit on anything.

We guarantee to replace a broken article made of Double Replace Steel with two new articles, free of charge, if the article is ever broken. This does not mean inside of one year or two years, but it does mean that at any time, if such an article should show a defect and break, that we would replace it with two new articles at any time. It makes no difference whether the article has been used for one year, five years, or ten years.

We make and manufacture over twenty-five different articles and sizes, all made of Double Replace Steel. These twenty-five different articles and sizes made in Double Replace Steel cover a large line of Scissors and Cutlery, including more new patented patterns made in different shapes and sizes than you have ever seen or heard of.

Anyone can see what a great bargain you are offering them when they can buy such articles, having all the qualities that ordinary steel articles have, and with a guarantee to replace any broken article with two new ones, free of charge, at any time.

### BRAZIL SILVER

Warranted for Twenty-five Years.

Brazil Silver is believed to be the very best metal in existence for the manufacture of forks and spoons; it has all the lustre and brilliancy of burnished coin silver, and is much harder and more durable; in fact, it is impossible to wear it out. It is absolutely indestructible. The goods made of this metal are the same all the way through, there being no plating to wear off, they will remain as good as new for any length of time. For all practical purposes in the manufacture of tableware this Brazil Silver is superior to coin silver. Our confidence in the metal is so great that we give a guarantee signed by the company warranting the goods to wear and to give perfect satisfaction for twenty-five years. And furthermore, our guarantee, warranting the goods to give satisfaction for twenty-five years, clears the agent from all responsibility in the matter; for if any article fails to give perfect satisfaction, no matter how long it has been in use, we hold ourselves ready to refund the money paid for the article. You can sell these goods to your best friends with perfect confidence, for every sale is as much a benefit to your customer as to yourself.

If you want to make money fast now is the time to do it. If you think that five-dollar bills are good things to have, now is the time to get them.

All Marked With Initial Letters, Without Any Extra Cost.

Among all classes there has always been a strong desire to have their tableware marked with their initial letter, but on account of the heavy expense of having it marked only a very few have been able to afford it. Heretofore the cost of artistically marking tableware has been even greater than the cost of the goods; now, by our new methods, we are able to offer these elegant Brazil Silver goods, all marked with any initial letter desired in the very highest style of the art, without any extra cost for marking.

It is easy to make from \$3 to \$5 a day at this business.

### OUR FREE SAMPLE OFFER

In the past hundreds of the best agents in the country have seen and gladly grasped the wonderful opportunity to make good pay in this easy, enjoyable work. They gladly and willingly wrote us asking for our agency, and paid us cash in advance for our valuable case of samples. However, we have decided that in some cases, perhaps, we lose good agents because they have not faith enough in any company to send money for a Case of Samples because they have been fooled, misled and deceived by little one-horse concerns who seem to be in business for the sole purpose of cheating people. Now, for this reason, we are sending out our Outfits free on trial to all who want to become our agents.

Now, you see the faith that we have in you, and the faith that we have in our business, for if we did not have this faith, and if we did not know that the goods were all that we represent them to be, and that with our instructions and advice you would make a success of the business, it would be foolish for us to spend our money getting up these handsome Sample Cases and sending them out on trial, unless we got live, hustling agents.

The case of samples which we send to our agents contains samples of the following articles:

Paring Knife made of Double Replace Steel.

Pull-Cut Shears made of Double Replace Steel.

Dessert Knife made of Brazil Silver.

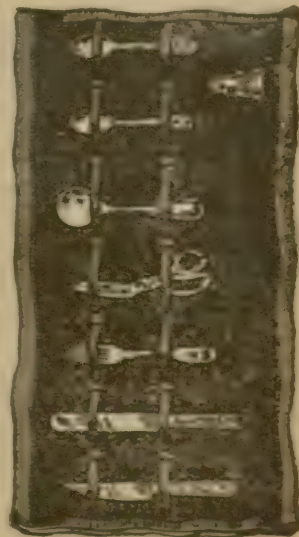
Dessert Fork made of Brazil Silver.

Tea Spoon made of Brazil Silver.

Soup Spoon made of Brazil Silver.

Tea Spoon, Triple Silver Plate.

Salt Shaker, Triple Silver Plate.



We also send with the case of samples a large and very beautiful catalogue, illustrated in colors, containing 100 pages, full instructions, price list, and our guide book.

Fill in  
and  
Mail  
This  
Coupon

Royal Manufacturing Co.,  
1661 Royal Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

Gentlemen—Please send me absolutely free the handsome Silver Samples and Case as above, which should enable me to make \$3.00 to \$10.00 a day; also your irresistible selling argument, guide book, full instructions, price list, and Beautiful Catalog to capture the eye of the housewife and clinch sales. I agree to get busy with the outfit, if after examination at express office I find it satisfactory, and will pay express charges on the case and samples (about 35c to 50c at most). If after 60 days you ask me to return them, your company will do the right thing and pay express charges for their return. There is no catch about this offer; we ask no money, no deposit: samples and case will be sent same day we receive this coupon.

NAME .....

STREET .....

TOWN .....

County or R. F. D. .... STATE .....

It is easy to make from \$3 to \$5 a day at this business.

HON. F. B. DICKERSON, DETROIT'S FAMOUS POSTMASTER, SAYS WE ARE WORTHY OF YOUR CONFIDENCE.

To whom it may concern: To my personal knowledge, the Royal Manufacturing Co. is a large and responsible concern, having been located in Detroit a great many years. I might add that during my eight years' connection with the United States Post Office, I have never seen nor heard of a complaint made that the Royal Manufacturing Co. had not lived up to every statement and agreement that they have ever made.

F. B. DICKERSON.



## Three Wheel Chairs in August 104 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

Well, three wheel chairs isn't so bad for August, and it is a lot better than last month. The Wheel-Chair Club seems to have recovered from the paralyzing effect of the July hot spell and has got on its feet again for a vigorous fall campaign. We have earned these three chairs in August and have a good start on September. We surely ought to make it five chairs in September, as we easily can and will if you will take hold and boost.

The three August chairs went to Mrs. Sarah J. Cain, Indian Springs, Tenn.; Marshall W. Overton, Morristown, N. J., and James Parker, Candler, N. C.

These three shut-ins, personally or through their friends, helped to earn their chairs. As you will see by looking at this month's Roll of Honor, Mr. and Mrs. Luther Cain sent in a club of 200 subscriptions for Mrs. Sarah J. Cain and fully earned her chair at once, and Marshall W. Overton sent in 100 subscriptions for his own wheel chair. James Parker sent us 52 subscriptions in his own behalf some time ago.

These and similar instances which I have mentioned in previous months show how easy it is for any needy shut-in to obtain a COMFORT wheel chair by making an effort in their own behalf and enlisting their friends to solicit COMFORT subscriptions for their benefit.

Almost every month some shut-in sends in a club of 200 subscriptions and gets his wheel chair immediately. Not long ago the friends of one applicant got the necessary 200 subscriptions in two weeks.

In awarding wheel chairs, I feel that justice requires me to give the preference to those who help themselves. If the friends of any shut-in send in 200 subscriptions for him, of course he gets his chair at once. Then I select from among the other applicants those that have sent in the next largest number of subscriptions.

It would be unfair to give a chair to an applicant that had done nothing to help the Wheel-Chair Club ahead of Mr. Overton who sent in 100, or of Mr. Parker who sent in 52 subscriptions.

It is only right that the friends of the applicants should do the best they can to help, and then the Wheel-Chair Club will do the rest. With over 200 shut-ins on our waiting list it will be a long time before they can all receive wheel chairs if they and their friends don't make a try to get some subscriptions for them.

Now, any shut-in who wants a wheel chair soon just get your friends to work for you; send in the subscriptions as fast as you can; do your best and the Wheel-Chair Club will do the rest for you as fast as it can. Those who do this usually get a chair with the Club's help in from one to two months' time. Come, make a try; don't expect the Club to furnish the entire 200 subscriptions necessary for your chair.

You good people who are blessed with sound limbs and good health show your gratitude to Providence for the greatest of all blessings by giving a little of your time in working for COMFORT'S Wheel-Chair Club and help me make September a memorable month for the poor, afflicted shut-ins.

Following are a few letters of thanks for COMFORT wheel chairs and our Roll of Honor for the month.

Sincerely yours,  
W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 200 new 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some worthy, destitute, crippled shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours. Subscription price is 25 cents, but if sent in clubs of five or more for the Wheel-Chair Club, I accept them at 20 cents each.

COMFORT'S Wheel Chair her Greatest Comfort and Help

PINES, MISS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I received my wheel chair some time ago, and I cannot find words to express my gratitude and appreciation. It has been more comfort and help to me than anything I have ever been blessed with, since I became afflicted.

I want to thank you and Mr. Gannett and all of COMFORT'S readers who helped to get me this chair. God bless you all. Your grateful friend,

MRS. M. C. BALLARD.

Shows True Gratitude by Promising to Get Subscriptions in Aid of the Wheel-Chair Club.

KANONA, N. Y.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I cannot find words to express my thanks for the lovely wheel chair which COMFORT sent me last month. I expect to have lots of comfort in it, and I will try and get some subscribers for the Wheel-Chair Club. Again thanking you and all who helped to get me this chair, and wishing you long life, health and happiness, I remain, Gratefully yours,

MRS. ELLEN WHITEHEAD.

Wheel Chair is a Great Comfort to Him

ALASKA, W. VA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I received my wheel chair some time ago, and I want to thank you a thousand times over for it. I do appreciate it ever so much, and it certainly is a great comfort to me.

I want to thank you, Mr. Gannett, and all who helped in any way to get me this chair.

Gratefully yours,

CHAS. CHANEY.

Has the Use of Only One Hand but Can Wheel Herself About in the House

TALENT, OREGON.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND MR. GANNETT: Mrs. Inman received her wheel chair a few days ago. She is unable to write herself so asked me to thank you and the friends who so kindly helped her through their subscriptions to get her chair. She thanks you especially for being so prompt in sending the chair, as it has been so warm it would have been hard to lie in bed. She appreciates it very much and as she has the use of one hand, can wheel herself around in the house.

May God bless and help COMFORT in its noble work. Very gratefully yours,

MRS. FREDA ROSE for Mrs. INMAN.

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

### COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

Mr. and Mrs. Luther Cain, Tenn.; for Mrs. Sarah J. Cain, 200; Marshall W. Overton, N. J., for own wheel chair, 100; Mrs. Nora Pritchett, Ark., for Esther Stevenson, 25; Mrs. Sallie Boon, Ala., for Gracie Jackson, 10; Miss Rose Wirtz, Minn., 15; Mrs. W. P. Smith, Cal., 12; Vic McGulloch, Ark., for Esther Stevenson, 12; Mrs. Anna B. Bonner, Tex., 10; Mrs. Arthur Collier, Ala., for Gracie Jackson, 9; Miss Edna Kiepper, Mont., for own wheel chair, 8; Mrs. Ethel Collins, Ark., for Mrs. Shelley, 8; Mrs. Tom McMillan, Tenn., for Hanna Vickers, 7; Mrs. Arthur Collier, Ala., for Miss Gracie Jackson, 6; Mrs. Rose, Ore., 5; H. D. Jackson, Ark., 5; Louise B. Kerr, W. Va., 5; Ida Logan, Oyo., for Jimmy Banks, 5; Mrs. J. D. Prock, Tenn., for Dolly Prock, 6; Mrs. J. D. Sivers, Tenn., 5; Mrs. Nellie Hryker, Kan., 5; Mrs. Nellie Sturges, P., 5; Mrs. Eva E. Bricker, Va., 5; Mrs. Dora De Witt Wash., for Mrs. Martha Sidwell, 5; Miss Emma, Mo., 5; Johnnie Oasler, Mo., 5; Della Taylor, Miss., 5; Helen E. Carson, Oyo., 5; Josephine P. Plerson, N. J., 5; Mrs. R. Burgess, Mich., 5; Margaret Allen, Kan., 5; Charles Banks, Kan., 5; Ed. Wilbourn, Tex., 5.



## Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this Bureau and of all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

J. A. J., Winchester, Texas.—You'll never be successful as a watch repairer until you know a lot more about the business than you do now. Write to Henry Abbott, No. 11 Maiden Lane; L. H. Keller & Co., No. 64 Nassau St., and A. Zarembovits, No. 250 East Houston St., New York City about materials and work. Ask these people you write to about materials which are best for you. And when you get them read everything in them, especially the advertisements.

E. H., Aberdeen, Ky.—Evangelist Moody is dead. You may get a copy of his sermons from Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati, Ohio. They can get the book for you if they do not have it. Have you inquired for the book in Maysville? You are not far from there, are you?

J. B. K., Muscatine, Ia.—Write to Frank Presbrey Co., No. 3 West 29th St., New York City, and N. W. Ayer & Son, Philadelphia.

Reader, Lincoln, N. C.—Clean the "plastered wall and go over it with fine stuff, that is lime slacked in a little water and then add water to make it the consistency of cream. Let settle for some time and pour off water. Let residue evaporate till of the proper thickness for use. Better ask a plasterer, or hire one. (2) Don't know about the book. Write to Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago. (3) Druggists, when they haven't real lemons for lemonade may use citric acid, tartaric acid, oil of lemons, carbonate of potassa and possibly other drugs. Ask the druggist.

G. R. H., Ovid, Colo.—Glenn H. Curtis, Hammondsport, N. Y., and Wright Bros., Dayton, Ohio. There are other aeroplane people, but if you get in with either of these you needn't bother about the others. We think you can't do much by writing to them. You can't do much aeroplaneing anyway by mail. Go to them.

A. E. S., Nicholson, Pa.—Oil of pennyroyal will keep the fleas and lice off of your pet cats. Saturate strings with it and tie them around the necks of the cats, and a little may be rubbed along the fur on the back. If you can get the herb fresh and make a decoction of it in which to wash the cats once a week fleas will not trouble them. Pennyroyal will keep vermin from pigs and other stock also.

F. B., Chicago, Ill.—You'll find them in your own town. Look in the City Business Directory, or ask at any of the large jewelers.

A. P. S., Chicago, Ill.—As you are on the spot we think you are better fixed to look around Chicago for what you want than we can tell you. Look for chiropractic advertisements in the daily papers and call at the addresses given.

Miss M. H., Riston, Ia.—Both Mr. R. and Mr. C. are away from home at this season and besides they are short of funds.

E. B., Greensburg, Kans.—Just at this time Mexico is a good place for a working girl to stay away from. Later if you want a position there, write to Editor of The Herald, Mexico City, Mex., and learn what it would cost to advertise for a position. Unless you know somebody, that is the only way to get in touch with what is needed in the labor field.

Mrs. R. W. B., Concord, N. C.—There is nearly always some sort of a string or other attached to propositions of that sort, and unless you are in a position to know what it is, you are safer by letting them alone.

C. W., Fayette, Mich.—The names you give are French, or were originally French, though they may now be those of Spanish families. Men of one nationality marry into another and make their homes in the country of their adoption and raise their families there. The names of course continue, though their possessors after two or three generations are practically pure bred different from their names. O'Reilly, a distinctly Irish name, is also a well-known Spanish name, though the Spaniards pronounce it Orally. Some real Spanish names are Molina, Morales, Caballero, Loyola and Olivares. (2) Titian gold is red gold, that is, gold tinged with red. It is so-called because the painter, Titian, painted his women with red hair.

Mrs. C. F. T., Wellington, Kans.—Try Marshall Field Co., Chicago, Ill.

H. H. G., Birmingham, Ala.—Write to Rawson & Evans, No. 400 West Broadway, New York City. If they can't supply you, they can tell you who can.

F. F. Aldine, Texas.—There are no free colleges in this country. In some tuition is very nominal and students may work their way through. Write to the President, University of Texas, Austin, for information.

F. S. B., McCarron, Mich.—We cannot classify hotels. Inquire of Clerk of Planters' House, St. Louis, Mo. Inclose postage for reply. (2) We have no records of the James family. Write to the Mayor of Kansas City, Mo., inclosing postage.

Mrs. L. L., Pekin, Ind.—The coin advertisers are reliable, but they charge for their services.

E. S., Manchester, Tenn.—Try Detroit Photograph Co., No. 256 Fifth Ave., and Blauvelt Photo. Art Co., No. 239 Broadway, New York City.

Inquirer, Everett, Kans.—Advertise for white rabbits in Kansas City papers, or Topeka papers. It will cost less than shipping them from the East. Same with caparies.

Mrs. J. W. B., Moorcroft, Wyo.—We advise against spending time and money in looking up old estates in England. Any lawyer you know will produce as good results as any whose addresses we might give you. If you have the documents to prove clearly your rights to property, your lawyer will establish your claim without much difficulty. If you haven't the documents, don't bother with it.

Blue Eyes, Milton, W. Va.—No company buys song poems or stories outright until it has examined their merits and they have proved themselves to be what the publisher wants. The only way to find out what is wanted is to submit your copy and keep on submitting it, to others when it has been rejected by those to whom you have sent it. You will find it a very hard row to hoe.

E. S., Stillwell, Okla.—Write to the Kerfoot-Miller Co., Oklahoma City, inclosing postage for reply. They handle the goods and ought to know where they are manufactured. Also try the Empire Embroidery Works, No. 66 West 3rd St., and Bromley Man'g. Co., No. 7 West 22nd St., New York City.

B. E. D., Warsaw, Ind.—See advertisements in COMFORT. We repeat what we have often said: to wit, that readers will find much valuable and interesting information in the advertising columns of this paper.

A. C., Middletown, Tenn.—The best way to handle your stock roundly and your own product is to build up a local demand for them by advertising big in the local papers. When you have got them going in the small field, branch out by advertising in papers in adjoining counties. Two or three years of this will start you towards larger results. Write to Am. Paper Box Co., No. 121 Chambers St., and Gem Paper Box Co., No. 475 Hudson St., New York City. A trade-mark will not prevent anyone from using your formula as a patent would. The trade-mark is merely your sign and it cannot be imitated, but the goods under it may be. Write to Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. about pure food law.

N. C. R., Gaffney, S. C.—You should by all means have your invention patented if you don't want to



One of the Outfits in the New Style Book

All-wool Panama skirt, Bernadine silk petticoat and fine tailored waist of splendid design and quality for only \$4.75.

Skirt beautifully man-tailored in popular seven-pore style with tasteful panel and straps. Petticoat gored, deep flounce, finished with straps and pin tucking. Newest model waist richly embroidered.



Above is one of the Pretty Fall Suits shown in the Large Style Book

Man-tailored throughout, new wool Fall weave serge. Satin-lined jacket, with large reverses, satin faced. Persian trimming and large tailored straps, silk frogs and buttons. New panel effect in skirt.

(65)

## Wholesale Prices Direct to Women

On 700 Things They Wear

Made-to-Measure Garments

Coats, \$5.95 up—Suits, \$9.95 to \$35.

Three-Piece Outfits—Dresses

Skirts Gloves Corsets Underwear  
Waists Hats Hosiery Children's  
Shoes Plumes Lingerie Garments

## Six Months' Credit

We invite women everywhere to open charge accounts here. Over 300,000 have such accounts now.

We make credit dealings exceedingly pleasant. There is no interest or security, no red tape or publicity. It is simply an open account on which wearing apparel is sent on approval. You try things on in your home before buying. You return them to us, if you want to, and we pay express both ways. If you keep them, you pay as convenient—a little each month for six months.

A charge account is immensely convenient. If you haven't one now let us open one with you. Our credit prices are exactly the same as for cash.

## Saving of 30 Per Cent

We sell everything to women at the same price as to dealers. The prices run 30 per cent below store prices.

Our Fall Style Book contains 500 pictures, showing styles we have gathered from all the world over. It quotes 700 articles for women's and children's wear—a larger variety than the largest store can show. It brings this entire exhibit right to your home, so you can shop in your easy chair.

## Made to Measure

We make garments to measure in this famous shop at the usual prices for ready-made garments. We make them in any new style, any new material. The garments when finished are sent on approval, fit guaranteed. Suits \$9.95 to \$35.

We handle everything in women's wearing apparel. You can find nothing anywhere which we don't show. This is by far the largest house of its kind in existence.

## Ask for the Book

This new Style Book of ours is our finest production, and we want every woman to have it. You never saw a book so interesting, for every page pictures attractive bargains. It is the shopping guide which myriads of women wait for every season.

Simply send us your name and address—a postal will do—and the book will be mailed at once. Write us now—before you forget it.

BERNARD MAYER CO.

3784 Mosprat St., Chicago.



lose it. The best of them will get the better of you, if you go to them unprotected. Can't you give some man in your neighborhood an interest in it if he will bear the cost of getting a patent? That's the way poor inventors usually do. If you can prove the working advantage of your rail splice, you have something worth taking care of.

Oillands, Campbell, Cal.—You don't know much about the business, or you would know the address. Try No. 26 Broadway New York City.

Mrs. E. M., Hastings, Mich.—Write to Union Art Co., No. 131 Grant Ave., Jersey City, N. J. and to Charles Broadway Rouss Co., New York City.

W. J. C., New York, N. Y.—You are in the midst of the articles you are looking for. Open your eyes and get around your town. You'll find a lot of dealers in your line along Ann street.

Mrs. F. E. D., Fulton, Cal.—You can only get definite information about the Calvert estate by consulting a Baltimore lawyer. Don't pay out any money till you see some coming back, or at least started your way. You might write a letter to the editor of the Baltimore Sun to be published, stating your claims, and giving your address. That might get you in touch with somebody.

H. H., Adams, Mass.—One way of preserving ferns is to place them carefully between sheets of blotting paper, or other soft paper, and put a heavy weight on them, say, thirty pounds or so. Change the paper every three days, and when changing have the new sheets perfectly dried out. Place the paper and ferns between smooth boards. Continue this till the plants are thoroughly dried and they should retain their shape and color for years.

A. P., Perry, Ill.—To get a position as cabin boy on a ship, you will have to apply in person at the ship, either ocean or lake. Boys are so plenty that no other course is practicable. Why not go into the U. S. navy? Write to Secretary of the Navy, Washington, D. C., for all particulars. The navy is the place for you. After three years of that you can get into the commercial marine easy enough, if you have a good record. You'll know a lot more than you do now, too.

G. T., Bessemer, Ala.—What is a "Physics" laboratory?

J. C. D., Sweetwater, Tenn.—The coin dealers advertising in COMFORT are as reliable and honest as any you will find anywhere.

A. J., Cadiz, Ill.—As there are thousands of second-hand book dealers in this country, and you do not say where you want them located, suppose you put an advertisement of what you have to sell or want to buy in a Chicago newspaper and get at it right.

H. C., Bloomington, Ill.—Correspondence schools have not yet got to training nurses.

A. A. S., Newton, N. C.—See answers in this column to two or three inquirers about foreign estates. Don't waste your money trying to get what you have no chance for.

## DAVID HARUM

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

chuckle, "If you feel that you c'n stan' it in Homeville."

"I wish you was married to one of our Homeville girls, though," declared Mr. Harum later on as they drove homeward.

### CHAPTER XLIV.

Since the whooping-cough and measles of childhood the junior partner of Harum & Company had never to his recollection had a day's illness in his life, and he fought the attack which came upon him about the first week in December with a sort of incredulous disgust, until one morning

Stir him up! Scold if necessary! Make him change the color of his gray mustache.

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE

If your druggist cannot supply you, send 50 cents to R. F. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.



## Manners and Looks



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT subscribers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Violet D., Stony Creek, Va.—It is no harm for a lady to stand at her front gate and talk to a gentleman till half-past nine at night, but if she has any near neighbors she will probably get herself talked about. Better go in the house. (2) Sentimental post-cards are rather silly, but etiquette does not rule them out, and they are popular in unfashionable circles. (3) Two ladies may take a walk with a young gentleman they have known only six weeks. We have known it to be done quite properly when they hadn't known him six hours.

W. M. M., Buena Vista, Minn. Ask the lady if you may have the pleasure of dancing with her. Why not have dance cards and put your name on her card? It is not necessary to say anything after dancing with her except that you enjoyed it, even if you didn't. (2) H. s. v. p. is French for "Repondez s'il vous plait," meaning "Answer if you please." It has no population that we know of. What did you think it was?

Ever Hopeful, Yager, Cal.—There is no way of reducing your height, nor of preventing your growing taller that we know of. You might make it less noticeable by getting fat. However, don't worry. By the time you are twenty-one you will fill out and be a graceful, willowy creature that everybody will admire. The tall girl is the fashion, you know.

Blue Eyes, Columbus, Ky.—If the young man has called long enough and prepares to leave, the young lady should not ask him to remain longer. If he is the bashful kind and thinks he should be going before he has more than settled, then he might be encouraged to stay a few minutes longer. There are young men who consult only their own wishes in the matter of calling and think they have a right to stay as long as they feel like it, no matter what the girl and her family think of it. That kind should be distinctly informed of the hour of departure and the lights turned out on them if they insist on staying. They really should be thrown out, head and heels, but that would be rude. A very proper hour for ending a friendly call is from ten to eleven, depending upon the general bedtime of the community. In a farming community the hours should be earlier than ten.

Little Girl, Brazos, Texas.—It is most dishonorable for a girl to engage herself to a man not meaning to marry him, and the longer she permits the engagement to continue the worse her offense becomes. It is a sin as well because she lies to him day after day. (2) It is quite proper to entertain your young man caller in the sitting-room away from the family. (3) The escort of the girl riding astride should ride on whichever side suits him, as though he were riding with a man.

Sunny Jim, Goodwell, Okla.—Well, we should rather be inclined to say that the lady did want to "23" you when she sent you a postal saying she was too tired to write and hadn't written for weeks. When they get that tired it is up to you to let them rest, no matter who they are.

Blonde, Belle Plains, Ia.—Thank him for asking you to go to the dance and tell him you will be glad to go. (2) The girl leads the way into her own house and when he takes you into supper at a dance you may say you think it is very nice of him. You don't need rules for such occasions. Be nice and natural, that's enough.

Questioner, Chassell, Mich.—People do not take arms when walking now as much as they used to, but you may do so if you want to. (2) It is quite proper to wear flowers at balls, etc., and it is not very old fashioned to wear a rose in your hair if it adds to your beauty. Whatever adds to a woman's beauty never becomes old fashioned.

Motherless, Hobart, Wash.—You cannot prevent remarks being made about you, but you can so conduct yourself that everybody will know that any remark about you not to your credit is false. You are acting right now about not having beaux until you are old enough, and just keep doing that way.

Western Boy, Lamar, Colo.—If you want to find her at home Sunday night you should tell her in advance that you are coming and she will be there unless she doesn't want to see you. "Making a date" as you call it is merely a social convenience.

Dark Eyes, Knob Lick, Mo.—The lady may rise or not as she pleases to shake hands. But when she has on gloves she does not say "Excuse my glove." (2) There is no "most polite way" of refusing company. What is called the most polite way involves more or less of a lie, usually. You must frame up your own excuse, unless there be a good reason for the declination. When you have that you have merely to state it plainly.

Vera, Warwick, Okla.—The money value of a present is not a young lady might accept from a gentleman not established by etiquette. A box of candy costing five dollars, or a book costing from a dollar up, but the same money put into jewelry, or hats or shoes or shirt-waists would not make an acceptable present. It isn't the dollars but the article they buy that counts for acceptability. However, it is bad taste to make expensive presents of any kind. Many times some pretty little thing not costing more than a quarter is a more acceptable present than something else costing ten times as much.

Miss C. A. S., Wheeler, Ind.—We haven't the address, nor do we keep addresses of inquirers. However, it is just as well. You can't become a cow-girl hearing about it from somebody else. You have to go where they are and marry a ranch-master.

D. W. B., Konnarock, Va.—Don't ask a fifteen-year-old girl if you may call on her, but ask her mother if you may. And don't "engage to her soon," either. Wait till she is grown. What does a nineteen-year-old boy want to take a fifteen-year-old child to raise for?

Susie, Hull, Ia.—If the young man does not want to take back the ring he gave you, now that you are "going with another fellow," keep it and wear it as a token of friendship. If the other one doesn't like it, you tell him to lump it. If you allow yourself to be teased like that you never will amount to anything. Besides it is bad manners for him to try to make you do only what he wants you to do. We think you should go back to the ring man. (2) The young man who insists on going home with you when you tell him plainly you don't want him to is no gentleman and doesn't know the first principles of what makes good manners. Don't recognize him at all.

Elaine, Denver, Colo.—You should have said something more than "I don't know." When your escort asked you when he could call? That answer usually means you don't want to see the person, and you evidently don't want to see this one. You should learn more about society ways before you begin to take part in its functions. Neither was it quite the proper thing to say when he tried to kiss you: "Well, I admire your nerve." Society ladies never speak that way, even in repelling kisses. We are not surprised that he did not ask you to dance when you met him later at the ball. Denver is quite a society place we understand and we would suggest that you take a few lessons in etiquette from some person there who knows how to do the proprieties proper, so to say.

Red Wing, Fernville, Ky.—It is very "ill-mannerly" for a gentleman to say: "Keep your change." He you think him for picking up your handkerchief. (2) Don't be laughed out of the "nice boy" because he is not as tall as you are. Tall girls always take to short men, and vice versa. (3) In your own house always lead the way. How does the man know where to go?

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Remember, the Special Premium and Sample Outfit are both free. Estab. 1897.

Write today THE PURE FOOD CO. 663 Pearl St. CINCINNATI, O.

Wild Rose, Joliet, Ill.—It is quite proper to congratulate the groom, although you may not know the bride. It is correct to send a card to a friend on his birthday, even if he doesn't give you anything. Why should he? (2) You should recognize persons to whom you have been introduced though you know nothing about them. It is those whom you know something about that you should not always recognize.

Lucille, Little Rock, Ark.—Hope you had a nice birthday party and everybody had a lovely time. But you should know that we cannot answer queries soon enough to be available unless you ask about three months in advance. Some day inquirers will learn this, but they seem to be very slow about it.

Yesterday's Rose, Ogden, Utah.—A girl may come home from a dance with a boy who has not taken her there, but she should not because it will get him into the bad habit of letting girls get to dances any way they may. (2) Girls of fifteen should be in school instead of in the company of boys of eighteen to twenty. (3) Ask your father if it is all right for you to let the boys put their arms around your waist while out walking.

Court-y Girl, Parnell, Nebr.—Etiquette has nothing to do with what it means when a fellow squeezes a girl's hand. You'll find that in the Ten Commandments somewhere. (2) Ask the gentleman to call if you want to be hospitable. If you only want to be fashionable you may wait till he asks you, or you may ask him. (3) When a party of young people go to a dance without being coupled off, you give one of the men of your party the first dance rather than to an outsider.

Golden Locks, Springfield, Mo.—In introducing yourself to anyone you say who you are and may ask the other's name if he hasn't knowledge or manners enough to tell you his without asking. The better way is to exchange cards when you have been talking to a person, as travelers often do when thrown together. It is correct to introduce one to another who is sitting at a table eating, unless you are stopping for a moment only to say a word or two in passing. Girls and boys are frequently introduced by their first names, but usually with Miss or Mr. prefixed for formality's sake, but not for use among themselves. The youngsters introduce this way because it sounds like grown-up. It is omitted with kids under nine or ten years of age, though a boy is sometimes called Master Johnnie or Freddie or something.

Clover White, Ridott, Ill.—Oh, yes, respectable girls go to kissing parties, but in very remote localities and among primitive people, that style of party is never given any more. (2) Rice powder is harmless, though we suppose it might be plastered on thick enough to close the pores. (3) If seventeen-year-old girls are through school and their parents do not object they may go with young men and even have "steady company." But they should cut out the steady company part until they are older.

Two Blue-eyed Girls, Palco, Kans.—Four in a buggy built for two is rather over-crowded. (2) If will not be packed in like a sardine that way. (2) If the young man quit going with the girl of his own accord and wants to come back again, she should firmly but gently tell him he was too late and he would have to go somewhere. If they knew they never could come back, they wouldn't be so ready to quit. (3) In making up parties to go anywhere either girls or young men may do the asking. At least the girls may make up the party and ask who shall be asked, if there is any asking to be done.

Sweet Marie, West Bend, Iowa.—It was quite proper for you to write to the young man who asked you to send him some view cards of your town, telling him there was only one kind. You should by all means acknowledge the receipt of the cards you sent and thank you for the letter and your courtesy. He does not know the first principles of politeness if he does not do so. (2) It will be correct to ask the young man when he calls to bring his chum with him, or for him to call alone if he wants to. Tell Troubled Girl if she doesn't care whether her cousin is jealous or not, she may go with the young man. Also that a girl may ask her beau to take her walking or to the park when he calls, but not riding except in the trolley cars where the cost is so little.

Sweetheart, Mulhall, Okla.—A girl of sixteen should not write to a man of twenty-six or any age unless he is an old friend of the family and her letters are far apart. (2) Cut out the hugging and kissing, unless engaged. Etiquette frowns upon it as wretchedly bad form. You might kiss your cousin when meeting him at the depot, but only once, and only when he was departing or arriving.

Stenographer, Omaha, Nebr.—Other things being equal between you and your chum, the reason the young fellows you meet seem to care more for her than for you is stated in your letter when you write: "They seem real familiar with her after one or two meetings." Young men will be attentive to girls they can be familiar with and if you want to be popular in that style you may do so, but we think you will be the loser in the end. Nice girls don't make friends that way.

Forsaken, Black Creek, Ala.—Neither one of an engaged couple has a right to accept or give attentions to others against the wishes of the other. (2) Engaged couples may embrace each other, but not to excess. (3) Ten-thirty is a very good hour for the young man to leave and the girl should not ask him to remain longer. She usually will, if she likes him, but she shouldn't.

Ignorance, Schoharie, N. Y.—The manners of your friend Jim are rank and if he persists in calling to you in public about his friend Harry whom you have not seen often than four times in four years, you should ask your brother to settle with the Jim and should shut him up. Either that or the police. (2) You need not have formally thanked him for the invitation to ice cream as he asked you so informally. Your saying "all right" was enough, and if he left you, it was because his manners were very much worse than yours. Schoharie should have an etiquette school for young men.

Red Haw, Warren, Pa.—When your fiancé gives a small affair in his room with three or four couples present and a chaperon it is proper for you to go there, but not with a girl friend only. (2) It is not proper to accept expensive presents because it shows you

have no better taste than the man who makes them. Clover Blossom, Molalla, Oregon.—A girl of fifteen had better have an escort of any age than go about alone. But the escort should be a woman. (2) The proper way for a girl to become acquainted with a young gentleman whom she wishes very much to meet is to have some friend introduce him. There are other ways, but they are bad form.

Blue Eyes, Greenville, Ala.—The gentleman should raise his hat to the lady every time he meets her though he may meet her several times during the day. Other people do not know how many times he may have met her and if he does not raise his hat, they will comment on his bad manners.

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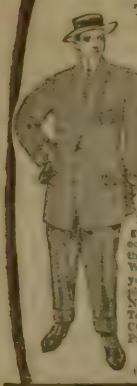
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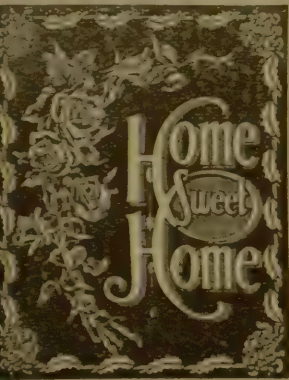
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## DRINK HABIT

### How Mrs. Mock Secretly Saved Husband

### RELIABLE, EASY METHOD

To the Editor:  
I want to tell all the readers of this paper that I discovered a genuine and perfect remedy for constant liquor drinking. Mr. Mock had the habit, which gradually grew worse. He couldn't leave the farm without getting his fill of liquor. With the drink habit there came rheumatism and catarrhal troubles. Then, also, his stomach was generally in bad condition. I had tried every means of saving him and had wasted a lot of money on preparations that I got from several firms, but to no purpose. He did not want to be cured. But at last I heard about the good that was being done by the remedy of Mr. Edward J. Woods, whose address is 534 Sixth Avenue, A. 359, New York, N. Y., and wrote to him, telling him about the case. He sent me free of cost, a very interesting book, and then I got his preparations, which I began to give secretly to Mr. Mock. The effect was magical. He quickly began to express his disgust for drinking and lost all desire for whisky, gin or other drinks. It is marvelous how quickly and easily Mr. Mock was completely saved from the liquor habit. He stays at home now at times when he used to be drinking in taverns and he is an eye-tiredly changed man. He thought a miracle had been worked upon him until I told him the Woods secret remedies had done it. He was very grateful, and now he realizes what it means to be sober. He is always happy now, and so am I, as it means so much to me.  
I know there are many other women who are discouraged about their husband's or son's drinking habit, but they ought to cheer up right away and write to Mr. Woods at the above mentioned address. He is a fine man, a confidential letter writer and a true friend. Please publish this.  
MRS. SARAH MOCK.

## Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

and suffer as she suffers, and have all her financial worries to boot, you would be ready to sell the clothes off your back to lift some of her burdens and make life a little brighter for her. Tens of thousands of you read our monthly shut-in letter, and the appeal I make on behalf of some poor sufferer, and beyond murmuring "poor soul," you do nothing to aid the afflicted one. The giving is all left to a few. "There will be plenty who will give," say some, "so there is no need for me to send anything," and thus they harden their hearts and pass by. The only happiness in this world worth while, is the joy one gets from making others happy. Some of you are too selfish to have experienced this joy of joys. Every gift to the sick, every good deed, adds to your growth. Remember it is more blessed to give than to receive. A gift blesses him who gives and him who takes. Do get the habit of giving, you who have never given before. Remember every good deed is recorded in Heaven. Some day, when they are looking up your record in the other world, perhaps the only thing that will save you from going to the place of lost, tortured souls, will be a small entry, something like this: "This party gave ten cents to Mrs. Hottinger an invalid. Uncle Charlie had to devote a whole column of space in COMFORT before this individual would give up the dime." Anyway the good deed will be recorded, and it may be the only entry on the records above in your favor. Now, deluge this poor soul with a share of your blessings. Send her enough to make her comfortable for one year at least. It should not be very hard for six millions of you to do this. Send your help to Mrs. Hottinger, Hebron, Ohio, and not to Miss E. May.

## Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT'S family, only, but those of more mature years, clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.  
Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs thirty cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The thirty cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C." a handsome certificate of membership with your name engraved thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.  
Please observe carefully the following directions which explain exactly

### How to become a Member

Send thirty cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for 15 months if you are a new subscriber, but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended two full years beyond date of expiration, if you remit 35 cents.  
Or, if your subscription is already paid in advance, you can take a friend's 15-months subscription at 25 cents and send it in with five cents of your own, thirty cents in all, with your request for membership, and we will send you the button and membership certificate, and send COMFORT to your friend for 15 months. League subscriptions do not count in premium clubs.  
NEVER apply for membership without enclosing thirty cents to include a new subscription or a renewal.  
The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth. It costs but thirty cents to join, and it gives you at least a 15-month subscription to COMFORT also, without extra cost.  
Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could thirty cents be invested to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate. Join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise.  
All those League members who desire a list of the cousins residing in the several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents at stamp to Nellie Rutherford, 1299 Park Place, Brooklyn, New York, grand secretary.

### Special Notice

Never write a subscription or renewal order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write your subscription or renewal and membership application on a separate sheet of paper, separate from your letter. We have to put all subscription orders on one subscription file at once; so if it is written on the same sheet as your letter, the whole letter has to go on the subscription file at once and thus can receive no attention from Uncle Charlie.  
Never send subscriptions to Uncle Charlie nor to the Secretaries of the League; they bother him and cause confusion and delay.  
Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

### League Sunshine and Mercy Work for September

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."  
Written references from postmaster or physician must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Appeals unaccompanied by written references will be destroyed.  
Mollie McDow (23), Camden, S. C. This young girl has been paralyzed for four years; helpless and needy. Highly recommended. Do your best for her. James L. Lively, Washburn, R. R. 2, Tenn. Helpless, bedridden invalid. Poor and needy. Fine character and fine correspondent. Give him a greenback shower, he needs and deserves it. Rose Dehn (27), 303 2nd St., South, Moorehead, Mo. Invalid, never walked in her life. Only thirty-six inches tall. Would like cheery letters and any remembrance. Finest references. Effie Sartor, Atoka, Tex. Invalid. Needs money for surgical braces. They are expensive. December appeal only brought her two dollars. Looser up and help her this time. Geo. F. Harpole, Manchester, B. R. 3, Tenn. Can anyone advise him what is best treatment for spinal irritation—nothing he has tried has helped. Mrs. W. E. Read, Miltonsville, Va. Husband an invalid for twenty years. Poor and needy. Help and financial aid. Well recommended. Mrs. Le Roy Cowles, West Derby, Yt. Helpless invalid. Husband unable to work. Help her all you can. Ellen Kinney, 85 Erie St., Brockport, N. Y. Helpless invalid. Grateful for any help. Do what you can for her. Henry Stewart Bingham, Ky. Paralyzed from hips down. Wife has epilepsy and is nearly blind. Have two young children, boy seven, girl thirteen. Grateful for any help. Lizzie Brooks, Berryville, Ark. Invalid for twenty years. Poor and needy. Help her please. Virra Groom, Vale, Tenn. Her father has been sick ten months with yellow jaundice. She wants to know if any you know of a cure. Thomas Hamilton, Iuka, Ind. Poor crippled boy. Lives with an aged lady. Has had leg amputated. Hobbles a little on crutches. He wants to get an artificial limb. Finest references. Oh, for a Carnegie who would help those poor souls instead of putting money into brick and stone. Mrs. Henry K. Herring, Garland, N. C. Helpless invalid. Husband also sick. They are in a bad plight. Mrs. Herring is a woman of fine character and appreciative. Get to know her and help her. Fred Smith, Bremen, Ga. Little cripple boy. His father has consumption. Boy of nine only one time can work. Send Fred toys, etc. and some dimes for bread for the family. Myrtle Eschbaugh, Tlonesta, Pa. Poor and helpless. Needs nourishing food and medical supplies. Mother her only support—is also a semi-invalid. Highly recommended. Mrs. M. J. Kline, Benton, R. R. 4, Pa. Invalid. Husband also aged and helpless. Send her a dime shower. Mattie Moss, McLeod, Ky. Shut-in. Grateful for any cheer. Mrs. S. Ogle, Barren Springs, Va. Shut-in for years. Send her some cheer.  
The following shut-ins would like cheery letters and postal cards, etc. No financial aid needed: Mrs. Nellie Eckhart, Correctionville, Iowa. Olive Robbins, Menan, Idaho. Oma Foutz (14), Lafayette, Ga. Mrs. Dollie Pruitt (86),



## Hears Church Bells After Long Deafness

For the first time in years, this good lady, who has been deaf, hears the church bells. She is in ecstasy. Only this morning has she been able to hear the prattle of her grandchildren and the voice of her daughter. Twenty-three years ago she first found herself becoming deaf and, despite numerous remedies, medical advice, hearing devices and specialists' treatments, she found it more and more difficult to hear. Of late years she was harassed by peculiar noises in the head, which added to her misery. At last she was told of a book which explains how to regain perfect hearing without costly apparatus or drugs. She got this book and learned how to quickly become freed from deafness and head-noises. Any reader of COMFORT who desires to obtain one of these books can do so free of cost by merely writing to the author, Dr. George E. Contant, 7 H, Station E, New York, N. Y. He will be pleased to mail it promptly, postpaid, to anyone whose hearing is not good. This offer will bring joy to many homes.

Halfway, Ky. Wm. R. Watts, Allensprings, Ky. Mrs. K. Boucher (86), Halfway, Ky. Hattie Dickerhoff (32), Louisville, Ohio. Mrs. Mollie Hill, Vineland, R. R. 1, N. C. Laura L. Snyder, Klondike, Tenn.  
The above list is comparatively small, and it should not be a great tax on you to make them all happy. Remember the Lord loveth a cheerful giver and despises a tight wad.  
Lovingly yours,

## Uncle Charlie

### Uncle Charlie says Laugh and Grow Fat

You will certainly laugh, and you will certainly grow fat without the assistance of medicine, if you secure a copy of Uncle Charlie's Poems. Cyclones of laughter, tornadoes of mirth, and their habitation in this, the world's greatest book of funny verse. This gorgeous 160-page volume, bound in lilac silk cloth, a superb specimen of the book maker's art, an ideal present for child or grown up, and fit for a king, can be obtained without any expense to you. Get up a club of four fifteen month subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each; one hour's easy work, and

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#### Shortens Life, Spoils Beauty, Brings Discomfort and Worry

Usually an over-stout person dies from ten to thirty years earlier than one whose weight is retained at normal. Excessive fat causes the victim to become enfeebled and ailing and to die prematurely. The morbid fat gathers within the ribs and hardens, causing fatty degeneration of the heart—danger of sudden death after climbing stairs, shock, running for a train, etc. The double chin which people are apt to regard as merely an annoying defect in beauty, is the sign of weak throat and voice, and is frequently the forerunner of catarrh, asthma or bronchitis. Big stomach denotes gastric and intestinal troubles. Large hips indicate ailments or weakness of kidneys, liver or other vital organs. The victim of obesity becomes a sad, ailing, weak, ill-tempered person. The safe, reliable, guaranteed home treatment of Dr. Bradford will speedily effect a cure which will last the entire lifetime, bringing added years, attractive appearance, freedom from pains and discomforts, and real contentment. You can obtain a proof treatment, absolutely free by merely writing to Dr. H. C. Bradford, 73 L. Bradford Bldg., New York, N. Y. With this, the doctor will mail free, a convincing array of testimonials and his book of advice.

It is advised that readers of COMFORT, who are over-fat, or who have relatives or friends needing a reliable, perfectly safe treatment, take advantage of this unusual opportunity.

### LADIES' UNDERGARMENTS

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#### From your Own patterns and ideas of fine quality ENGLISH LONG CLOTH.



**Suggesting some of its practical uses.**

Every mother or grown-up daughter appreciates well-fitted stylish undergarments. The children and especially the babies look best dressed in all white. Think of the garments made of white linen or lawn in the outfit of every family, and mother has to make nearly all, if not all, of them by hand.

COMFORT has selected a twelve yard piece of extra fine quality ENGLISH LONG CLOTH, or linen fine and sheer in quality and texture which is manufactured solely for women's undergarments. Probably you know just what the material is and just how satisfactory it makes up into Drawers, Corset Covers, Nightgowns, Marguerites or Chemises, or for Baby's underclothes, dresses, etc. In a twelve yard piece there is sufficient material for many different pieces, it is a family supply for a long time. If any of the young ladies of the family are to be married here is an opportunity to obtain the necessary material for the wedding outfit, and it is fine enough and pretty enough for any bride. Each piece is twelve yards long and the material is 36 inches wide.

With every twelve yard piece we will supply free of charge one paper pattern which may be selected from our regular pattern offer, elsewhere in this publication.

**CLUB OFFER.** We shall send one twelve yard piece ENGLISH LONG CLOTH, of this first quality 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25c. each. A remarkable bargain offer. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



### Comfort's Home Lawyer

In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted by a subscriber. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending twenty-five (25) cents, in silver or stamps, for a 15-month subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for fifteen months.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

A. G. E., Ohio.—We are of the opinion that in a case where a bigamous marriage has occurred, such marriage should be legally annulled before either of the parties to the marriage are in a legal position to marry again, even though the legal husband or wife of the guilty party to such marriage may now be dead.

A. N. M., Oregon.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion: (1) that willful desertion for the period of one year is a ground for divorce; (2) that during marriage a wife is entitled to support from her husband, unless she deserts him or otherwise forfeits same, but that she cannot compel him to divide his property with her, and that in case of a separation or divorce her claim for support or alimony would be in the discretion of the court before which such action was tried; (3) that should either the husband or wife obtain possession or control of property belonging to the other, either before or after marriage, the owner of the property may maintain an action therefor, in the same manner and extent as if they were unmarried.

E. J. H., Tennessee.—Under the laws of West Virginia, we are of the opinion, that upon the death of a man leaving no will, and leaving a widow and children, the widow would receive one third of the personal property absolutely and dower of a one third interest for life in the real property, the balance going in equal shares to the children. We think anyone of the children who may have a claim against the estate should be compelled to establish such claim in a legal way. We think any action on the part of any of the children to collect his or her interest in the estate would have to be brought in West Virginia.

X. Y. Z., California.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion: (1) That a man is liable for the support of a minor child of tender years, but that if such support is demanded of a one third interest living separate from him, she might be compelled to give him the custody of the child in order to compel him to support it, except that if he willfully deserts his wife she may maintain an action against him for support and maintenance of herself and children.

B. H., Wisconsin.—We think the owner of land or a private road or bridge has a legal right to forbid the general public from trespassing on the land, or from the use of such road or bridge.

E. M. L., Maine.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion: that real estate owned by husband and wife as tenants by the entirety, upon the death of one, all goes to the other.

Mrs. G. A., We think that the proceeds of land can be sold to pay taxes on same, but we do not think the personal property of one person can be sold to pay the taxes of another. You should send your address in writing to this column.

Mrs. J. P. F., Pennsylvania.—We think that, upon the death of the assured, life insurance is payable to the beneficiary named in the policy.

Miss A. R., West Virginia.—We do not think your sister's husband could procure a valid decree of divorce from her in any state, without notice to her, unless he did not know where she was, in which event, in some states, he could procure a divorce upon service by publication in a newspaper or newspapers designated by the court granting the divorce.

Mrs. A. C., California.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that the child of a marriage which is annulled on the ground of one of the contracting parties being under age, is not illegitimate, and that in case of the death of the mother, such child would inherit a share from the estate of the mother's father, unless cut off by will. We do not think a parent who voluntarily conveys property by deed of gift to a child, can afterwards recover such property, unless there is some condition not carried out in connection with such deed of gift, or unless such deed of gift was not fully carried out, executed and delivered.

N. T., Arkansas.—We think there is little chance of recovering property abandoned for over twenty years.

R. C., Wisconsin.—We think that in most instances the method of taking up country roads leaves the ownership of any grass which may grow along the road, in the abutting land owners.

Miss E. Z., Missouri.—If under the terms of a life estate there is no provision providing that such life tenancy shall be free from taxes, we think that in the proper court proceeding the life tenant can be compelled to pay such taxes.

Mrs. A. W. C., Indiana.—We do not think there is any law compelling private industries to give their

employees a vacation. The vacations of some of the employees under civil service, we think, are regulated by law.

Mrs. C. P. Michigan.—Under the laws of your state, we do not think a stepchild is entitled to share in his stepfather's estate, unless some provision is made for him by will; we think the children of divorced parents are entitled to share in their parents' estate unless barred by will.

B. E. E., Illinois.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that upon the death of a man leaving a widow and a child or children, and leaving no will, his whole estate would go to his surviving widow and child or children, a posthumous child would receive the same share as if born before the parent's death. The parents of the man who died would leave no interest whatever in the estate.

Mrs. N. A. B., California.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion, that upon the death of a man leaving no will, but leaving a widow and four children surviving, his property, other than community or homestead property, would go one third to the surviving widow and the balance in equal shares to his children, the child or children of a deceased child taking their parents' share; that the rights of inheritance of the children are not affected by the fact that they are children by a former wife; we think this order of inheritance can be changed by will or that a valid deed, of the property before the death of the man, could be executed and delivered, conveying the property to the wife; we do not think it absolutely necessary that such deed be recorded at once, but we think it better to have it recorded.

L. B., Virginia.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion, that upon the death of a married woman, leaving no will, and leaving a husband and children, the husband has a life estate in her real estate where the common law requisite for courtesy exists, with the remainder over to her children in equal shares; if there were no children born alive to the surviving husband during the marriage, we think he has no interest in the real property and it all goes in equal shares to the children.

Mrs. G. T., South Dakota.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion, that upon the death of a man, leaving no will, his property, except the homestead and certain personal property, after payment of debts and expenses of administration, unless limited by marriage contract, is distributed as follows: (1) If the decedent leaves a surviving husband or wife, and only one child, in equal shares to each; if more than one child, one third goes to the surviving husband or wife, and the remainder to the children in equal shares. The children of a deceased child takes the parent's share. (2) We think that the right, of the assured, to change the name of the beneficiary under a life insurance policy depends upon the terms of the policy.

D. C., Louisiana.—Under the laws of Texas, we are of the opinion, that marriages between first cousins are not prohibited; (2) that witnesses are necessary; (3) that the consent of the parent or guardian is necessary if the girl is under eighteen years of age.

Z. S., Louisiana.—We do not think the mere possession of a deed to property running to some ancestor and his heirs is conclusive evidence of the ownership of any interest in the land conveyed, especially, as in your case, the possession of the land has been out of your family for a long term of years; we think the best chance is that your ancestor legally transferred the property.

A. B. C., Washington.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that the statute of limitations runs against an action on a promissory note within six years from the time the right of action accrues; that the marriage of a girl, under age without the consent of her parents, is a valid marriage until same is set aside by a court of competent jurisdiction; that the acts of a man and woman living together as if married, does not constitute a valid marriage unless a proper marriage ceremony is performed.

S. O. W., Minnesota.—Lincoln pennies are very common, they are only worth one cent.

A. W., Arkansas.—We do not think the sheriff of a county is entitled to pay from a prisoner for the board and lodging of such prisoner, unless such prisoner ordered, and was supplied with board other than the prison fare.

A. A., Idaho.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that a married woman retains the ownership of all property acquired before marriage, and all acquired after by gift, bequest, devise or descent. During the marriage she has the management and absolute control and power of disposition of her separate property.

Mrs. J. T., Mississippi.—We think that the second marriage of a man who has a wife living, from whom he is not divorced, is a bigamous marriage, and that he is liable to punishment for his act in entering into such marriage, regardless of the fact that such marriage ceremony was performed in another state.

Mrs. M. E. H., New Hampshire.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that upon the death of a child leaving only a mother, and a brother or sister, the child's estate would all go to the mother; we think such estate should be administered at once, but that it would not necessarily be lost to the mother in case such administration is deferred for a while.

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## RUBY'S REWARD

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

"I WILL NOT BELIEVE ONE WORD."

In order to understand more fully the events of the preceding chapter, we must go back to the morning that Walter left Edmund Carpenter's house after having once more passed a night in his old room.

He had slept very soundly; not even the fierce conflict of the elements had served to disturb him, and no thought of treachery or foul play had entered his mind as, in the dim light of the early dawn, he hurriedly dressed himself and then crept quietly down-stairs, letting himself out by a back entrance so that he need disturb no one in the house.

He had noticed one thing, however, while dressing. It was a trivial circumstance in itself, but it returned to his mind afterward when his trouble came upon him.

It was his custom, and had been taught him by his mother in his early boyhood, to arrange his clothing in an orderly way over a chair before going to bed, so that everything would be convenient when he arose.

But on this morning he had found his coat lying on the floor, instead of hanging upon the back of the chair, where he was sure he had placed it. Still he attributed it to his own haste or carelessness, and he gave the matter any thought at all, and went on his way all unsuspecting of the vile scheme that was soon to bring him into the direst strait that he had ever known.

At eight o'clock on Monday morning, and just before breakfast was served to Mrs. Coxon's boarders, Mrs. Gordon came hurriedly down-stairs, looking startled and anxious. She encountered Ruby upon the veranda, and asked, excitedly:

"Ruby, have you been to either my jewel-box or my purse?"

"Of course not, Estelle," the young girl returned, looking astonished and a trifle indignant at the question.

"But someone has been there, for my solitary diamond earrings are gone from the box, and a hundred-dollar bill from my purse."

"Why, Estelle, you must be mistaken; you have probably mislaid them and forgotten about them."

"Indeed I have not; there is no mistake about it," retorted Mrs. Gordon, flushing with excitement. "I received the bill only Saturday, when I folded it and placed it in a side-pocket of my purse. The purse I put in my upper bureau drawer under some handkerchiefs, but this morning it lay open and on top of the bureau, and the money gone from it. My diamonds were in their case in my jewel-box; the box was also open and the stones missing, though the case was left."

"How strange! And was nothing else missing?"

"No, and that is the queerest part of it. I have other diamonds and nice jewelry, as you know, but nothing was touched save what I mentioned."

"Did you lock your door last night?" Ruby asked, looking perplexed.

"No, I never lock it. I have never had a thought of danger since we came here," replied Mrs. Gordon, with a clouded brow, for her diamonds were very valuable, and almost the last gift she had received from her husband.

"It would be well for you to go and look after your own things," she added, "you may have been robbed also."

"No one could get into my room, for my door was locked, and everything was all right when I came down-stairs," Ruby asserted, confidently. Mrs. Coxon was immediately informed of the mysterious loss, and general inquiries were made. The servants were closely questioned, and the coachman examined, but they all appeared so innocent, and were so frightened at the mere thought of a burglar, that Mrs. Gordon was finally convinced that no one belonging upon the premises had been guilty of the theft.

It was a very strange affair, everyone thought, and could have been perpetrated by no professional robber, for such a one would have taken everything of value that could be readily removed, and made thorough work after once gaining an entrance to the house.

Mr. Carpenter was written to, and asked to come out and try to suggest some explanation and some way to recover the missing property. But he was out of town, and did not make his appearance until two days later, when he seemed as much astonished and perplexed as anyone by the singular circumstances.

The matter was then given into the hands of a detective, though with but little hope on the part of Mrs. Gordon of recovering the lost articles.

On Thursday morning, however, as she was passing through the upper hall, she espied Mrs. Coxon in Walter's old room, setting it to rights and changing the sheets, she having been unusually busy during the early portion of the week, and unable to attend to the work before.

"Why," exclaimed Mrs. Gordon, stopping and peeping in, "did anyone sleep here last night?"  
"No, ma'am; but Mr. Walter was caught in the rain last Sunday night, and I wouldn't let him go back to the city when there were plenty of beds in the house," the housekeeper explained, not dreaming what mischief she was doing.

"Walter Richardson! Did he sleep here last Sunday night?" demanded Mrs. Gordon, with a start.

"Yes, ma'am. Didn't you know it?" questioned Mrs. Coxon, but her face had grown suddenly scarlet, for she knew in an instant what thought had suddenly taken possession of her boarder's mind.

"No; I did not—know—it," replied Mrs. Gordon, with deliberate thoughtfulness; and then the two women stood and looked into each other's face for a full minute—the housekeeper's expressive of anxiety and something of defiance; her companion's indicating astonishment and conviction.

"At what time did he go away in the morning?" Mrs. Gordon demanded, at length breaking the oppressive silence.

"Very early, ma'am; he had to catch the six o'clock train to go to his work," Mrs. Coxon replied, assuming an indifferent air, though her heart was quaking within her for her favorite.

"Did you see him before he went?"

"No, ma'am; he went away quietly, and did not disturb anyone. Mr. Walter was always very considerate," and the housekeeper, having folded her last sheet, gathered up the other things she was to take away, and marched with dignity from the room, thus putting an end to the trying conversation.

Mrs. Gordon went slowly and thoughtfully back to her own chamber. She dashed off a note and sent it immediately by the coachman to Edmund Carpenter, who answered it in *propria persona*, and the two were closeted for two long hours in confidential conversation; and, the next Monday morning, as we have already learned, an officer was sent to arrest Walter upon the charge of having stolen Mrs. Robert Gordon's money and jewels.

Monday evening's paper gave an exaggerated account of the affair, and mentioned the station-house to which Walter had been taken to await his examination.

The young man had sent at once for Mr. Conant upon arriving in the city, and he had expressed both sympathy and indignation upon hearing the circumstances of his arrest.

"Why, Walter, I would trust you with uncounted gold," he said, in his genial way, "and I am sure you would not stoop to take a lady's money or diamonds."

"I never took anything in my life that did not belong to me, and it is not reasonable to suppose that I would begin by stealing from the sister of the young lady whom I hope some time to make my wife," Walter replied, with considerable scorn and some bitterness.

"Ah! then you are engaged to Miss Ruby Gordon?" said Mr. Conant, to whom this was news indeed.

"Yes, sir."  
"Does she know anything of your trouble?"  
"I do not know. I presume she will learn of it through the papers, if in no other way," and the young man looked very unhappy.

"Oh, do not look so discouraged," said his friend, cheerfully; "we will soon have you out of this place. As soon as your turn comes for examination, we will have you bailed out, and then see what we can do for counsel."

"Have you seen the paper, Ruby?" Mrs. Gordon asked, as she came out upon the veranda, after tea that evening, and found her young sister there.

"Yes," Ruby answered, all unsuspecting; "I saw it lying on the hall table as I came out, but I did not care particularly for the news, so I left it there."

"Would you mind reading to me for a little while? My eyes have been feeling badly all the afternoon, and I do want to make them worse by reading that fine print you turn comes for examination, we will have you bailed out, and then see what we can do for counsel."

"Certainly, I will read to you, if you wish, Estelle," replied the obliging girl, and she tripped back into the house for the paper.

Returning, she seated herself in a low rocker by her sister, and began to unfold the sheet.

As she did so her eyes fell upon a flaming headline:

"Arrest of the thief who stole a well-known lady's diamonds," etc.

"Why, Estelle, that must mean you!" Ruby cried, as she read it aloud, and flushing with excitement.

Swiftly her glance traversed the other lines of the column, and then all at once she uttered a startled cry of pain, the paper slipped from her nerveless fingers, and she sank back in her chair, pale and strengthless.

"What is the matter, Ruby?" Mrs. Gordon asked, in a feigned tone of surprise.

She knew well enough what the trouble was, for she had known that Walter was to be arrested that day, and felt sure that the papers would be full of it, and she had taken this way to break the news to Ruby, as she was anxious to have the scene over with as soon as possible.

"What ails you, Ruby? Why do you not tell me?" she persisted, as the girl made no answer.

Ruby aroused herself at this. She arose and stood before her sister, looking down upon her with stern eyes, which were nevertheless filled with unspeakable agony.

"Estelle, tell me truly," she commanded, in a tone that she had never used before, "do you know anything about that arrest?—is it any of your work, or is Edmund Carpenter also at the bottom of this foul wrong?"

"What on earth do you mean, child?—what is my doing?—of what is Edmund Carpenter at the bottom?" returned Mrs. Gordon, impatiently, and trying to look mystified.

"Walter has been arrested upon the charge of having stolen your money and diamonds."

"Walter Richardson! Is it possible? How does he happen to be suspected?"

"Because he slept here on the night of the robbery, and it is claimed that no professional, or no one from outside the house, could have taken the things."

"Well, that is a startling piece of news; but who knows but what he may be the guilty one, after all. It does have a suspicious look, come to think of it—his sleeping here that night, and then getting away before daylight in the morning. Well, I warned you against him, Ruby, and I hope you will listen to me now," Mrs. Gordon concluded, in a reproachful tone, as if she wished to imply that Ruby had, in some way, been partially to blame for the *contretemps*.

"Estelle! Walter is as innocent of this crime as I am. I do not see how you can imagine for a moment that he could be guilty of such a thing, and I will not believe one word against him," Ruby asserted indignantly.

"But if it should be proved against him, how could you help believing it?" Mrs. Gordon asked, as she stooped to pick up the paper and began to read the account for herself, regardless of her aching (?) eyes.

"It never can be proved against him. It is utterly impossible that he could do such a thing," was the passionate response, for Ruby had the utmost faith in the integrity of her lover.

"Well, dear, don't work yourself into a fever over it," returned Mrs. Gordon, soothingly; "only promise me that, if he is proved guilty, you will give up your foolish fancy for him."

"My foolish fancy for him!" repeated Ruby, in a low, intense tone. "Oh, Estelle, how little you know my character! It would kill me to know that Walter Richardson had committed a crime."

"Then you will give him up—you will cancel your engagement if he is convicted?" persisted Mrs. Gordon relentlessly.

"I should have to give him up if he acknowledged the crime. I could never marry a dishonored man," Ruby moaned; and with these words she fled up to her own room, to hide the wild grief that was nearly breaking her heart.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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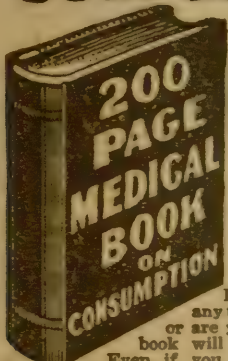
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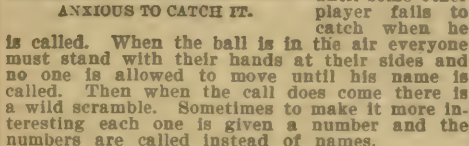
## Children's Jolly Hour

With Uncle John

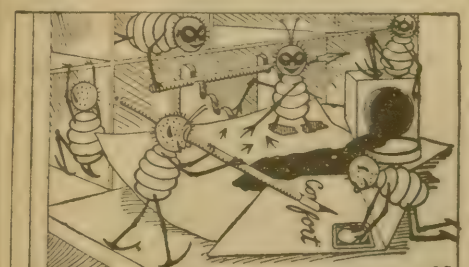
**W**ELL dear little children, Uncle John is with you again. I hope you have had a merry time during the summer months. I have been following the Funny Bugs around to see what they were doing and I just tell you I saw some strange things going on. I have written a little rhyme about each one and will give you pictures of the bugs as they looked to me. Be sure and get COMFORT each month or you will miss the Funny Bugs.

### Ball Game

Oh, what great fun they are having playing ball. Ned tosses the ball into the air and while it is coming down he shouts out someone's name. The person whose name is called must catch the ball but no other player is allowed to touch it. If the one called muffs it he takes a turn as the tosser and continues until some other player fails to catch when he is called. When the ball is in the air everyone must stand with their hands at their sides and no one is allowed to move until his name is called. Then when the call does come there is a wild scramble. Sometimes to make it more interesting each one is given a number and the numbers are called instead of names.



**Funny Bugs Write a Letter**  
Now who do you think, has knocked over the ink. And is writing a letter to me? It's one of the Jokes of the Funny Bug folks. Just look at the picture and see.



**WRITING TO COMFORT.**  
Do you think I should fuss, at this terrible muss, And keep them penned up for a while? Or would it be better to answer their letter, And pass the thing off with a smile.

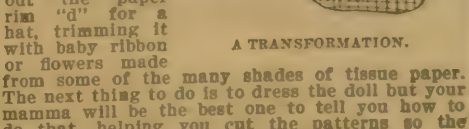
**Playing Blacksmith**  
Here is some fun for a rainy day. Bob is the horse and Art is the blacksmith. Ida drives Bob in on hands and knees and ties him to the door-knob. "What is wrong today?" asks the blacksmith. "Oh, my horse lost a shoe and I want it fixed," is the answer. Art gets the hammer and a paper horse-shoe and tries to put it on, but the horse is so nervous and will not stand still.



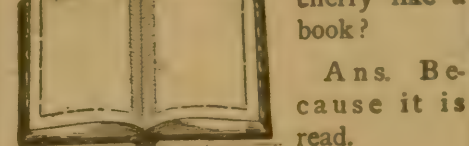
**REAL FUN FOR THE SMALL BOY.**  
At last however, he gets it on and Ida drives off in good humor. Any number of children may play it but don't be too rough or mother will chase horses and blacksmiths out of doors. You can make lots of noise without breaking anything and it will be all right.

### The Bottle Doll

I know that every little girl loves her dollies and I know, too, that the ones she makes herself are the favorites. Here we show you a queer little lady doll that you can easily make. To begin with get a small round medicine bottle and around the neck paste a piece of light pink cloth or paper. Moisten this a bit and with an indelible pencil mark the eyes, nose, mouth and hair as in Fig. 2. You now put in the cork and cut out the paper rim "a" for a hat, trimming it with baby ribbon or flowers made from some of the many shades of tissue paper. The next thing to do is to dress the doll but your mamma will be the best one to tell you how to do that, helping you cut the patterns so the little dollie will have a good-fitting dress.



**Illustrated Riddle**  
Why is a cherry like a book?  
Ans. Because it is read.



### Funny Bugs Go Boating

The Funny Bugs sailors are out for joy. Yo-ho, yo-ho. You can hear them shout merrily, "Ship ahoy," Yo-ho, yo-ho. Now, what do you think of the boat they're in? It's neat as a whistle and slick as a pin.

The Bugs made it from a banana skin, Yo-ho, yo-ho, yo-ho. See one reckless fellow is out for a swim, Yo-ho, yo-ho.



### BOATING FOR FUN.

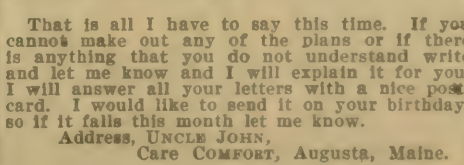
Another is throwing a life buoy to him, Yo-ho, yo-ho. The wind blows a gale as they put to sea, But no matter how stormy the weather may be, The Funny Bugs sailors are chuck full of glee, Yo-ho, yo-ho, yo-ho.

### A Sea Scene

Let us make a little play ocean and put a fish and a seal and a duck and a boat into it. I will show you how to do it. First get a big pan and fill it with water. That will be the sea. Now you must get a big cork like "X" and slice it up just as you would slice potatoes for frying. If you can draw pictures pretty well you can easily draw on stiff paper the fishes, duck and boat, but if you are unable to draw them you will no doubt be able to find pictures something like those in a book and may cut them out with the scissors. If they are on thin paper paste them on cardboard. In the center of the flat pieces of cork make a deep mark with the point of the knife and stick your pictures down so they will stand up straight. Then when you put them in the water they will float around, darting past each other just as large boats do in the river and harbors. Put a tiny tack in each piece of cork and with a magnet you can draw them in any direction.

### A Scottish Boy

The dress of the Scottish people is perhaps the queerest of understand just why they should choose such queer clothes, but I must say they do look nice when all arrayed. If you have colored pencils you can soon see how much nicer the picture can be made by putting in the colors. I know a nearly every boy and girl likes to draw and I would like to see just how nice you can make the Scot look without any help from anyone.



**No Benefit, No Pay.**  
You ought to try a 25-day trial treatment of Bodi-Tone on its no benefit, no pay plan. This plan is fully explained in the large Bodi-Tone advertisement on last page in this issue. If you have not yet tried Bodi-Tone, you can get a dollar box on trial, without a penny in advance, simply by writing for it. Read the offer.

## LADIES' GOLD SHELL RINGS

YOU CAN GET ONE FOR A CLUB OF ONLY FOUR

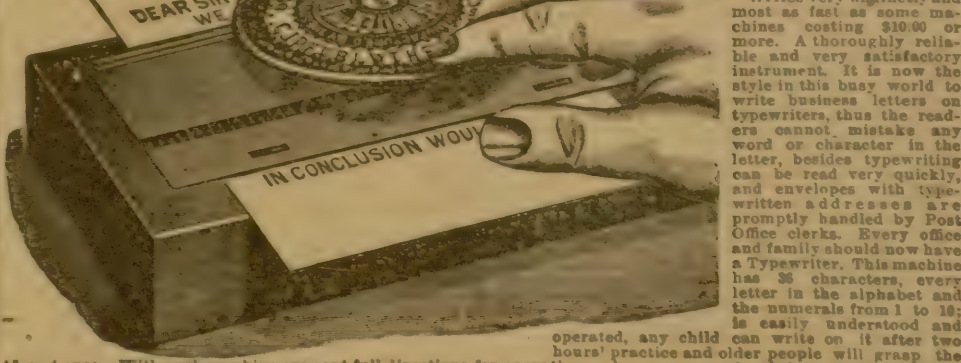
The delight of every young lady is in having handsome finger rings of the latest style and finish set with three handsome stones. A large center stone with smaller ones on either side, as shown in the illustration. These are Gold shell Rings you may be proud of and they will wear well and not turn; they look like gold, wear like gold, and will stand gold acid tests. These settings are very rich and look refined and just as attractive as rings costing much money. We have three styles of settings and will allow you to make your own selections, Opal, Emerald and Ruby, with the finest imitation chip diamonds which add great brilliancy and set off the whole ring. We guarantee the sparkle of these stones to be quite equal to Genuine Diamonds costing hundreds of dollars and are always behind this guarantee. Each stone is set separately in Tiffany style and is sent in a nice Ring Box, plush-lined, just the ornament for your room and keeps the ring clean and from getting lost when not in use.

**Opal.** These Rings Are Free. We bought these rings to give away and the following offers are liberal enough to enable every reader to own one at once. Mothers should have one. The boys should get one for their sweethearts. They make a swell present. We will give one ring free for a club of only four 15 mo. subscribers at 25 cents each. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

**Emerald.** Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## TYPEWRITERS FOR EVERYBODY

A Genuine Typewriting Machine for Business and Personal Correspondence



Writes very distinctly and most as fast as some machines costing \$10.00 or more. A thoroughly reliable and very satisfactory instrument. It is now the style in this busy world to write business letters on typewriters, thus the readers cannot mistake any word or character in the letter, besides typewriting can be read very quickly, and envelopes with typewritten addresses are promptly handled by Post Office clerks. Every office and family should now have a Typewriter. This machine has 35 characters, every letter in the alphabet and the numbers from 1 to 10; is easily understood and operated, any child can write on it after two hours' practice and older people will grasp the idea at once. With each machine are sent full directions for operating and an extra supply of best quality copying paper. Special. If you will send us a club of only 4 subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for fifteen months we will send COMFORT to each subscriber and the typewriter and complete outfit to you as an award for your effort. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## Here's Your Suit



### Turn It Over In Your Mind

and see what a wonderful chance you now have to put a suit like this on your back—FREE! We mean just what we say—FREE! It need not cost you a single cent of money and only a little of the time you are now wasting. We only make this offer to the first man in any community who has got up enough to answer at once and slash his territory—put it in the one man in your town if you appreciate a grand opportunity, which is this: we will send you a big sample outfit, absolutely free, from which you can make sales of the latest State Street made-to-order clothes at prices from \$10.00 up. No clothes like them in your town for three times the money. We pay express on everything. If you'll accept this offer at once and write now for our sample book, price list, etc., we will make you a specially confidential inside price for a suit for yourself. You can pick your own style and cloth. Your own suit will sell many others—only you must never give away the special inside price (to our salesmen only), as our prices to your customers will be less than one-half what they are now paying for hack-number styles and shoddy cloth. Write this minute to be the first to take advantage of this splendid offer.

PARAGON TAILORING CO., Dept. 2, Chicago

## Natureform Extension Shoe

I AME PEOPLE

OLD have long wanted a better Extension Shoe. NEW My Natureform Extension makes both feet look alike. Fits with perfect comfort and security. Ready-made shoes worn. I have a short limb myself and the Natureform is the successful result of years of experiment. Instantly to order. Write for my booklet today. M. A. SINN, 749 Bergen St., Newark, N.J.

## WATCH, RING FREE

AND CHAIN. Our American made, gold watch, made in the fully equipped case. Further to test, guaranteed for 3 months. Ready-made ring are given to boys and girls. Send us 20c. We will send you a watch, ring and chain. Please Mfg. Co., Dept. 41, Chicago

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and our plan beats all others. Prompt shipments. Rejects credited, 30 days' credit. Catalog of portraits, frames, pillow tops, sheet pictures and samples free. JAMES C. BAILEY & CO., Box 2, Chicago.

## Wanted

a man or woman to act as our information reporter. All or spare time. No experience necessary. \$50 to \$300 per month. Nothing to sell. Send stamp for particulars. SALES ASSOCIATION, 764 Association Building, INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

## OLD COINS WANTED

\$7.75 paid for rare 1853 quarter; \$30.00 for 3/4. Keep money dated before 1890, and send 10c. new coin value book. May mean a fortune. A. M. KRAUS, 44 CHESTNUT ST., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

## 12 YOUR NAME IN GOLD 10c

or town greetings on 12 Fine Post Cards. C. GROSS CO., 2147 Arthur Ave., New York.

## ASTHMA

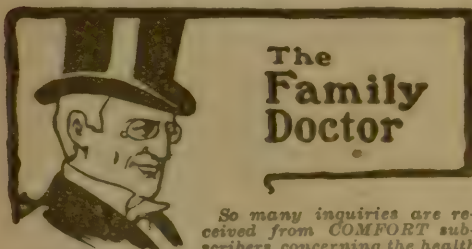
Instant relief and positive cure. Trial treatment mailed free. Dr. Kinsman, Box 618, Augusta, Maine.

## Beautiful Ribbons

Five inches in Width with Soft Wired Edges. The Latest Conception in Hair Ribbons and Artistic Hat Trimmings. Guaranteed All Silk Taffeta

The edges of this Ribbon are finished to represent a small silk cord through which a soft, pliable wire is run. The most fashionable hats this season are simply trimmed with large standing bows, and this ribbon enables the home milliner to give her hats that smart touch so difficult with the ordinary ribbons. For Children's Hair this Ribbon makes Ideal Bows. The silk will not crack and the bow is instantly adjusted after being flattened under the hat. You have only to send us two subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, and we will mail you free two yards of this lovely ribbon. We have delicate pink, light and dark blue, black, white, red and green. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.





## The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received from COMFORT subscribers concerning the health of the family that this column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be addressed to physicians, not to us. Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

**NOTICE**—As the privileges of this and all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the public answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

I. Z., Cleveland, O.—We cannot give private consultations by mail. That sort of advice you must get from a physician who can examine you and give you the proper prescriptions.

O. S., Wirth, Ark.—The sharp pains over your eyes are neuralgic, and the generally dragger feeling you have is malarial rather than anything else. In our judgment if you could trade your Arkansas farm for one in Arizona, or sell and buy there, or in Colorado, you would soon recover your health and be good for many years yet. Arizona would be a great relief to the catarrhal condition of the other members of your family also. We think Arizona preferable to Colorado for you because it is warmer. Dry air is what you need and you won't have to take any more quinine. Buy a small farm in one of the reclamation districts. Write to Hon. F. H. Newell, Director Reclamation Service, Interior Dept., Washington, D. C., asking for full particulars.

J. T., Atlanta, Ga.—There being so many causes producing vertigo we can have no answer. You had better ask what is good for vertigo. You had better consult one of the numerous excellent physicians in Atlanta and find out what is the matter with you before it is too late. Ask about the other trouble at the same time. They are probably related.

R. W., Pisek, N. Dak.—Tobacco and coffee are bad for the nerves and you can stop them to begin with. But when you have become so shaky that you cannot hold your hands and your feet still, you need the immediate attention of a physician who can examine you thoroughly and get at the causes of the trouble. The longer you postpone seeing a physician the more difficult it will be to afford you relief.

M. E. P., Newton, Texas.—The medicine you mention is a patent article and the notice you read was an advertisement and not a genuine answer to an inquiry. The heavy, distressed feeling you have when you arise in the morning is due to indigestion which in connection with the climate, possibly, has resulted in your catarrhal condition. Begin by taking a quarter teaspoonful of soda in a glass of hot water every morning when you get up. Repeat this during the day half an hour after eating. Go on a diet, confining yourself to plain foods, cutting out coffee, tea, fats and sweets, potatoes and pork, and eat dry toast instead of soft bread. Chew every mouthful of food until it becomes thin pulp before swallowing it. Don't eat anything that disagrees with you, and two or three times a week take a dose of salts before breakfast, unless there is no need at all of it. Take exercise in the open air as much as you can, and practice deep breathing. With some attention to what you eat and how you eat it you should have a good digestion. When you have that you can fight any other disease that may come.

L. C., Washington, N. J.—Time, trouble, heredity and powder are the only preparations we know of that will make the hair gray without injury to the scalp. Ask your druggist if he knows anything better. If he does, you hadn't better use it unless you are willing to wear a wig.

E. D., Modale, Iowa.—When the hair turns gray at an early age nothing can be done to restore it to its former color. Gray becomes its natural color then and that will remain. Dyes may be used, but to most women gray hair is so becoming, at any age, that it seems to us as though nature were bestowing a benefit upon the fortunate possessors of it. You may read in this column an inquiry from another woman who wants to know what she shall do to make her hair gray. So there, as you women say.

Waiting Girl, Winnipeg, Man.—We think if you will have a little talk with some good doctor about the pimples which you do not seem to be able to get rid of he will give you some advice that will be to your advantage in more ways than one. If you permit them to continue as you have been doing, by and by they will begin to leave scars that never will disappear.

I. Oia, Bronson, Minn.—See answer above to "Waiting Girl, Winnipeg."

Mrs. Farmer, Goldfield, Iowa.—Two hundred pounds is at least sixty pounds more than a busy farmer's wife ought to weigh, and we are not surprised that your feet are so sore after standing on them from four in the morning till nine at night. The wonder is that they hold you up at all. Put yourself on a diet of plain food, omitting all fats, sweets, potatoes, coffee, tea, and fresh bread. Drink water only occasionally between meals. Chew all food thoroughly before swallowing it. This dieting will induce your flesh and improve your digestion. You may even starve yourself some without injury. You are sleepy partly from weariness and partly from too much flesh. Get your weight to one hundred and forty or one hundred and fifty and you will feel and look like a different lady. You will not find it an easy task to reduce your flesh, but you will forget all the difficulties of it when you get to proper weight.

Edith, McCallum, Miss.—The itchy feeling in your eyebrows is due to the hair coming out, but what causes it can only be told by one who can make an examination. Have you tried the hair restorers you can get at drug-stores? If not, do so, unless you want to try the doctor again who failed before. Is he the only one in your neighborhood?

Troubled, Banner, Miss.—Don't worry about having any mind trouble. It is a nervous condition you have got into by teaching when you should not have been doing it. Get your mind off of your mind and get some active work to do that will make you tired enough to sleep at night but don't work too long or too hard, and have it as much in the open air as you can. Keep in lively company as much as possible and don't think about yourself.

E. Bronson, Minn.—If the lumps have been on the child's neck since her birth and have caused no trouble in the eleven years she has lived they will probably never do so, but you might let a physician look at them and tell you more definitely than we can. It

may be that he can remove them, by a simple operation or by massage treatment.

Faith, Carrollton, Mo.—It is evident that your lungs are weak and the symptoms indicate that the Missouri climate is not good for you. Arizona as one doctor suggested would be much better. Probably you might recover full strength out there, and Arizona is quite as good a place to live as Missouri is if you get into a good neighborhood. We recommend that you try Arizona.

E. K., Park River, N. Dak.—The thick upper lip is nature's doing and we think you had better let it be as nature made it. Cultivate a mustache to hide it.

Subscriber, Denmore, Kans.—Try half a teaspoonful of soda in glass of hot water half an hour after meals and night and morning for acidity and keep your bowels open with mild laxative. Drink no coffee and eat sparingly of fats and sweets. If you have not consulted a physician you should do so. The acid may be something more serious than that resulting from indigestion.

A Reader, Lake Mills, Iowa.—Perspiration is nature's way of ridding the system of what it no longer needs and to prevent it, if your general health is good, means that you will make your general health bad and you will suffer much more seriously than you do now because you perspire so freely. Some persons perspire much more freely than others and as long as it is natural nothing should be done to prevent it. Better talk to your doctor about it.

Reader, Chapel Hill, Texas.—You can't have much confidence in your Bible or you would not be asking us what to do to make you grow three inches taller and you now twenty-three years of age. You might add half an inch or so by a course of straightening and pulling, but three inches is more than nature will stand for.

Mrs. H. F., Ottumwa, S. Dak.—We think you are mistaken in your judgment of the Midland physician and you should see either him or some other physician. Yours is not the kind of trouble to be attended to through the columns of a paper and the longer you try to cure yourself the worse you will get, until you will be past human relief. Too many women are trying to cure themselves with more or less disastrous results.

Mrs. E. H., Laclede, Iowa.—Lime water may be made by taking two ounces of unslacked lime and pouring over it a little distilled water to slack it. Then add the balance of two ounces of the water and stir them together and immediately cover the vessel and let it rest for four hours. Keep the solution with the undissolved lime in a glass stoppered bottle and when wanted for use pour off the clear liquid. Have you no druggist in Laclede who could tell you this, or no doctor? Boil water to distill it.

Anxious Inquirer, Frisco, N. C.—If your physician after examination told you it was not heart disease, but indigestion that was affecting you so, you should believe him. All the symptoms you give us of heart trouble are shown in cases of indigestion and we think if you will make your digestion right you will find your heart will be as good as ever. Now get rid of your indigestion under your doctor's direction.

Subscriber, Oak Grove, Miss.—Take frequent drinks of hot water with soda in it, say, half a teaspoonful to a glass of water, after meals and night and morning for relief of the gas. You take too much medicine and think too much about your troubles.

Troubled, Ruffin, N. C.—Your doctor who has examined you should know more about your case than anyone else, and we advise you to take his advice. At the same time if he is not telling you what you should eat and how you should eat it he should do so. Too many doctors in the country seem to think indigestion is of minor importance and do not treat it as the cause of most other troubles. Ask him to prescribe for your indigestion. See in this column what we have to say about it.

New Subscriber, Columbia City, Ind.—When we read your opening remarks we thought from the weary symptoms you were giving us and the deep despondency of your tone that you were some old fellow of seventy or more on his last legs, but when you said you were sixteen and until last year had been in good health we actually snorted. The idea of a sixteen-year-old boy like you thinking he has the troubles you talk about is ridiculous. Quit it and take the bright road or you'll be a hundred years old before you are twenty. You don't need doctors, you need to forget yourself and get a hustle on for what is before you. See?

M. P., Thurman, Colo.—Nothing can be done for you until a dentist has examined your swollen jaw to see if no part of the root of the tooth is left, or if the bone has been broken. He can tell you what to do when he has examined it.

## Accept this \$25 Suit

YES, FREE—our outfit sent you at once with our new most remarkable easy money-making offer, with your extra sample suit offer too. Be well dressed, and backed by us in spare time or all time, as our representative in your exclusive territory. No money or experience necessary. No references or red tape. Your best chance is here if you write a postal quick. Our offer means

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Just show our Big Outfit of Samples and Color Plates of latest beautiful styles. Everything sent Express Prepaid. Your friends will grab at this chance to get our perfect hand tailored made-to-measure swiftest suits, pants or overcoats. They'll save \$3 to \$5. Suits \$8 up. Biggest profit and confidential special inside wholesale prices to you. Fit, workmanship and material Guaranteed by Bond. Finest in America for style, looks and wear. Undersell all others.

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Removed root and branch before paying out one cent. I do all I advertise. Health Herald and testimonials Free. Address DR. C. BOYNTON, Lawrence, Mass.

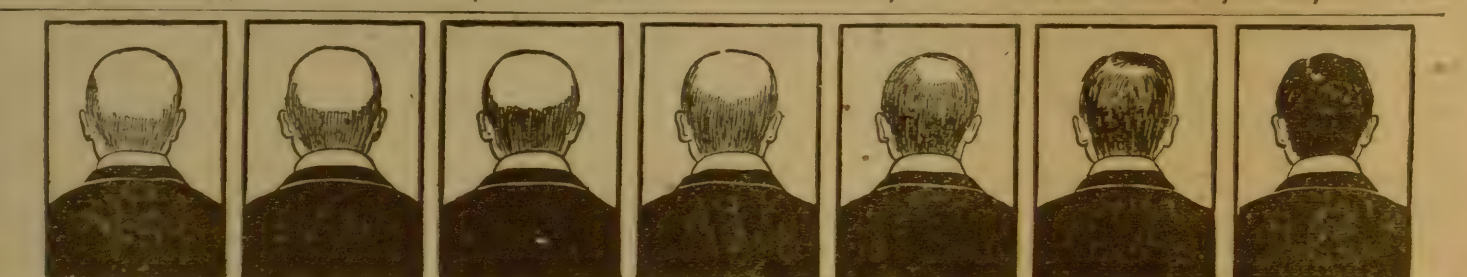
**LADIES** make supporters \$12.00 per hundred; no canvassing; material furnished; stamped envelope for particulars. Wabash Supply Co., Dept. A270, Chicago.

## SISTER: READ MY FREE OFFER. Wise Words to Sufferers From a Woman of Notre Dame, Ind.



Green, Stiffness and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in young ladies. I will explain a simple Home Treatment which speedily and effectively cures Leucorrhoea, wherever you live I can refer you to well known ladies of your own state or county who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all diseased conditions of our delicate female organism, thoroughly strengthens relaxed muscles and ligaments which cause displacement and makes women well. This is no C. S. D. scheme. All letters are kept confidential and are never sold to other persons. Write today, as this offer will not be made again.

Address Mrs. M. Summers, Box 315, Notre Dame, Ind., U. S. A.



## WE GIVE YOU AN ABSOLUTE GUARANTEE!

Do Not Imagine the Roots of Your Hair Dead while They are Lying Dormant in the Scalp! Investigate KOSKOTT Method; Let us Send You Our New Book Free, for KOSKOTT is Genuine.

### DON'T REMAIN BALD



Don't wait until you have combed out all your hair before using the KOSKOTT Treatment. Don't wear false hair.

READ every word of this if your hair is thinning, falling out, if turning gray, if you have dandruff, or are becoming bald. Probably you have tried various tonics, lotions, shampoos, ointments, treatments, etc., without success. Why? Because they are wrong in principle; some of them actually promote baldness. If you tried, you know. Modern scientists have absolutely proved the existence of one of the smallest parasites known to science, dermodex folliculorum. It gets on the scalp from combs, brushes, etc., that have been used by other people. They gather around hair follicles, exist upon the hair and its natural oil. The hair becomes weak and falls out, leaving the roots, which are soon stifled in morbid matter and covered by scabs. The dermodex folliculorum, like all microbes or infinitesimally small parasites, multiplies rapidly. This causes the falling of hair and baldness. By ridding the scalp of these minute "germs," and promoting the natural feeding of the hair roots by pure blood and natural oils, the roots which have been dormant in the follicles, or under shell-like cover of morbid matter, are able to again send forth long, vigorous, healthy hairs. Imagine, please, a bulb or root of a plant corked tightly in a bottle. It will remain so for years until the bottle is uncorked and elements provided to permit growth. So it is with hair. Nothing can cause hair to grow from a root that is dead, BUT DON'T BE TOO SURE IT IS DEAD, even if you have been bald for years. Many proven cases show that hair is grown after a person has been bald for many years—the true reason being that the dormant "corked-in" roots were finally given a chance to perform their natural functions again. KOSKOTT Treatment often succeeds where all others fail, most wonderful hair-growing Method.

Dermodex Folliculorum, Greatly Magnified.

### THIS KILLS YOUR HAIR

KOSKOTT Treatment contains specially selected and scientifically compounded ingredients, the purpose of which is to quickly and gently clear the scalp and follicle apertures of the dermodex folliculorum and scabrous matter, and to cause the dormant roots to be properly nourished through the blood and glands, just as nature intends. A light, downy growth is often discerned within a few days, this develops rapidly into beautiful, SOFT, HEALTHY HAIR of natural color. Prove it yourself. NO MORE DANDRUFF. NO FALSE HAIR. NO BALDNESS.

We want to send the book that tells about our KOSKOTT Treatment; we ask you to write for it at once. It will be sent in plain wrapper, absolutely FREE, postpaid. You will say it is the best book on hair you ever read. We know you will be astonished & delighted. Do not waste time, act now. Save our hair. Every day counts. Address: KOSKOTT Laboratory, 1269 Broadway, 359R New York, N.Y.

## FREE



## STAMPING OUTFIT OF 100 DESIGNS

With Book Illustrating and Teaching Twenty-five Different Stitches in Embroidery.

**A Remarkable Offer** THESE ONE-HUNDRED designs are a "stock in trade" for anyone wishing to do embroidery to sell—perhaps a little home industry—for they include both large and small pieces, something that will satisfy the most fastidious.

Being new and up-to-date designs, they represent something you cannot afford to be without for your Own and Family use. With the growing popularity of fine needlework, it has become an ideal gift for the bride, for birthdays and for presents, and what a helpful array of suggestions you can have with these 100 designs before you including the latest ideas in Shirt-waists, Dutch Collars, Sofa Pillows, Tray Cloths, Handkerchiefs, Glove and Necktie Cases, Photo Frames, Centerpieces, Sideboard or Bureau Scarfs, Pin Cushion Covers, Fancy Bags, etc., besides three sets of alphabets for working purposes, these designs are perforated on seven sheets of imported bond paper, each measuring 22x24 inches. We also give you a seven-inch embroidery hoop, a felt stamping pad, and a tablet of French stamping preparation.

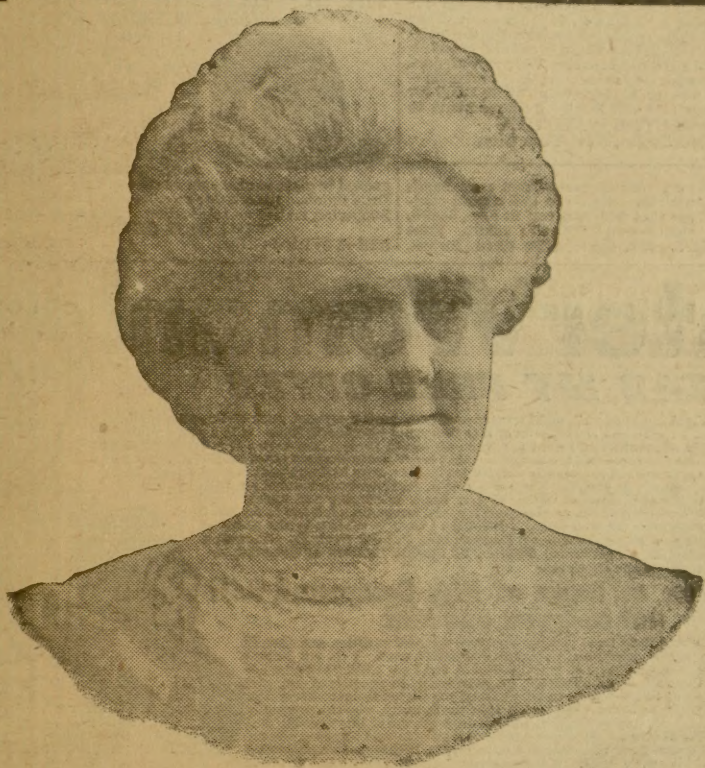
**MORE STILL**, we give you a most valuable book for those who know how to embroider and for those who are just learning! It teaches with illustrations forty-nine embroidery stitches which include Eyelet, Fllet, Shadow, Wallachian, Herring-bone, Long and Short stitch, Solid Kensington, Stem, Outline, Overlap, Couching, Satin, French Laid, Solid Buttonhole, Briar, French Knot, Chain and seventeen others. These directions and illustrations are so plainly given that no other teaching is necessary to learn to embroider.

Did you ever read so extensive a **SPECIAL OFFER**? I am sure you never have, and all this may be yours by sending us only two fifteen-months subscriptions to Comfort at 25 cents each. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.





# Suffering Women



Confide in me—  
I will help you—  
**FREE**

These are the Words of Dr. Julia D. Godfrey:

I am a woman—a wife—a mother—a successful physician—a specialist in diseases of women. As a woman and mother I have suffered and know, as no man can, how to sympathize with other women who suffer. As a physician I have studied the peculiar ailments of women and from long and varied experience have learned how to cure them—cure them quickly, easily and surely. My greatest ambition is to cure the ills and sufferings of woman. I have a recipe that I have used for years in curing female troubles and I offer to send this recipe free to any suffering woman who writes to me.

## Priceless Prescriptions. A Glorious Gift. Send No Money.

**For the Cure of All Female Disease  
Sent FREE to Any Woman.**

### Read Every Word of this Great Offer!

I can afford to and will gladly send to any suffering woman my recipe for the complete and speedy cure of any female trouble. Best of all, I will send this prescription absolutely free and postage paid. Any woman who suffers will know the value of this priceless prescription.

If you have leucorrhea or whitish discharges, nervousness, ulceration, foreign growths, displacements or falling of the womb; profuse, scanty, delayed or painful periods; any kind of ovarian or uterine troubles, change of life, pains in the head, back of thighs; bearing down sensations, hot flashes, dizziness or weariness; if you feel worn out, tired and despondent; if you have any disease or weakness common to us women, you would like to be cured in the privacy of your own home. The prescription I will send to you free has been used by thousands of women with truly remarkable results. I will send it to you: that you can accomplish these same results in the privacy of your own home. Write me in confidence, knowing that as a physician and a woman I will respect your confidence and hold it sacred. Do this; I will not only send you my free recipe, but will send you a letter of advice and instruction covering your particular trouble and will send you a home medical guide—a book of 120 pages relating to diseases of women which will tell you how any woman may gain and keep her health.

I will send the prescription, the letter of advice, and the book absolutely free and postage paid to any woman who will fill out and mail to me at once the coupon telling how she suffers, or write me a personal letter telling her trouble in her own words. These gifts will be sent in plain, sealed wrapper so no one but yourself need know what they contain and you can cure yourself in the privacy of your own home.

The most glorious gift that can be given to suffering women is health. I cannot give you health itself, but I can and will give you the means by which you may become healthy and well and strong.

All I ask is that you write me fully and freely and allow me to send you the gifts that will surely mean more to you than all the riches I could bestow.

You cannot fail to see that I am sincere in my wish to help you. All I ask is an opportunity to show how sincere I am and how quickly and surely I can help you. I can think of no greater pleasure than giving to my own suffering sex the means to perfect health and womanliness.

All I ask is that you accept the help I will give and by allowing me to give you that help you will not only receive great benefit yourself, but will increase my pleasure by the knowledge that I have helped one more of my diseased and discouraged sisters. Will you let me do this for you now, today, before it is too late? Answer on the coupon below.

All I ask is that you fill out and send to me the coupon below—just cut or tear it out, fill it in in your own way and send it to me. Do not send any money—not one cent—not even postage. I will take care of all that—I will pay the postage myself on all that I send you.

When I say that I will help you FREE I mean every word of it. I do not want you to pay for my gifts to you. If I knew you and knew your condition I would send my wonderful prescription without waiting for you to write to me; but I do not know you—I simply know that there are many women who suffer from diseases that I can cure. I want to reach these women and help them. I want to help you and you must write to me, telling me of your troubles, so I can help you.

All I ask in return for my gifts is that you will speak a good word for me to other women who long to be cured in their own homes. By doing this you will help others and help me. And so I repeat, do not send me one cent for the help I offer you free—just write your name and address on the coupon below; tell me all you think I ought to know about your condition and I will help you free by sending you as quickly as I can the recipe, letter of advice and medical book, as I have promised. You will never regret having confided in me but will remember it with gratitude all the balance of your life.

### Coupon for FREE Prescription and FREE Book.

DR. JULIA D. GODFREY, Box 34, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Please send me at once, all charges paid, your free prescription for my case and your 120-page Book for Women—all FREE to me.

My Name .....

Address .....

Age ..... Are you married? .....

How long afflicted? .....

Give other symptoms on separate sheet .....

Make a cross (X) in front of your trouble. Two crosses (XX) in front of the one from which you suffer most.

|                         |                       |
|-------------------------|-----------------------|
| ..... Leucorrhoea       | ..... Dragging Down   |
| ..... Nervousness       | ..... Feeling         |
| ..... Constipation      | ..... Change of Life  |
| ..... Headache          | ..... Hot Flashes     |
| ..... Kidney Trouble    | ..... Pains in Back   |
| ..... Bladder Trouble   | ..... Stomach Trouble |
| ..... Painful Periods   | ..... Pains in Bowels |
| ..... Scanty Periods    | ..... Rheumatism      |
| ..... Profuse Periods   | ..... Catarrh         |
| ..... Delayed Periods   | ..... Impure Blood    |
| ..... Whitish Discharge | ..... Skin Diseases   |
| ..... Female Weakness   | ..... Itching Parts   |
| ..... Womb Troubles     | ..... Piles           |
| ..... Ovarian Trouble   | ..... Obesity         |
|                         | ..... Dizziness       |



## How to Get Rid of Catarrh

A Simple Safe, Reliable Way, and it Costs Nothing to Try.

Those who suffer from catarrh know its miseries. There is no need of this suffering. You can get rid of it by a simple, safe, inexpensive, home treatment discovered by Dr. Blosser, who, for over thirty-six years, has been treating catarrh successfully.

His treatment is unlike any other. It is not a spray, douche, salve, cream, or inhaler, but is a more direct and thorough treatment than any of these. It cleans out the head, nose, throat and lungs so that you can again breathe freely and sleep without that stopped-up feeling that all catarrh sufferers have. It heals the diseased mucous membranes and arrests the foul discharge, so that you will not be constantly blowing your nose and spitting, and at the same time it does not poison the system and ruin the stomach, as internal medicines do.

If you want to test this treatment without cost, send your address to Dr. J. W. Blosser, 439 Walton Street, Atlanta, Ga., and he will send you by return mail enough of the medicine to satisfy you that it is all he claims for it as a remedy for catarrh, catarrhal headaches, catarrhal deafness, asthma, bronchitis, colds and all catarrhal complications. He will also send you free an illustrated booklet. Write him immediately.

## Healthy, Happy Children BORN WITHOUT PAIN To Women Who Dread Motherhood

The wretchedness and sorrow of childless parents and the dread of the pains of childbirth, which is so often deterrent and can all be done away. Dr. J. H. Dye's system positively cures sterility and assures easy and absolutely painless childbirth.

Thousands of grateful parents and happy women testify to the wonderful success of Dr. Dye's treatment. If you will send him your name and address he will mail you a deeply interesting illustrated book, which explains fully how happy, healthy children can be born without pain. Address Dr. J. H. Dye, 671 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y.

## Perfect Salve for Sores

Allen's Ulcerine Salve relieves at once, and finally abolishes Chronic Ulcers, Bone Ulcers, Varicose Ulcers, Indolent Ulcers, Mercurial Ulcers, White Swelling, Milk Leg, Fever Sores and all sores of a painful and persistent nature. We have thousands of enthusiastic letters from grateful users. You'll write us one, too when you've tried it. Try it now. By mail 50c.

J. P. ALLEN, Dept. 168, ST. PAUL, MINN.

## GOITRE Dollar Book FREE



Dr. W. Thompson Bobo, the famous American Goitre Specialist, gives to the world his wonderful new system for the treatment of Goitre at home without knife or pain. Don't allow an ugly Goitre to disfigure you and sap your vitality. It's dangerous and unnecessary. Don't be discouraged by failures of other doctors. Dr. Bobo, one of the greatest Goitre physicians of this age, has successfully treated hundreds of cases. This book contains the results of his life study of Goitre. Invaluable to any Goitre sufferer. It's yours FREE by return mail. Write today.

Dr. W. T. Bobo, 615 Monroe St., Battle Creek, Mich.

## ITCH-ECZEMA FREE TRIAL

(Also called Tetter, Salt Rheum, Pruritus, Milk-Crust, Weeping Skin, etc.) ECZEMA CAN BE CURED TO STAY, and when I say cured, I mean just what I say—CURED, and not merely patched up for awhile, to return worse than before. Now I do not care what all you have used, nor how many doctors have told you that you could not be cured—all I ask is just a chance to show you that I know what I am talking about. If you will write me TODAY, I will send you a FREE TRIAL of my mild, soothing, guaranteed cure that will convince you more in a day than I or anyone else could in a month's time. If you are disgusted and discouraged, I dare you to give me a chance to prove my claims. By writing me to-day you will enjoy more real comfort than you had ever thought this world holds for you. Just try it, and you will see I am telling you the truth.

Dr. J. E. Cannaday, 77 Park Square, Sedalia, Mo.

References: Third National Bank, Sedalia, Mo.

Could you do a better act than to send this notice to some poor sufferer of Eczema?

## THIS BIG POST CARD ALBUM FREE



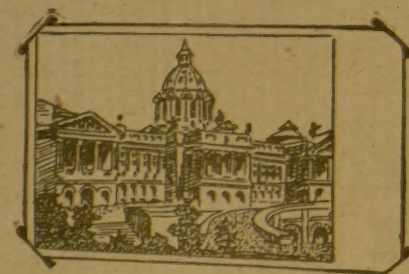
ALSO LOTS OF CARDS FREE

To go with ALBUMS. As long as they last you get Cards and ALBUMS and COMFORT at these liberal terms.

**Club Offer** Send 25 cents for a 15-month subscription to COMFORT, with 5 cents extra, 30 cents in all, for an Album and 15 cards. We give a fine lot of cards free with each album so you have an assortment of 15 beautiful cards, comprising all the popular subjects, such as Christmas, New Year's and Santa Claus, embossed in gold floral, birthday and sentiment, greeting cards, views of public buildings, birds and landscape cards as well as special Easter designs. You will miss a great big opportunity if you let this offer escape you. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Me.

## DON'T MISS THIS PREMIUM

We show this album as it opens, showing that four cards may be displayed before you on the 2 pages, also each leaf accommodates four cards, two, front and back; the entire album accommodates fifty cards. You preserve and exhibit cards at same time. The average post-card collector would naturally require three or four of these albums every year, now that post cards are produced in such various seasonable subjects. One could fill an album with all different Christmas cards and again with birthday and greeting cards, still another album for travel cards received from friends who are residing at a distance or traveling. In this way one can arrange and classify their cards and they will then be preserved in a nice way, and when you want to show them to your friends they are presentable in a tasteful manner for exhibition.



## Current Events

**A REMARKABLE TREE.**—Heretofore regarded as of little value, a tree growing plentifully in Trinidad, has been found to furnish a wood valuable for liquor barrels, as it neither flavors nor colors liquids with which it comes in contact.

**A PROLIFIC TREE.**—A one-year-old peach tree with over 100 peaches on it has just been shipped to Chicago from one of the irrigated districts of the Sacramento valley in California. It is six feet in height and with the dirt taken up with it, weighs half a ton.

**GREAT BURGLAR RECORD.**—During the last three months a bank burglary has been committed in Kansas every three days. The police are at a loss, in many cases, to even get a clew of the guilty ones. Both the public officials and private detective agencies are hard at work trying to catch the daring criminals.

**CHEATING IN SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS TO BE PUNISHED BY IMPRISONMENT.**—The state convention on revision and codification of school laws approved a statute making cheating in school examinations a crime and fixing punishment at one year's imprisonment or paying a fine of \$500. The proposed laws will be laid before the legislature.

**ABERNATHY BOYS WILL RIDE ACROSS CONTINENT.**—Temple and Louis Abernathy, the two small sons of "Jack" Abernathy of Oklahoma, gained much fame about a year ago by riding from Oklahoma to New York on horseback in forty-three days, are to start on a similar trip from New York to the Pacific Ocean. They expect the journey to occupy less than sixty days.

**LARGEST AEROPLANE IN THE WORLD IS BUILT.**—Housed in a great hanger at a London Aerodrome is the largest aeroplane in the world. It is called tandem biplane, and the area covered by the planes is a thousand feet. The framework is entirely constructed of light steel tubes, which take the place of wire. There are two engines of 80-horsepower each, which actuate two huge propellers. As showing the gigantic area and weight carrying capacity, the inventor says he can construct a stage to carry six to ten passengers.

**THE FIRST AMERICAN NEWSPAPER.**—The first newspaper published in America ever got beyond its first issue. It was called Public Occurrences and it appeared in Boston, Sept. 25, 1690. Public Occurrences started out well. It promised to print all the news without fear or favor and to promote the interests of Boston. It also promised that in its next issue, it would publish the names of all the bars in Boston. The authorities, taking cognizance of the threat, peremptorily forbade the publication. So Public Occurrences gave up in disgust and died, because the authorities then as now disapproved of the publication of unpleasant truths.

**OCEAN TELEPHONING.**—Transatlantic communication by telephone is a promise of the near future. If the new cable just laid under the English Channel between Dover and Cape Gris, to increase the facility of telephoning communications between England and France, accomplishes the wonders expected of it, perhaps some of the difficulties to be overcome in talking across, or under the Atlantic ocean may be removed. Science working for the improvement of the arts of peace, is doing more to remove the causes of war, than the great armaments which science has developed can do to make nations hesitate before plunging into war.

**DIED IN A TUNNEL SEVENTY YEARS AGO.**—The mystery of an escape at the Ohio penitentiary more than seventy years ago, was cleared up this month, when prisoners at work tearing down one of the abandoned buildings, found a few fragments of human bones in an old tunnel which they uncovered. The bones are thought to be all the remains of Scott Maythe, who, the penitentiary records show, escaped from the institution on July 7, 1840. From that time until the present, nothing had been heard from him. The records show that it was suspected that Maythe was in hiding somewhere in the penitentiary and that other prisoners carried food to him.

**HONEY IN BOARDER'S HAT.**—A peach basket hat abandoned by a summer boarder in the Lackawack valley in Ulster County furnished some excitement to John Satterlee, a farmer. His little girls found the hat early in the spring and mounted it on a high fence-post. Later, when trying to take the hat off the post, a swarm of wild bees surged out of it and the children were badly stung. They told their father about the bees and he started to live them. The upper part of the hat was filled with a solid block of wax an inch thick, and from this hung the chambers of comb, several inches thick, filled with white clover honey. There was more than twelve pounds of it.

## Trusses Like These Are A Crime



If you want RELIEF from all pain—a CURE instead of constant danger—strength instead of weakness—if you want to be rid of the old, unsatisfactory and uncomfortable Leg strap appliance and Spring Trusses—send to-day for our FREE Book of advice. It took us 40 years to learn the facts it contains, and tells you just how the Cluthe Self-Massaging Pad STRENGTHENS the weakest muscles, HOLDS with ease and CURES Rupture. Waterproof, durable, hygienic; sent under Guarantee Trial. Remember—NO body-spring, NO plaster, NO leg-strap. Write NOW for this free Rupture Book and 4000 Public Endorsements to Box 68—CLUTHE INSTITUTE, 125 East 23rd Street, New York City.

"LET ME" read your character from your handwriting. Mind you get a good reading that will help you in love, health, business and domestic affairs. Price 10c. Money back if dissatisfied. O. A. Beauchamp, 2583 8th Ave., New York.

## Plain Band Baby Ring



In preference to our Baby, Pet and Darling engraved Baby Rings many prefer a plain gold band. In response to this demand we have just added this new number to our premium list and now offer you a real gold ring for Baby that is dignified and beautiful, will wear indefinitely and give entire satisfaction. Send a club of only two new subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months. We will send the ring in a cute box, post-paid. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## THE BEE CELL FRENCH SUPPORTER A BOON TO WOMANKIND



The only collapsible self-adjusting inflexible Supporter in the world, made of Purest and Softest Rubber. Having 6 faces or cups it renders misplacement absolutely impossible. This feature does not exist in any other supporter.

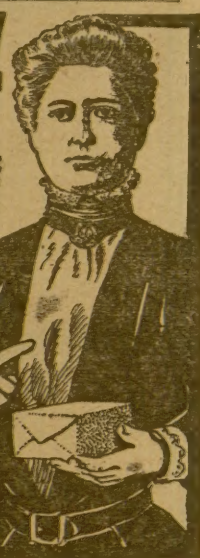
Highly recommended by the Medical Profession. Price \$2.00 by mail postpaid. Sent securely packed in plain package on receipt of price. Also for sale at Drug Stores. Descriptive circular, such as accompanies each Supporter, mailed on application. Ladies Agents Wanted. Address THE BEE CELL CO., 524-A White Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

## Sister Woman! READ MY FREE OFFER

My Mission is to make sick women well, and I want to send you, your daughter, your sister, your mother, or any ailing friend, a full 50-cent box of Balm of Figs Compound absolutely free. It is a remedy for the treatment of woman's ailments, and I want to tell you all about it—just how to use it yourself—right at home without any inconvenience—and the best of it is that it will not in the least interfere with your work or pleasure. Balm of Figs Compound is a remedy that has made sick women well and weak women strong, and I can prove it—let me prove it to you, and I will gladly do it, for I have never heard of anything that has, according to the abundance of testimonials at hand, so quickly and surely cured woman's ailments. No internal dosing necessary—it is a local treatment, yet it has to its credit some of the most extraordinary cures on record. Therefore I want to place it in the hands of every woman suffering with any form of Leucorrhoea, Painful Periods, Ulceration, Inflammation, Uterine Displacement, Ovarian or Uterine Tumors or Growths, or any of the weaknesses so common to women.

This 50c box of Balm of Figs Compound will not cost you one cent

I will send it to you absolutely free, to prove to you its splendid qualities, and then if you wish to continue further, it will cost you only a few cents a week. I do not believe there is another remedy equal to Balm of Figs Compound, and I am willing to prove my faith by sending out these 50-cent boxes free. So, dear reader, irrespective of your past experience, write to me at once—today—and I will send you the treatment entirely free by return mail, and if you so desire, I can readily refer you to many, who can personally testify to the great and lasting cures that have resulted from the use of this remedy. But after all, the very best test of anything is a personal trial of it, and I know a 50-cent box of Balm of Figs Compound will convince you of its merits. Nothing is so convincing as the actual test of the article itself. Will you give Balm of Figs Compound this test? Write to me today, and remember I will gladly send you a 50-cent box of this remedy absolutely free. Address: MRS. HARRIET M. RICHARDS, Box C203, Joliet, Ill.



## FAT is Dangerous

Over-Fatness Shortens Life, Causes Heart Failure, Loss of Vigor, Kidney and Stomach Troubles. It Spoils Figure, is Uncomfortable, Unsightly, Burdensome.

REDUCE YOUR WEIGHT ONE POUND DAILY!

Proof Treatment

FREE

Picture showing how my Perfected Treatment Reduces Fat



Note what my Treatment has Done for Others; it can do the Same for You.

Lost 115 Pounds. Mrs. E. M. Reynolds, Lehigh, Iowa, writes: "When I began my treatment I weighed 285 lbs. I now weigh 170 lbs. and never felt better in my life. My bust measure is reduced from 54 in. to 38 in.; waist from 42 in. to 28 in. It has been a permanent reduction."

Permanent. M. E. King, Springfield Ave., Chicago, writes: "By the Dr. Bradford Method, I reduced 85 lbs., 8 years ago; haven't gained an ounce since. Rheumatism also cured."

It is dangerous, unsightly, uncomfortable and embarrassing to be too fat. Excess fat weakens the heart. The liver, stomach and kidneys become diseased, breathing is difficult, blood impure and congested, and the end may come in Sudden Death by HEART FAILURE, APOPLEXY, or other disorder. You should save yourself from these DANGERS; do not delay!

Let me prove to you how my treatment reduces weight, no matter where the excess fat is located; stomach, bust, hips, cheeks, neck, double chin; it has healthfully, quickly, safely, permanently reduced

NOTE.—Dr. Bradford is a diplomate, practicing physician, licensed and registered famous many years as a specialist in reducing fat and improving health by scientific,

Lost 112 Pounds. W. C. Newbern, Nev., writes: "I have lost 112 lbs., am wonderfully benefited in heart and general vigor. Can climb mountains now."

Lost 98 Pounds. Mrs. J. H. Woodbridge, Galena, writes: "My figure and appearance have been wonderfully improved, have lost 98 lbs."

Many other testimonials from well known persons, with full addresses will be mailed with FREE PROOF TREATMENT.

without exercise or dieting, in legions of cases; why not you? Clear, pure skin; no flabbiness, no wrinkles. Lost vigor restored. Rheumatism, asthma, shortness of breath, kidney and heart troubles, female ailments, nervousness, leave as fat goes away. I send you PROOF TREATMENT FREE. It is aimed to make you feel better at once. I also send you Free my book of advice, and testimonials from many well known people. Write me to-day. DR. H. C. BRADFORD, 73K Bradford Bldg., 20 East 22d St., New York, N.Y. the State of New York's home treatment.

## How Is Your Health?

If you don't feel well, run down, out of sorts and depressed, weak, dizzy, ache in back, side, chest or muscles; if you lack life to enjoy a hearty laugh; have suffered for years with disease; stomach ached, breath offensive, circulation feeble, cold clammy hands or feet; have rheumatism, heart trouble or grippy colds

Wouldn't You Like to Feel Real Good Again?

To have perfect rest, good digestion? Easy mind, good memory for names and places? Have vim and vigor with a knowledge that rich pure blood was supplying the entire system with nature's own health-producing vitality?

We will send, all Free and plainly mailed the necessary OXIE REMEDIES, consisting of one 25 cent Oxien Porous Plaster and samples of the Oxien Pills together with a free Sample Box of Oxien Tablets the WONDERFUL HEALTH TONIC. This is the same treatment that has for past years accomplished almost miracles in thousands of homes and is a royal road to health.

We want you to ask for our Free Oxien Treatment sending name and address to us and we will gladly send you information with booklets, literature, etc., and the full sample Oxien Remedy Treatment without a cent of cost to you. We will also show you how to make \$245.50 by starting on only \$2.50. We have the best money-making agency proposition today. This is ALL FREE if you send at once to



Send for a FREE BOX of OXIE (One Week's Supply)

## Oxien Tablets

The wonderful Health Tonic containing a combination of only pure Vegetable Tonics from Nature's great storehouse of healing.

THE GIANT OXIE CO., 45 Willow Street, Augusta, Maine



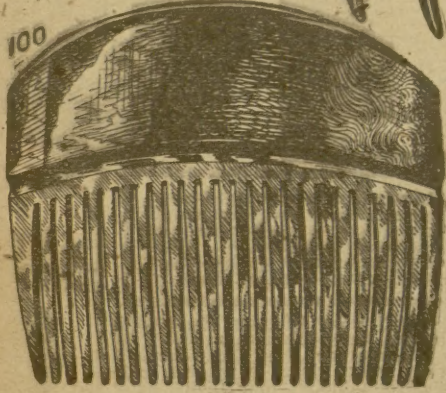


### New Hair Ornaments In Charming Designs.

These several new numbers in Combs, Barrettes and Pins represent Fashion's latest decree and the newest things from Paris. Every lady finds use for such sensible and practical Hair Ornaments and will appreciate the dignified patterns we have chosen and here offer, and we represent each one in about two-thirds full size. Especially note No. 4445. A Bandeau for the little girls and older ones, too. Very fashionable, and in the Summer when hats are off the hair is better kept in place with this than any sort of Combs. The Barrettes, four in number represent as many sizes and each is very desirable, neat and attractive. Fancy Pins are always in demand and the Back Comb needs no comments. Our other numbers, elsewhere advertised are in stock at all times. Both Amber and Imitation Tortoise Shell supplied in all numbers.

#### CLUB OFFER.

One back comb, your choice of a Barrette or TWO Fancy Pins for a club of two subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months. Any Barrette, Comb or a Pair of Pins or a Bandeau for one new 25-cent subscription and ten cents extra. 35 cents in all. We have Bandeau No. 4445 in two widths, order narrow or wide, whichever you prefer. And say whether you want Amber or Shell. Amber is light and Shell is dark. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



## THIS BEAUTIFUL NARCISSUS ASSORTMENT EXTRA HEAVY SILVER PLATED WARE.

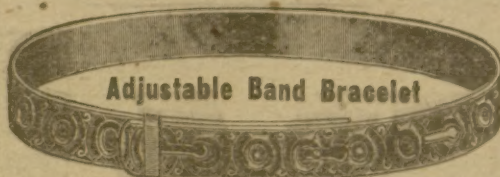
Now offered in eleven different pieces comprising an elaborate and complete assortment. Especially desirable Wedding Gift, equally as desirable to all housekeepers.

Unless you have some of the Spoons in this pattern you have no idea how beautiful it is, with the soft gray frosted handle with high polished blades or bowls. You may think you have enough silverware now; even if you have a variety there is always use for more, especially such very Beautiful ware as we now offer you, and COMFORT is such a great monthly, people readily subscribe, so you actually will obtain these Spoons for but a minimum of time.

The combination of twenty-six pieces in the Narcissus pattern, French Gray finish enables you to have all the assortment for complete table set, or as few pieces as you require. The lovely pattern is a very heavily embossed design, in relief, ornamenting the entire length of each article, on both sides. For every-day service and special occasions this durable ware embodies every requirement and although de-lightfully attractive will stand constant use.



**Club Offers.** We have arranged the following schedule of club offers, enabling you to obtain free as much of the assortment as you require. If not all. For only two 25c. subscriptions to COMFORT, we will send your choice: Six Teaspoons, Two Tablespoons, a Dessert-spoon, Sugar Shell, or Butter Knife. For only three subscriptions to COMFORT, we will send your choice: either a Gravy Ladle, Pie Knife, Cold Meat Fork, or Berry Spoon. For a club of twelve subscriptions to COMFORT, a set of Six Knives and Six Forks. A club of thirty subscriptions to COMFORT for the entire assortment of 26 pieces. All must be 25c. fifteen-months subscriptions. Carefully look over the different articles and decide which ones you desire most then first send in a small trial club for sample after that we are sure you will get the entire assortment when you find how nice the goods are. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

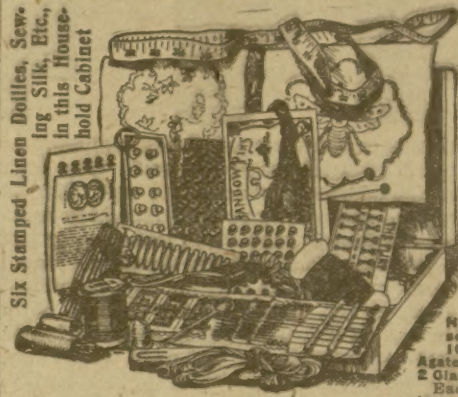


Adjustable Band Bracelet

### WARRANTED TO WEAR FIVE YEARS Will Perfectly Fit Largest or Smallest Wrist

As shown in illustration, it is a beautifully engraved band of gold one quarter inch wide, has three adjustment slots and a pin. The pin may be put in first slot for largest size, in last slot for smallest size and in center for medium. It is a simple, practical adjustment that does just what it is intended to do and does it well. You cannot lose this Bracelet. **Warranted for five years;** meaning, the gold finish is durable a new style and new idea this season, you all want one right off while they are fashionable. We are making extra special inducements for clubs, so we have purchased this Bracelet in such quantities we are enabled to offer them to you now at a tremendous bargain rate.

for that length of time under our guarantee. Our lady readers will enjoy this Bracelet, and, as it is making extra special inducements for clubs, so we have purchased this Bracelet in such quantities we are enabled to offer them to you now at a tremendous bargain rate. **Club Offer.** Send us only one new 15-months subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents for one of these beautiful Bracelets free. It positively must be a new subscription. Send 10 cents extra, 35 cents in all, if for your own sub. or a renewal. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

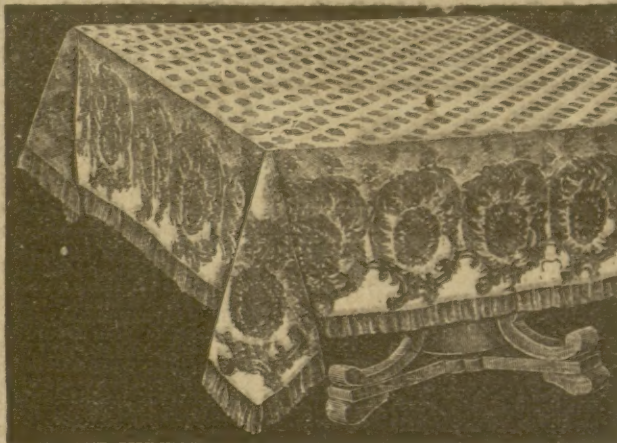


### Complete Household Cabinet

Containing over two hundred different articles always useful in and around the home, particularly to the mother who must do all the making and mending. The assortment of articles has been put together, after repeated calls for such an outfit, in convenient arrangement to provide the great variety of really useful and much wanted articles most likely to be needed. Each article is of full size and good quality and is such as you would usually purchase at any store. The following list of contents of each package will at once convince you we have made a good selection and in the right quantities.

Aluminum Thimble, standard size and weight. 1 Card with 3 doz. best quality Shoebuckles. 1 Paper with 2 doz. best Hooks and Eyes. 1 Card Household Mending Cotton. 1 Linen Tape Measure, 60 in. long. 1 Paper with 400 best quality toilet Pins. 1 Card with 1 doz. Safety Pins. 1 Card with 6 doz. Pearl Lonsie Agate Buttons. 1 Tube with 50 Invisible Hairpins. 1 Paper best quality straight Hairpins. 6 Skeins of 5 yds. each Embroidery Cotton, assorted colors. 6 Stamped Linen Dollies in assorted designs. 4 Papers of Needles, Sharps, sizes 5, 6, 7, 8/10. 7 Ladies' Shawl Pins, assorted sizes, glass heads. 1 Tape Bodkin. 3 Darning Needles. 10 Embroidery Needles. 1 Glove Buttoner. 1 Key-Ring. 1 Doz. Agate Collar Buttons. 1 Doz. Best Kid Curriers. 1 Spoon Linen Thread. 2 Glass-head Hat Pins. 1 Pair Shoelaces. 1 Pair Corset Laces. Each Cabinet packed ready for shipment and positively contains all articles as described. A nice present for mother.

**CLUB OFFER.** For a club of only four 15-mo subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we send this Cabinet of useful articles, post-paid. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



### Imported Scotch Turkey Red Cloth.

A superior quality genuine Scotch imported Turkey red damask table-cloth, fringed. These table covers are of heavy weight, closely woven material, with heavy fringe, and the designs are all up-to-date floral effects that are very attractive, guaranteed fast color. Size 60 x 60 inches.

**Club Offer.** Send only six subscriptions to COMFORT at 25c. each for 15 months and receive one of these Scotch Turkey Red Table-Cloths. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

### A Silken Shower from a Necktie Factory. A Big Lot of Real Silk, also REMNANTS Plush and Stamped Satin FOR CRAZY PATCHWORK.

ART is needlework is on the advance. We know the ladies delight in odd pieces of silk and satin—"CRAZY QUILT" making is again VERY POPULAR. We are sure we have a bargain that all ladies will now delight in. Bright, handsome, odd-shaped, and pretty colored goods accumulate very fast at all NECKTIE FACTORIES; the styles were never so bright and pretty as they have been the past season and they are now bordered with remnants of many rich goods. We have thousands of pieces of silk and satin on hand which we are going to give you a big trade on. People at a distance have hard times getting the right assortment to put into soft-pillows, quilts, etc., and we can help you out now. Our packages contain from 50 to 100 pieces of the best quality assorted goods, and we want to get our great monthly and a lot introduced into every home; then you can order as you like for your friends, and make money doing our work and helping yourself also. Remember these



pieces are carefully trimmed, and especially adapted to all sorts of fancy art, and needle-work. Many ladies sell quilts, fancy pillows, etc., at a great price. Order one sample subscription let now for only 25c. **Grand Offer:** If you order AT ONCE, we will give you several rich, bright and beautiful stamped satin pieces; each piece contains nine square inches and being stamped by hand with a graceful design for embroidery, is a big bargain. Five Skeins Embroidery Silks Free. In order to work your stamped satin and other pieces, we also send absolutely FREE, five skeins of elegant embroidery silk, of different bright colors. This silk is worth nearly the price we ask for the remnants; but we know if you ORDER ONE lot we will sell many in your locality, to make this liberal offer besides giving you a large and elegant piece of Plush. **BEST WAY.** We send one of the above complete assortment lots FREE as a reward to all who send 35 cents for 15 months subscription to "COMFORT," the best Home Monthly now published, and in order to get you to advertise "COMFORT" and its big bargain to your friends and neighbors, we will send free with each package, our great book With Eight Full-Page Illustrations for ornamenting the seams of Crazy Patchwork, or for other ornamental work where Fancy Stitches are used; it has no equal. It shows how pieces for patchwork may be put together to get the best effect, how to cover up seams with fancy stitches, how to join edges, etc. The book illustrates over one hundred and fifty of these, besides directions for taking ART EMBROIDERY STITCHES comprising the Outline Stitch, and Kensington Stitch, A Rasene and Chenille Embroidery, Ribbon Work, Plush or Tufted Stitch, etc. It also tells how to do Kensington Patchwork. **REMEMBER** we send one big lot (over 100 pieces) Silk Remnants, five Skeins Embroidery silk, plush, and a great book on embroidery together with 15-months subscription to "COMFORT," all for only 25 cents, or you may send two subscribers at 25c. each for 15 months and receive one lot free. Three lots and 15 mos. subscription, 65c.; five lots and subscription, for \$1.00. Address COMFORT, Silk Dept. 4, Augusta, Maine.



## FREE This Beautiful Monogram Dinner Set of 42 Pieces

Each Piece Decorated with your Initial in Gold. Positively the Biggest and Finest Dinner Set ever Given Away as a Free Present. Any Lady Can Earn this Set in a Few Hours' Time.

This beautiful Monogram Dinner Set, full size, for family use, consisting of 42 pieces just as shown, is a present that will bring delight to the heart of any housewife and can be had absolutely free of charge for a few hours' easy, pleasant work among your neighbors and the people of your vicinity. This set is made of finest Parisian china, is a pure delicate white and decorated with wild rose design in colors, with the edges traced in gold. It is a set of dishes that you will be proud to own and put on your table and show your friends.

Your own initial in pure gold will be on every piece except the cups and saucers. The set consists of six large plates, six dessert plates, six large cups and saucers, six sauce or fruit dishes, six butter plates, two large vegetable dishes, one large platter, one cake plate, one bread plate, and one gravy bowl, making 42 separate pieces, positively the grandest array of dishes ever offered for this small amount of work.

**Club Offer:** For only 14 subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, for fifteen months we will present you with one of these beautiful Monogram 42-Piece Dinner Sets. The set will be carefully packed and shipped by freight upon receipt of the club order. Remember only 14 subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents for 15 months procure this Gold Decorated 42-Piece Initial Dinner Set. State what initial wanted when ordering. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



# WHY DON'T YOU?

Why don't you send for it and give it a chance to show you what it is, a chance to prove to you how good it is, a chance to prove what it can do for you? Why don't you cut out the coupon, fill in your name and address, and send it to us? That is all it takes. It will come to you by next post, ready for you to try, ready to do its work for you, everything prepaid. It is no bother to send for it, no bother to use it, to try it. Why don't you do it? You don't need to fill out any tiresome blanks, don't need to name a long list of symptoms, don't need to answer any questions, don't need to send any money. It is yours to try, simply for the asking. Why don't you? We don't care where you are, what your nationality, sex, religion or politics may be. We care only to know that you are sick, that you need Bodi-Tone, that you will try it. That is all. We are glad to send it to you without a penny, glad to take all the risk, glad to stand all the expense of the trial. It makes no difference what trouble you have, we are willing to take our chances on Bodi-Tone helping you in the same efficient way it has helped thousands afflicted with all manner of troubles. Why don't you send for it when you have all to win and nothing to lose? Why don't you sit down and do it now? Why don't you take this chance for health? Why don't you try it at our risk and learn how it cures?

## Bodi-Tone

does just what its name means—cures disease by toning all the body, and we want you to try a box at our risk and see what it will do for your body. Bodi-Tone is a small, round tablet, that is taken three times every day. Each box contains seventy-five of these tablets, enough for twenty-five days' use, and we send you the full box without a penny in advance, so that you can try it and learn what it is, so you can learn how it works in the body, how it cures stubborn diseases by helping nature to tone every organ of the body. Tone is a little word, but it means a great deal, everything in health. When all the organs are doing their part, when each is acting in a perfectly natural way, when all the functions are healthy and performed with natural vigor, when the energy, strength and power of resistance to disease are all at a natural point, then the body is in proper tone. When disease has attacked any part, the tone of the entire physical body should be raised to the highest possible point, to make all the body help in the cure. This is the power which underlies all of Bodi-Tone's great work for the sick, this is the power it offers you to help you get new health and new strength, to make you well again.

## Not a Secret

*Bodi-Tone is not a patent medicine, for its ingredients are not a secret. It contains Iron Phosphate, Gentian, Lithia, Chinese Rhubarb, Peruvian Bark, Nux Vomica, Oregon Grape Root, Cascara, Capsicum, Sarsaparilla and Golden Seal. Such valuable ingredients guarantee its merit.*

When you use Bodi-Tone you know just what you are using, know it is good and safe and know you are taking the kind of medicine to provide real help for the body. It is a pure remedy that satisfies the most exacting. It contains no narcotics or habit-forming drugs, nothing that your own family doctor will not endorse and say is a good thing. It does not depend on killing pain with cocaine, opium, morphine or other dangerous drugs. It does not excite the body with alcohol, but it tones the body and cures its disorders with a natural force. Nature intended to tone and cure the body when that power was given them. Thus, iron gives life and energy to the blood, Sarsaparilla drives out its impurities, Phosphate and Nux Vomica create new Nerve energy and force, Lithia aids in the Kidneys, Gentian does invaluable work in the Stomach and Digestive forces, Chinese Rhubarb and Oregon Grape Root promote vigorous Liver activity, Peruvian Bark raises the tone of the entire system, Golden Seal soothes the inflamed membrane and checks Catarrhal discharges, Cascara gives the Bowels new life in a natural way, and Capsicum makes all more valuable by bettering their quick absorption into the blood. A remarkable combination that does wonderful work for health.

## All for Health

All the ingredients contained in Bodi-Tone pull together for health, and work like well-trained servants to put health in control of the body. Each ingredient serves to assist, to help, to build upon the others' work. Each adds a needed element from nature to the body. Each has work to do and does it well. They are used because of this ability. We claim no credit for discovering the ingredients in Bodi-Tone, each of which has its own well-deserved place in the medical books of most of the civilized world. We simply claim the credit for the successful formula which we invented, for the way in which these valuable ingredients are combined, for the proportions used, for the curative force which thousands have found in Bodi-Tone, for the cures which make it different from other remedies. Most of these ingredients are as old as civilization itself, for the curative forces which Bodi-Tone uses are the forces which have always existed in nature for the restoration of the body. Many of its ingredients are regularly prescribed by the medical profession for various diseases and irregular conditions, being used either separately or in combinations with such drugs as each doctor may favor, for there are wide differences of opinion among the doctors of various schools. The exact combination used in Bodi-Tone is what makes Bodi-Tone's success in fighting disease, what makes it cure where doctors' treatments have failed, cures which prove the difference between Bodi-Tone and common remedies. That is why we want to send you a dollar box of Bodi-Tone on trial, for we know when you try it you will find it different and superior.

## You Need It

If you are tired of ceaseless doctor bills and wearied of continual dosing without results, you need Bodi-Tone right now. If your local doctor has done you no real good, if you have given him a chance to do what he can and the ordinary medicinal combinations he used have failed, give this modern, scientific combination of special remedies a chance to show and prove what it can do for you. Its greatest triumphs have been among men and women with chronic ailments who had tried physicians at home and elsewhere without getting permanent benefit, and for this reason all chronic sufferers are invited to try a box at our risk. We ask all those who have spent many hundreds of dollars in doctoring to try it, for the trial costs nothing if Bodi-Tone does not benefit. We do not fear a test in even the most difficult cases, for we know Bodi-Tone's power to satisfy by its health benefits.

Bodi-Tone offers its valuable services to you right now, right from this page, if you are sick, if you need medicinal help, if your bodily organs are not acting as they should, if your body is not in right and natural tone. That is what Bodi-Tone is for—to restore robust health, vigor, vitality and strength by restoring tone to all of the body.

If there is anything wrong with your Kidneys, Bodi-Tone helps to restore tone to the Kidneys, helps to set them right. If there is anything wrong with your Stomach, Bodi-Tone helps to tone the Stomach, helps to set the wrong right. If there is anything wrong with your Nerves, your Blood, your Liver, your Bowels or your General System, the health-making ingredients in Bodi-Tone go right to work and keep on working day after day, exerting always a definite action that produces curative results of the kind sufferers appreciate. If you have Rheumatism, Bodi-Tone helps to eliminate the Uric Acid from the system while it restores tone to the Kidneys, Stomach and Blood, thereby preventing a continuance of Rheumatic poison and putting new activity into muscles, nerves and joints. Bodi-Tone should be used by all women suffering from any Female Ailment, for its toning properties have been found especially valuable in such ailments. Bodi-Tone should be used by all persons whose bodies are not up to the full maximum of natural vigor, strength and vitality, for its purpose is to restore the body to its highest plane by making health in every body function. Persons whose bodies have been wasted by a previous disease, who have suffered the ravages of LaGrippe, Pneumonia, Typhoid Fever, etc., who worried and fretted at their inability to recover the ground lost by their illness, find that Bodi-Tone supplies just the elements which their bodies have lacked, restoring the vital forces disease has stolen. Men and women who are weak and run down from overwork, worry or causes unknown to them, who feel their reserve force slipping away from them, find new life in Bodi-Tone, as hundreds of happy men and women have testified.

## We Risk All

Why delay another day, when a trial of this proven medicine is yours for the asking. Why keep on suffering, when by clipping the coupon, filling in your name and address and mailing it to us, you can get a twenty-five days' treatment of this great remedy which has already restored thousands to health, which folks everywhere are talking about. It just costs a stamp, and you don't pay a penny unless it benefits you. You take no chances, for the value and curative powers of Bodi-Tone have been amply proven by two years of glorious cures. It is no longer a new remedy, but a remedy with a history—a history of cures that has astonished the doctors and delighted the sick. It has been tested in thousands of cases, covering a great variety of ailments in both men and women and at all ages.

Persons suffering from Rheumatism, Stomach Trouble, Kidney, Liver and Bladder Ailments, Uric Acid Diseases, Female Troubles, Bowel, Blood and Skin Affections, Dropsy, Piles, Catarrh, Anaemia, Sleeplessness, LaGrippe, Pains, General Weakness and Nervous Breakdown, have tested Bodi-Tone and fully proven its great remedial value in such disorders. A quarter-million have used it.

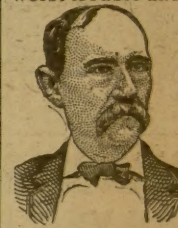
Their experiences have proven beyond a shadow of doubt that the Bodi-Tone plan of toning all the body is a right plan that helps to cure these and other disorders, that it is a real aid to nature. Many who have for years been in poor health and have tried most of the prominent medicines, have written that one single box of Bodi-Tone did more good than all the others combined. Others who had suffered for many months, and many for years, trying many doctors and specialists, found their first real benefit in Bodi-Tone, after all else had failed and hope was almost gone. It goes to the root in the body and cures because its work is rational and thorough, the only kind that makes cures permanent.

## Finds the Root

Diseases become chronic because those who are sick fail to restore the body to a natural condition by toning all the body. Many modes of treatment work only to ease the immediate distress which the disease causes, instead of striking at the root of the disease, the only way to drive it out. Bodi-Tone has won its great curative successes by building up the body fundamentally, a process which finds the root of the trouble and remedies the conditions which make it. Sickness may be depended upon to disappear when the fault in the body which caused it is corrected. There must be a cause for every irregularity, and this disappears when the body is toned to act naturally and harmoniously, with proper vigor in all functions. Bodi-Tone is therefore much more than a remedy for any one disease—it is a medicine useful in almost every disease of the human body, for a proper toning of the body must accompany the permanent cure of any functional disease. Bodi-Tone is different from a mere stomach remedy, although it cures stomach troubles easily and quickly. It is different from a kidney medicine, although it has worked wonders in curing kidney troubles which had resisted the ordinary kidney cures. It is different from a rheumatic remedy, although thousands of rheumatic sufferers have been amazed at the way it drives out rheumatism. It is a medicine for all the body, that tones all the body and causes the disappearance of rheumatic symptoms, stomach symptoms, kidney symptoms and other unnatural symptoms, by placing the body in a natural condition, so that unnatural symptoms cannot continue therein. It makes the body right, with its maximum of strength, vigor and vitality. Send the coupon today, get a box of Bodi-Tone promptly and try it.

## Bad Catarrh Cured at Sixty-Nine Years

ROYAL, ARK.—I suffered for years with Stomach Trouble, Indigestion and Catarrh of the Bladder, as a result of Malarial Fever. For the past eight years my worst trouble and suffering has been with my Bladder. I had great difficulty at times in passing water, there being a painful smarting and burning, and at other times I would have difficulty in retaining it. My condition finally had become very serious, as slime and blood were passing, and I feared that Bright's Disease had set in. I tried various remedies and doctors with no benefit until I read about Bodi-Tone in one of my papers and sent for a one dollar box. The results from this box were so satisfactory I ordered more Bodi-Tone and kept right on using it. I have now used three boxes, and with such great benefit that the Bladder trouble has entirely ceased. I am also much better in other ways. I am sixty-nine years old, and consider Bodi-Tone a remarkable medicine to do such good work for me at my age and in my serious condition. H. E. EVARTS.



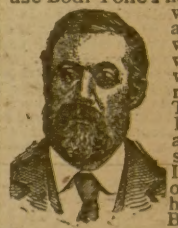
## Heart Trouble, Smothering Spells and Dropsy

BURNSIDE, KY.—I am fifty-six years old, and for a number of years have been bothered with Heart Trouble, Smothering spells and Heart Dropsy. I grew very weak and my legs and arms would swell very much larger than their ordinary size. In fact, my entire body would be swollen, but the swelling was the worst in my limbs. My Kidneys, too, were out of working order and gave me much trouble. My physician treated me and gave me medicine for awhile which seemed to make me worse instead of helping me, and I began to think my case was a hopeless one. But upon seeing the Bodi-Tone advertisement I decided to give it a trial. I got a trial box, and since I took the first dose I have never had a spell with my heart. I kept it up and the swelling left me and I continued to get better right along. I am now able to do all my work and feel better than for years. MRS. WM. VAN HOOK.



## Its Effect in This Case Was Almost Magical

HARTFORD CITY, INDIANA.—When I commenced to use Bodi-Tone I had been laid up for about eight weeks with Rheumatism. Whenever I was able to get around at all, I had to walk with a cane. My flesh was so sore that whenever I would touch it the feeling was just like I was lifting the flesh right off the bone. The effect of Bodi-Tone was almost magical in my case. I had not used it a week before I was able to go back to work. It took all soreness and lameness out of me and I have not since had a Rheumatic ache or pain. I am fifty years of age, but I have never seen a medicine to beat Bodi-Tone. I am a railroad man, and I am recommending Bodi-Tone whenever I meet a person who needs it. ABE BRICKER.



## Trial Coupon

Clipped from Comfort.

Bodi-Tone Company,  
Hoynes and North Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I have read your offer of a dollar box of Bodi-Tone on 25 days' trial, and ask you to send me a box by return mail, postpaid. I will give it a fair trial and will send you \$5.00 promptly when I am sure it has benefited me. If it does not help me I will not pay one penny and will owe you nothing. Neither I nor any member of my family have ever before used Bodi-Tone.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Town \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

St. or R. F. D. \_\_\_\_\_

**Bodi-Tone Company, - Chicago, Ills.**